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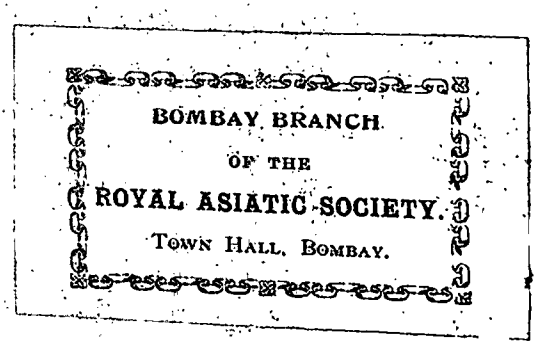

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OF

SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CURATE OF HATTON, &c.

WITH

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

AND

A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

97223

BY

JOHN JOHNSTONE, M. D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON, &c.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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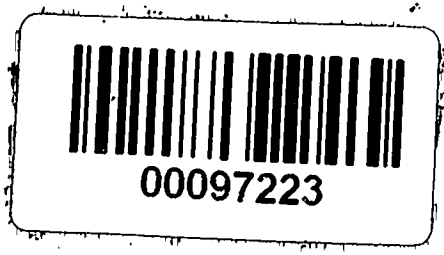

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Major Cartwright, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Burton Crescent, 5 Jan.* 1824.

The cause of liberty standing in need of a few lines of your Latin, in the classic style and spirit of antiquity, I trust you will readily furnish them. It is thought that that cause may be promoted, and England receive great honour, by erecting in her metropolis a monument in honour of Riego. A design is nearly finished, wherein the patriot hero is seen expiring in the arms of Fame. The pedestal is so contrived, as in front to exhibit an entablature, whereon is represented the historical fact of the Spanish Cortes consecrating the sword of Riego to his country. This, in alto-relievo, as well as the figures of the dying patriot and of Fame, are to be in bronze. It also has compartments for inscriptions in five languages, namely, Spanish, English, Latin, French, and German. Those in the living languages, to speak instructively and excitingly to the natives, in whose tongue the inscriptions shall be composed; thus speaking diversely, but all to the same great end. The Latin it seems to be thought may best be concise and pithy, like that in Greek at Thermopyle. For your amusement I send you one composed for the people of England; in which it is hoped that both true religion and true patriotism may be advanced.

I shall add one for Spanish, to be submitted to an eminent Spanish dramatic poet now in London; but leaving it to him to substitute any thing better according to his judgment. The English inscription is calculated to fill the tablet prepared for it,

but accommodated to the form of that tablet, which is three feet square, it will be in two columns.

Entitled as you are, my dear doctor, to repose, we call you not to any labour, but to a mere play of your classic fancy, and as short as you please.

I have the good fortune to have become very intimate with Riego's brother, a canon of Oviedo; but canon as he is of a catholic cathedral, he is truly a friend of civil and religious liberty; so much so, that he never would become of the order of Priests, or having any thing to do with the frauds and mummeries of the church of Rome. Were I a papist, I could not therefore make him my confessor.

Should you come to town, perhaps you might like to meet such a canon at a dinner in Burton Crescent. May so it be. Yours truly, JOHN CARTWRIGHT.

Andrew Amos, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

Nottingham, March 14, 1824.

DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED DR. PARR,

It is with the most lively pleasure that I accept your invitation, and I cannot but be very grateful both for the feelings which prompted it and for the terms in which it was conveyed, But I will not suffer the gratification it affords me to be clouded by any forebodings which the period of your life might suggest, however protracted beyond the ordinary space of human existence. I will venture to hope, as I shall not fail to pray, that long, long may Providence continue to hold forth an edifying example to mankind, of the zeal of the patriot, the love of the sage, the piety and benevolence of the Christian, prominently conspicuous in one individual, and triumphant over the predatory attacks of avaricious time.

I subscribe myself, with the greatest respect, and with a hope that you will convey my compliments to Mrs. Parr, your obedient servant, ANDREW AMOS.

No testimony can be more honourable to the character of Dr. Parr, or the fidelity of the family

of the Andrewses, than that their friendship should have continued wtthout abatement from Dr. Parr's settlement at Stanmore until his death.

R. Andrews, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Stanmore, May* 14, 1820.

The public papers gave me the first information of your good fortune from your prebendary, but as these accounts are sometimes published without any foundation, in truth I was fearful that the news being so good might not be true to the extent mentioned; I found however from Mr. Dwarris that I had been mistaken in fearing this, for that he had had the pleasure of seeing you, and that you had corroborated the statement. It was impossible therefore that I could refrain any longer from doing myself the pleasure of congratulating you upon it, which I do most sincerely, and I hope that you will live long to enjoy the fruits of your noble liberality. I had too long known the benevolence of your disposition to be surprised at what I heard you had done upon this occasion, and it is indeed a gratification to me that the world will be convinced now of it also. My mother, who is always delighted to talk about you, rejoices with me, as does my brother John, who now lives with Mr. Coutts the banker as his domestic medical attendant. I saw Mr. Roderick a few days since quite well; he had been walking from Watford to Pinner, to call upon Mrs. Williams, and was returning on foot to Watford to his friend Mr. Clutterbuck's; his deafness is a sad affliction to him. We spoke of you a great deal, and I was extremely sorry to hear that you had been so ill. I know that it is too great a trouble to you to write, but I hope I shall be favoured with a few lines when convenient. My mother and sister join me in kindest and most respectful regards to yourself and Mrs. Parr, and my mother desires me to say how happy it would make us all to see you and Mrs. Parr at Stanmore.

I am, my dear Sir, with every sentiment of respect, your dutiful godson, RICHARD ANDREWS.

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* Dr. Parr gave up to his tenants for four years, a large portion of the income derived from the sum of money paid by the Regent Canal Company, for his prebendal land.

The correspondence of Mr. E. H. Barker is so voluminous, and ranges over so wide a field, that, not having Dr. Parr's answers to the letters, I feel it extremely difficult to make a selection. At some future period it is not improbable that better means of judgment may be afforded me.

Jeremy Bentham, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

*Δυσπαρι !!! *Queen-square-place, Jan. 27, 1804.*

Your friend Homer, in his quality of vates sacer, added to his gift of poetry a spice of the gift of prophecy. One proof of it is, that, foreseeing the provocation you would one day give me, he provided me with so apposite a *nom de guerre* to belabour you with. As for my name, if it be not in the Iliad, like yours, totidem verbis, it will be found there totidem libris, which in these cases, you know, is quite sufficient. Have at you then once more, Ω *Δυσπαρι !!!* There you have it again, up to your very gizzard.

When as the prophecied, by thee prophecied—Oh thou false prophet! by thee prophecied—5th of January approached, Herbert and I began counting the hours. Phœbus's horses had scarce reached their first baiting-place when I detached him (not Phœbus, but Herbert) in quest of you to the fatal place, the Carian-street—to the campos ubi Troja fuit—from whence he brought me, alas! (the alas! should have come earlier; pray put it in the proper place) the beggarly account of empty boxes! When a disappointment falls on me, to spite it in return for its spiting me, I endeavour to laugh it off as well as I can. So accordingly I did, and by these presents do, by this; but in serious and sober sadness it was a grievous one. Ask Herbert also, when the next fatalis dies comes (the 5th of May, is it not?) ask him, who being the younger, should, according to the old rule, be the honester of the two, or rather clap your own sacerdotal hand to your own sacerdotal gizzard, and ask that. Nor yet art thou the only slippery card on which it has pleased the vates

to exercise his prophetic talent. In a cover franked by my old friend Phil. Metcalfe (one of Sam. Johnson's executors), I sent to Hatton, as per order of your Reverence, in usum του Φοξου, two months ago, Citizen Dumont's letters. In all this time Romilly has neither received nor heard of them; a fortnight, I think, or thereabouts, was the time indicated. He has sent Mercury to me express upon this single subject; and it is under the spur of the god that I write this to you. C. Fox, if Fame is to be believed, has a turn, a head, as men say, for forgetting things; at least such little things; and this is what his friend Homer made known to the world, though it has never been found out till now (for the best prophet, I need not tell you, is nothing without a good interpreter), in the line which beginneth, Φοξος εην κεφαλην, which was what the old man in the Spectator had in view, when, shaking his own head, he cried out to his son, "Ah, Jack, Jack, thou hast a head, and so has a pin."— How clear an insight must the bard have had into futurity, when the two most illustrious characters of the present age could thus be designated even by their names! No contortions, no translations necessary: not Ισος, but Παρις, and in the case of a spot on the sun, Δυσπαρις; not Αλωπηξ, but Φοξος. The name of Φοξος, in particular, is become so familiar to him, as to have passed already, you see, into a proverb. How deplorable the hallucinations of the scholiasts and lexicographers, who have mistaken the proper name for an adjective, and imagined a physical sense to affix to it! If the case were among those in which error finds an excuse in invincibility, they might perhaps take the benefit of it; such of them, I mean, whose respective flourishing times have been anterior to the present age; for nothing less than a prophetic view of the subject could have set them right; and well might they plead that the spirit of prophecy never descended upon them: but I am in your Reverence's judgment, whether in a case of prophecy, and errors thereupon assigned, invincibility be a plea pleadable.

This puts me in mind of a system, which, like the *Alliance* and the *Divine Legation*, had a considerable run when it first came out, but which, notwithstanding the ingenuity of it, and the high reputation of the author, was never made out in such a manner as to exhibit itself clear of all objections to my weak eyes: I mean

Dean Swift's hypothesis about the derivation of the Greek from the English language; a proposition, which, after all the proofs that were collected for the support of it, did not appear to me to be established upon any more solid grounds than Dr. Vincent's hypothesis about the Greek verb: *Alexander the Great* not being deducible from "*All eggs under the grate,*" or even *Archimedes* from "*Hark, ye maids,*" (and so of the rest) without considerable violence to language; not to speak of the chronological difficulties, which to my satisfaction were never thoroughly cleared up.

Compare that hypothesis with—I will not say the hypothesis, for it is a matter of simple observation; I claim no merit in it—the Homeric prophecy. Look at it; you find it all broad daylight; not mere etymology, but actual orthoepy; and as for chronological difficulties, here, *ex natura rei,* they have no place.

Dispel your fears, my friend: my inspiration has at length run itself out of breath. Should it find you incredulous (we are neither of us intolerant), fear not from me either excommunication or *premunire.* The worst punishment I would inflict upon you, had I Pandora's box, with its whole contents, under my arm, would be, imprisonment from the hour of five to eleven in Queen-square-place.

Queen-square-place, Westminster, Feb. 17th, 1823.

WORTHY FRIEND, OF OLDEN TIME,

Can you sing ille ego qui quondam? Can you sing it in Greek? I want a little batch of good Greek for a useful purpose, and if not in your bakehouse, in what other can it be looked for with any reasonable hope? In the days of your youth, you received instruction from Greece, in no small quantity. Lo! I will put you in the way to make some return for it. On the 13th—25th of January twelvemonth, the Greeks promulgated at Epidaurus, under the name of Organic, a temporary constitutional code: a French translation I have before me; it is in a work of M. C. D. Raffenel, intituled "Histoire des Evenemens de la Grece," pages from 429 to 443. An accredited agent, sent from that country to this, writes to me a letter, desiring my observations on that code, together with any other such assistance in the way of Legislation, as I may be disposed to give them. In a preface to his

edition of Aristotle's Politics, a copy of which he sent me, forming the thirteenth volume of his *Ellenica Bibliotheca*, Paris 1821, Doctor Corai, a renowned literary leader of the Greeks, a sojourner in Paris for the last 30 years, recommends it to his country to translate the works of Bentham, in preference to all others on Legislation. Having other intelligent disciples in that country, I have some reason to think something in that way has for some time been going on. A complete translation of all my published works, commenced under the orders of the Portuguese Administration, by direction from the late extraordinary and constitution-founding Cortes, having been distributed among a number of hands, according to a plan of my suggestion, was, half a year ago, and more, (so at least I was then informed by authority), in considerable forwardness. The history of this, is to be seen in the testimonials to my circular codification proposal to all nations professing liberal opinions, printed half a year ago, or more, and sent to divers nations—some in a Spanish translation, but not as yet published for sale. Did I send you a copy? I cannot recollect at this moment whether I did or no. Perhaps not, owing to my inability of sending one to you, under any assurance of its reaching you, without a course of inquiry, which the overloaded time of me and mine, could ill afford to make. What I do remember is, the sending one to Mr. Montague, for that I could do, and did without difficulty, by the hand of Mr. Koe. But all this is episode.

To return to the point. In a case such as this, there is always no small danger of suppression. If they find it suit their personal views, the ruling few, who apply to you for your ideas, give publicity to them: if not, they stifle them. I give the man in question to understand that, in the present instance, if I do any thing for them, this must not, shall not be. I require from him the assurance that in his opinion, whether it happens to suit their views or not, if I send them any thing, they will give fair publicity to it: at any rate, that they will oppose no obstruction to the divulgation of it; and that he will employ such influence as he possesses in the endeavour to secure this treatment to it. I give him at the same time to understand, that our correspondence on this subject is destined for publication: and that to do what depends upon myself towards securing my farthing

candle from being kept under the bushel till the time for its being of use is at an end, I shall light up a gas-light from it, in this country, and send it off to Greece, where it shall render itself visible to all eyes.

Being but a bad scholar in rhetoric, when I get into a metaphor, or an allegory, I get into a scrape: the sooner I am out of it the better. It is high time for me to return to my theme, and prefer in plain English my petition for some good Greek. If I go on as I have already begun, I shall, in no long time, and no large space, give them, in addition to observations on this their Constitutional code, or proposed code, another of my own, with reasons for every article, and distinguishable part of an article; the whole as much compressed as possible. If they come up to my terms, as above, I shall finish, or at least endeavour to finish, what, in a very few days, I have already made very considerable progress in, and in the original English print and publish it here. Moreover, if you will furnish me with a correspondent portion of Parrian Greek to put by the side of it, English and Greek shall be printed column-wise, and thus we will descend to posterity together, hand in hand, cheek by jowl, till old time is tired of carrying us.

My good fortune has just now brought me a disciple, able, I have every reason to believe, as well as willing—willing to a degree of enthusiasm, to do what is requisite to the completing for the press those papers of mine on the Rationale of Evidence, of the fragment of which, containing the first 140 pages, you have had a copy, I believe, almost ever since it was printed. It had in those days the good fortune to find favour in your sight; should that same favour, or any moderate portion of it, abide still, this will be not unacceptable news to you.

A third edition of my "Fragment on Government" (for a second edition was printed in Dublin in the days of piracy), is to come out (so the bookseller informs me) in the course of this week: item, a second edition of my "*Introduction to Morals and Legislation*;" this last, not in one volume 4to, as before, but in two vols. 8vo, in which is a portrait which they made me sit for: it seems well-engraved, I have seen it, and people say it is like. Both these are booksellers' jobs, of their own proposal:

I get nothing—I lose nothing; I desire nothing better; and so ever body is satisfied.

The 1st of March or the 1st of April comes out a number of the European Magazine, with another portrait of me by another hand; considerable expectations are entertained of this likewise. When you see a copy of a print of the House of Lords at the time of the Queen's trial, in the hand of Bowyer, and expected to come out in a month or two, you will, if Bowyer does not deceive me, see the phiz of your old friend among the spectators: and these, how small soever elsewhere, will in this print, for as much as their station is in the fore-ground, be greater than lords. Oddly enough made up the groupe will be. Before me he had got an old acquaintance of mine of former days, Sir Humphrey Davy: he and I might have stood arm-in-arm; but then came the servile poet and novelist, and then the ultra-servile sack-guzzler. Next to him, the old radical. What an assortment! But this wholesale print-manufacturer is famed, I understand, for the sort of knowledge called knowledge of the world. His object was to get something to meet every-body's taste. No fewer than five times within little more than a year have I been plagued with people to waste, in this way, so many portions of the scanty remnant of a time, which, if employed to any good, would otherwise have been employed to a so much better purpose. At first I was wise and negative: I entered upon the career of folly, and, by some means or other, was led on, step by step, to the point just mentioned; the two attempts which cost me most time I considered as having failed. When I rose up to walk and preach this letter, could I have thought that the preachment would have drawled on to so enormous a length? If I could I should have assuredly spared by much the largest portion of your time as well as my own, and not kept codification so long at a stand by it. But I have an excuse in a cough and cold, which has kept me in a state of confinement for these ten days or a fortnight, and which, producing comparative indolence, renders the labour of the hand fatiguing to me. In the midst of all this labour, or rather by means of it, I am full as gay as ever I was; more so, I believe, than when you first saw me in I know not what ill-directed attempt to be fine, and accused me in your own mind (I dare say

not without sufficient ground), of coxcombery. May this effusion find you impregnated with equal and corresponding gaiety. But whatever you write, and I flatter myself you will not leave all this gossip completely unanswered, employ some hand other than your own, if your wish be that it be read by anybody; otherwise, what you write might as well be in the language of the moon as in that which to you seems English. A luminary such as you cannot but be surrounded by satellites in abundance: one you may have for English; the same, or another, for Greek. Do by me as you have been done by, and what you write will be no less easy to read than worthy of being read.

I thought to have enclosed for your amusement a single sheet, containing a printed copy of a poem in modern Greek, and alas! in rhyme, on the Greek insurrection. I have looked for it where it used to be, and lo! it has vanished.

I have just learnt that the Greek agent expects to set out on his return on Monday next: you see, therefore, how important it is that I should have an answer from you as soon as possible.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

Queen's-square-place, Westminster, Feb. 23, 1823.

Thanks to you, my dear and worthy friend, for your most prompt and obliging answer: I have it not at this moment before me, having packed it off almost as soon as received, to my friend the incomparable Bowring, in whose hands it may in one way or other be of use to the Greek cause. Know that there are hopes, and strong ones too, of obtaining for their use a loan of no less than three millions dollars (4*s.* 6*d.*) a sum regarded as sufficient to place their ultimate triumph above danger, always supposed that the holy allies do not interfere and crush them. Moreover there exists, he tells me, a single individual who has offered to send them arms and clothing for 50,000 men at his own expence, on the single condition of receiving one-fifth of the price in ready money, giving I know not how many years' credit for the rest. What made me mention the having parted with your letter is, that in my haste I omitted to set down the address of the bookseller Bohne, with whom I was to leave any book I might wish to send you: wherefore I cannot be certain of being able to send anything before Wednesday, that being the

day next after the one on which I am to see Bowring. I shall probably add a fresh squib or two, which perhaps it may not have fallen in your way to see.

Now for another request, it is of a sort which I could not have made to an ordinary man in your place. On the 4th of next month Jos. Hume makes his motion on the subject of Irish tithes. Excellent Church, with all her paraphernalia, must on that occasion of necessity be brought on the carpet. Some suggestions over and above what there is in "Church of Englandism," the political part of which he is getting by heart, are furnishing to him just now by myself and others: inter alia, that in all times churchmen, who, if any proposal is made to apply the church property to any of the uses to which it is pretended to be destined, cry out "sacrilege!" have at all times been the plunderers of it to the utmost of their power; for the benefit of themselves and those who are nearest and dearest to them, just as any other men would have been in their places: witnesses the King's most excellent Majesty, the Lords and Commons of this realm in Parliament assembled, as per the several statutes designated in Blackstone and elsewhere by the names of the enabling and restraining statutes. This brought to my mind the recollection of the information you gave me once of the course you take with such pious regularity in relation to your prebendal sinecure. Were I to undertake to give an account of of it from so loose and distant a recollection, I should err in some immaterial point, whereupon Hume, supposing him to adopt my statement, would be overwhelmed, or at least endeavoured to be overwhelmed, with a cry of ignorance and calumny. I need scarce observe to you, that neither Hume, nor any other man of common sense or common honesty, would so much as propose to do any thing on this or any other occasion to the detriment of present possessors, therefore, from any information which you may be disposed to favour me with in relation to this subject, no injury need be apprehended to any one; if there were, I should not have been so ready as you see I am to volunteer this request. If I do not misrecollect, the course you take is every year to execute a fresh lease for twenty-one years upon the strength of one of the aforesaid enabling statutes, the tenant giving up the outstanding lease; the rent, however,

in the case of your dying within the term goes to your ecclesiastical successors; but this rent is a trifling—little more than a nominal one; the profit you make every year comes to you in the shape of a fine; viz. on each year the difference between the fine payable for a 20 years lease and a fine paying for 21 years of the same premises. Fewer words, I imagine, than the above would be sufficient for the statement, if it came from the authentic source. I need scarce give you the assurance that, whatever information you may be pleased to give, your name is in no danger of being tacked. Not that your intrepidity would shrink from the avowal; but on occasions such as these there is no need, and therefore not any use for it.

In answer the most prompt and simplest course will be for you to enclose your letter in a cover, directed to Joseph Hume, Esq. M. P. York Place, London. The contents may be addressed either to him or to me, as may be most agreeable to you. As to this Joseph Hume, I consider him as the only real representative the Commons of England have in the House so improperly called theirs. As so the Whigs, they are not a whit less hostile to reform in any shape than the rankest Tories. When Hume made his last motion, a day or two ago, though it went not beyond the abolition of one single sinecure, Brougham and Tierney not only refused him their support, but with an air of ostentation walked out of the House together just before the division. Canning thought to intimidate by a torrent of affected scorn and contumely, but he might just as well have attempted to intimidate a rock.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

James Boswell, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *London*, 10 *Jan.* 1791.

Having occasion in my Life of Dr. Johnson to thank the editor of tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian, I request to hear by return of post, if I may say or guess that Dr. Parr is he. I should think that I may have liberty to do my friend the credit of naming the person who has given him just and eloquent praise. I am, Reverend Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

George Burges, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

Dartmouth Street, July 21, 1795.

As Mr. Beloe's punctuality affords Mr. Burges an early opportunity of shewing his attention to Dr. Parr, he avails himself of it to thank the Doctor for his note, and to confess his entire incapacity even to offer an opinion on the subject of mysteries, which he has always considered as being much above his limited capacity. He has always looked for Truth, and where he has found her, he has always found lovely in her native naked charms, and when unadorned, adorned the most. Thus humbly minded he never ventured within the magic circle of Freemasonry; chiefly, perhaps, because he could not conceive that there could be in that kind of society any species of Truth which was not already pretty well known, and perhaps because he had not discovered in the Masons he knew any great superiority over the uninitiated. It is, however, possible that there may be classes and gradations in the order, and that the grand arcanum may not have been imparted to the vulgum pecus with whom he has conversed. But even this operated upon him as an additional reason for keeping back; as he has remarked that all the wicked parts of a confederation have invariably been appropriated by the founders of mysterious orders, to the chosen few who were found worthy of being admitted into the Penetralia. Ancient history is not without examples of this; and unhappily modern history—that is, the history of our own day—is full of them. Mr. Burges does not know whether Dr. Parr in the course of his various reading even met with a curious evidence of this in a little book called "Secreta Monita Societatis Jesu." It is extremely rare, and perhaps is hardly to be bought either here or abroad; but Mr. B. has a copy of it, which he will be glad to show to Dr. Parr, telling him before hand that it is perhaps the worst book (though the most truly mysterious) that ever was printed. It is the performance of a person who had been expelled from the Society of Jesuits, after having risen to the highest class of the Order. It is undoubtedly an authentic statement of their real arcana, and operated as a main cause of the general extinction of that subtle body of men. Such mys-

in the case of your dying within the term goes to your ecclesiastical successors; but this rent is a trifling—little more than a nominal one; the profit you make every year comes to you in the shape of a fine; viz. on each year the difference between the fine payable for a 20 years lease and a fine paying for 21 years of the same premises. Fewer words, I imagine, than the above would be sufficient for the statement, if it came from the authentic source. I need scarce give you the assurance that, whatever information you may be pleased to give, your name is in no danger of being tacked. Not that your intrepidity would shrink from the avowal; but on occasions such as these there is no need, and therefore not any use for it.

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teries, however, are not easily extinguished. The order indeed is gone, but its unembodied spirit, rendered, perhaps, more active, and assuredly more vindictive by the change, still continues to subsist, still hovers over our heads, and still insinuates its venom through every class of civilized society. But this is a mystery; and as Mr. B. set out with disclaiming mysteries, he will stop here in order to preserve his consistency. He will add only one line more, to beg Dr. Parr's pardon for having thus trespassed on his better occupations.

At Valpy's, Red Lion Court, Feb. 20, 1822.

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of forwarding to you the second volume of my Æschylus, containing the Eumenides; which you can place on the shelf of your library, close to the first volume, previously sent there, to slumber in dull oblivious repose.

Had you not, long since, left off reading Greek, I should have indulged myself in the hope that curiosity would have tempted you to look into the volume, and as you have the power, you would have felt the inclination to communicate remarks, which would have merited and met with the greatest possible attention at my hands; as it is, I can only lament the invidious decree of fate, which, by interposing a period of nearly forty years between our births respectively, has prevented me from doing more than to watch the setting sun of Grecian Literature; others more fortunate, it has been reserved to cheer their hearts, by basking in its mid-day beams.

From Bohte I learnt the manner in which your 74th anniversary was spent; nor did I fail to make a libation in a bottle of honest port, to the health of an old Grecian; nor was the prayer to your good genius still to grant you many days of happiness, and at their close, an ἐνθανασία, forgotten by, dear Sir, your much obliged,

GEORGE BURGES.

Montagu Burgoyne, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Uxbridge, Sep.* 27, 1813.

You are the cause of my being benighted here. I stopt some time at Oxford to see Burdett, for I feel that I should do the public service, if I brought you two together. I have no doubt that it may be done with equal honor to you both. I found him by no means ill disposed. It is always a creditable thing, when the two disagreeing parties tell the same History—his account of the disagreement is exactly yours. He was hurt that you spoke so disrespectfully of Tooke, whom he loved as his father, but he added, "I believe he did it with a good design." He spoke of you with much regard, and I am sure will be made happy by a reconciliation. I went so far as to offer my services. He said that you both had a common friend at Oxford. Here it rests and remains with you. I hope to return to Leamington for a day or two, and will contrive to see you. I have not an opportunity of mentioning to you, that I find nothing can be done at Warwick. The independent party can do little without the corporation, who, though they may quarrel with Lord Warwick, will have none but a ministerialist for their member.

Another good Whig has arrived at Leamington, Mr. Hanbury, member for Northampton, the son of my old and good friend of Thetmarsh, an excellent stock.

I slept at Wroxton last night, where great inquiries after you were made, with many expressions of regard, by Lord Guilford, Lady Charlotte, Kemble, &c.

Your faithful servant, MONTAGU BURGOYNE.

Memorandum by Dr. Parr.

Mr. Bayley was the friend of Dr. Percival and of Archbishop Magee. The Archbishop wrote after his death a most eloquent eulogy. Mr. Bayley's son was chaplain to Bishop Tomline, and is now Subdean of Lincoln and Rector of Stilton, and is a very good scholar and a worthy man. He succeeded Dr. Maltby n the chaplainship.—S. P.

T. B. Bayley, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

REV'D. SIR, *Hope, near Manchester, Dec.* 10, 1786.

It is but an ill requital for the great satisfaction and pleasure I have received from a repeated perusal of your excellent discourse on education, to make this a plea for a troublesome and perhaps an improper application to the author. A strong desire to be fully informed of the nature, regulations, and actual state of the charity schools in Norwich, and especially of those rules which relate to the female scholars, and the uniting labour with instruction, induces me to beg from you this wished-for communication. Having been twenty-one years an acting justice of the peace in this populous country, my thoughts are naturally and frequently led to subjects of this nature, and I seek for information where it is to be found. So far this intrusion is natural and right, but I dare not offer any apology, or depend for pardon on any thing but that amiable spirit of philanthropy which inspired you to write, and preach, and publish, one of the best defences of this species of charity that has ever appeared. As the father of ten children, I thank you, Sir, for your general observations on education, and I hope to profit by them. At Warrington in this county a charity school is conducted entirely upon your plan (page 54), under the management of J. Watkin, Esq. and others, and with as much success as at York. I am a great advocate for it, and so have been from the first the conductors of "the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge," as appears by their annual publication. If the young poor are not taught to labour, I doubt if it is useful to send them to a charity school. I know a Blue-coat Hospital richly endowed, in the midst of a manufactory, in which eighty boys are kept five years to learn to read and write, and are in absolute idleness. They might easily earn as much as would support forty or fifty more boys, and add to the stock of public productive industry £500 per annum, and be much happier all the time.

But I again beg pardon, and subscribe myself, Rev. Sir, with much respect, your unknown but obedient servant,

THOMAS B. BAYLEY.

Francis Canning, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Foxcote, Feb.* 4, 1815.

I have just received your letter, and feel much obliged to you for communicating your sentiments to me upon the subject which is to come under discussion at the county meeting. In return I will take the liberty of submitting to you my ideas upon the subject, which, I am happy to say accord in great measure with yours.

I think our opposition to the property tax should be founded upon the ground of its being unconstitutional and unjust in principle, vexatious and oppressive in its operation, and because the faith of Parliament is pledged that it shall cease at a determined period. I think we should state in what we conceive it unconstitutional; in this view of it, the establishment of commissioners to supersede the trial by jury, as far as the operation of the tax extends, appears to me the leading feature; another is the obligation it imposes, in the case of surcharges, upon the party accused of proving the falsehood of the charge, which is directly in opposition to the principle of the constitution, which presumes every man innocent until he is proved by evidence to be guilty; to these must be added the inquisitorial power vested in the commissioners. In regard of the vexatious and oppressive nature of the tax, there will be, I should imagine, but little difference of opinion, nor of the partial and unequal operation of it, income being made by it the sole criterion of the value of property. If we resolve to oppose this tax as unconstitutional in principle, I think it is a necessary consequence that we should object to its revival in any circumstances, or with any modifications. The next topic in your letter is one which I fear may occasion some difference of opinion; I mean the question of a substitute for this tax. I think this subject should certainly be introduced, and that it would not be meeting the question in a fair and manly way if we omitted doing it; but the substitute I should propose is economy in the expenditure of the public money, the reduction within the narrowest limits of the military and naval establishments of the country, and the reform of all

abuses. I think it would be unjust and cruel to the people to call upon them for fresh sacrifices, until it is ascertained that by economy and reform resources cannot be obtained sufficient to meet every just demand upon the government. I certainly can have no objection in our resolutions and petition to a tone of moderation and conciliation, provided our wish to conciliate does not prevent us from stating what we think the people have a right to expect in the present circumstances of the country. We ought not to forget that the aristocrats, the loyal lives and fortune men in this county, have stood completely aloof in this business. I think it a very different thing to acquiesce, for the sake of unanimity, in a set of milk-and-water resolutions (provided they do not compromise any principle), if brought forward by others, and to propose such resolutions ourselves. I am endeavouring to draw up some which I intend to submit to the consideration of a private meeting, which must take place to day before the county meeting, in order that every thing may be prepared. I trust it will not be inconvenient to you to attend at the Swan at Warwick about one o'clock As to what you are so good as to say respecting my taking a lead in speaking at the meeting, neither my abilities nor my habits of life will allow me, I fear, to be of much use. Whatever little, however, I can do shall always be at the service of my fellow citizens. Lord Dormer declines signing the requisition. I have not applied to Lord Guilford, being very slightly acquainted with him. In regard of Mr. Leigh I am nearly in the same situation; besides, having made the intention of calling a county meeting as public as possible, I did not wish to appear to be begging signatures to the requisition. Sincerely hoping that I may have the pleasure of meeting you at Warwick the day before the meeting, I remain, my dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

FRANCIS CANNING.

MY DEAR SIR, *Foxcote, Dec. 26, 1816.*

I shall be most happy to accept your kind invitation for Wednesday the first of January.

I am sorry our views of the measures to be adopted for pro-

moting parliamentary reform are so different. I rejoice however that we are agreed as to the principle. I own I do not see how an opportunity can occur of collecting suffrages upon that specific subject, unless it is made the subject of discussion at a public meeting: nor can I conceive any other points more urgent, more important, or which ought to make a stronger impression upon the minds of enlightened and sober-minded men. Without going to the extent of what many judicious persons think absolutely necessary to be done before the country can in any effectual manner be relieved, I think you will allow that those retrenchments, which you will admit are just and necessary, are not likely to be carried into effect by means of the present House of Commons, or of any other chosen according to the actual mode of representation; in virtue of which, persons interested in continuance of the present profligate system of expenditure, return a majority of the members. Do you think a House of Commons so elected would immediately abolish all sinecures, all unmerited pensions, all places which, although not absolutely sinecures, might be dispensed with; would reduce all salaries and allowances which were raised during the war to their former amount; would immediately recall the whole of our army now in France, and instantly disband it, along with a large portion of the regular force now in England? If this, and, in my opinion, a great deal more be not done, no permanent and effectual relief can be afforded; and if it be obvious that the present Parliament will not do this, ought not petitions for reform to precede, or at least to go hand in hand with petitions for retrenchment? As for the circumstances you mention as a reason for delay, I am again so unfortunate as not to see them in the same light with you. If those enlightened and sober-minded men, to whom you allude, are not to move in support of this vital question because others treat it with more violence than prudence sanctions, or because some misguided men may be guilty of riotous excesses, I fear the day will never come when we may hope for their support, since it will always be in the power of the enemies of the cause to raise these obstacles. I do not mean to apply this observation to any thing which has lately happened. In regard of Mr. Cobbett, I think his late writings have done more for the cause than those of any other person.

I trust, my dear Sir, you will excuse my thus openly giving you my sentiments, although they are at variance with yours; at the same time I must add, that I certainly should not think of bringing forward the question of parliamentary reform at a county meeting, against the general opinion of those persons in the county, to whom I should naturally look up for support.

Allow me to offer you my sincere congratulations upon the event which, before this reaches you, I understand has taken place; and to beg your acceptance of the best compliments of the season from Mrs. Canning, and, my dear Sir, yours ever most faithfully, FRANCIS CANNING.

E. B. Clive, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Whitfield, Hereford, Oct.* 12, 1802.

I do, indeed, heartily rejoice at your having at last got what you have so long deserved, a competence; and it adds to my gratification, that a man I esteem so much as Sir Francis Burdett, should have again shewn an example to those who, with similar professions, have not similar deeds to boast of. As the Duke of Norfolk was very anxious about you, and had even began a treaty for the purchase of your Northamptonshire advowson, I immediately communicated your preferment to him. I have waited for an answer from his Grace, and that will account for my having been so long in expressing my joy to you. Your order domineers in this country sadly. We want your principles, your energy, and your talents, to keep the clergy in some order. I therefore, besides the loss of you as a neighbour, have to regret, on many other accounts, that you do not belong to us. However, in this instance, I will adopt Pangloss's philosophy, and suppose that it is for the best. Mrs. Clive joins me in sincere congratulations and good wishes, and I am ever, dear Sir, very truly yours, E. B. CLIVE.

W. Cobbett, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Coventry, 17th Feb.* 1820.

Hearing, accidentally, that you live in this neighbourhood, I cannot (though with a bad pen) help addressing a line to you, to express to you my satisfaction at hearing that you are alive and well. What events since I had the honour of your company at my happy house at Botley! What scenes have I passed through! Two years in a prison, two years and a half in exile, losses of all sorts, persecutions of every species, the whole force of the government of this country employed against me; and, after all, in this city, a candidate for a seat in parliament. But, what scenes has this *country* passed through! And what scenes has she yet to behold! At all events, if we all do our duty, her glories are not yet extinguished; and, for my part, I am resolved to do mine. If I go near you, I will do myself the honour of waiting on you; in the meanwhile I remain, with great respect, your most obedient and most humble servant, W. COBBETT.

Joseph Cradock, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Wednesday, Dec.* 29, 1824.

You might possibly hear that I removed from Gumley in the spring, being weary of long winter evenings there, and devoid of all literary society. On my arrival here, I took advantage of little airings daily into the neighbourhood, from which, thank God, I have derived much benefit. For many weeks your numerous friends could hear but little of you, and rumour gave out that you had been seriously ill; however, within these two days, we are happily informed that you have been able to preach again at Hatton. I now sit down in the name of eight at least, who, either at Highbury, Messrs. Payne's, or at Ridgway's, have deputed me to write; and I hope I need not add, that we all most sincerely rejoice at your convalescense. G. Dyer likewise made various enquiries, and you will be glad to hear that he has married a sensible discreet widow, greatly to his advantage. In

consequence of the death of Dr. Strahan, it was asserted that I, perhaps, must be the oldest of Dr. Johnson's friends who knew him intimately during the last five or six years of his life; and, in consequence of this being said, in a large party at Mr. Nichols's, I had various applications for reminiscences, letters, &c.; and, possibly, it may be the cause of my commencing four octavo volumes sooner, under the approved title of "Literary and Miscellaneous Memorials of my own Times." I have been lately honoured by the first examination of papers that belonged to the late King, communicated by favour of the Governors of the Museum. These throw great light on my previous enquiries at Haerlem, and other places, as to the Art of Printing; likewise on the rise and progress of the periodical press, for which I have been particularly applied to, as, entre nôus, a festival is meditated in honour of it. In the course of my own production I may have occasion to speak of Bishops and Archbishops, and of one, probably, more worthy to have adorned the Right Reverend Bench than any of them. And now, my dear Sir, I throw myself on your candour for this bold intrusion. Any, the shortest note, by your Secretary, if expressive of your health, directed to me, at Mr. Bowyer Nichols's, 25, Parliament-street, would highly oblige all, and particularly yours ever most sincerely.

J. CRADOCK.

Would I could render myself anyways serviceable to you here.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Cradock.

Hatton, Jan. 6th, 1825.

DEAR AND TRULY-EXCELLENT MR. CRADOCK,

Again and again I thank you for a letter, most elegant in the style, interesting in the matter, and courteous in the spirit. Long, dear Sir, have I been acquainted with your various and curious knowledge, with your pure taste, with your polished manners, and your benevolent disposition. Happy I always was in your enlightened conversation, and accustomed I have been to assign you a very distinguished place among those literary men who combine the best social qualities with intellectual endowments.

Nam te cum doctis semper vixisse fatetur
Invidia,

and your diction will not yield the palm to the *magni*, of whom Horace boasts.

Well, dear Sir, I sympathise with you in your pleasure and in your pride, when you represent yourself as the oldest remaining scholar who lived upon terms of intimacy with Samuel Johnson. You saw him often, and you met him often, in the presence of Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other literary heroes. I acknowledge the great superiority of your claims; Lord Stowell, I should suppose, will stand in the next place, and I challenge for myself the third. For many years I spent a month's holidays in London, and never failed to call upon Johnson. I was not only admitted, but welcomed. I conversed with him upon numberless subjects of learning, politics, and common life. I traversed the whole compass of his understanding; and, by the acknowledgment of Burke and Reynolds, I distinctly understood the peculiar and transcendental properties of his mighty and virtuous mind. I intended to write his life; I laid by sixty or seventy books for the purpose of writing it in such a manner as would do no discredit to myself. I intended to spread my thoughts over two volumes quarto, and if I had filled three pages the rest would have followed. Often have I lamented my ill fortune in not building this monument to the fame of Johnson, and let me not be accused of arrogance when I add, my own.

I read with great attention and great approbation the tragedy which you sent me, and I should like to talk with you three or four hours upon its very great merits. You gladden my soul by telling me of your intention to instruct and to interest men of letters, and men of wisdom, by reviewing what you saw and heard in the course of your observations upon events and characters for many years. Thus far, solitude has been of use to you, and your grey hairs will bring to you increase of honour, by the proofs which you will give that your mental strength is not impaired by old age. Pray, Mr. Cradock, let me now and then hear from you. I fear that it will not be in my power again to visit the capital; but if I should go thither, be assured that I will find my way to your abode. At all events, permit me to

call you my friend; and do not be angry with me for telling you, that, in the will I last made, I left you a ring, as a memorial of my regard and respect. I should defy the rigours of winter if I could find an opportunity of spending hours and hours with you, or our most intelligent and upright friend, John Nichols. My mind was soothed when I read your statement of the concern which you and other valuable men expressed for my health. Danger is over, and my recovery goes on even rapidly. I must beg a favour from you and Mr. Urban. On the 26th of this month I shall complete my 78th year, and, by the kindness of Providence, *mens sana in corpore sano* has fallen to my lot. I hope that you and Mr. Urban will find a bumper for many returns of my birth-day. You shall be indulged with water, but John Nichols must qualify some of his oldest and most orthodox port. May heaven bless you both! I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with unfeigned respect, your friend and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

Pray remember me to the Miss Nichols's, to Mr. Bowyer Nichols and his family. I waited for a scribe; and you must pardon the errors of a female, to whom I dictate. Farewell!

N. Carlisle, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

Royal Library, Buckingham House, July 27, 1820.

REVEREND AND MOST LEARNED SIR,

On coming to the Royal Library this morning to resume those duties which books and study so delightfully impose, I had the honour to receive your most obliging letter. It must create more than common pleasure in any one to be favoured with a letter from Dr. Parr; but to have the additional satisfaction of his approbation of a literary work, confers both dignity and an honourable cause of honest exultation. I most gratefully thank you for your kind sentiments respecting my book on our noble schools, and more especially for your patronage of the very distinguished piece of plate which was awarded me by the masters of those renowned institutions, for my humble efforts on that occasion. This handsome present is now finished, and may be seen at Messrs. Green and Wards, silversmiths, Ludgate-hill;

and I account it a blessing that I have been permitted to inscribe your great name among the generous and pre-eminent donors of it.

I shall be proud to meet you at my brother's on Monday next, when I shall sincerely hope to find you quite well; for who does not identify a public misfortune in the indisposition of Dr. Parr?

I have the honour to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect, Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most obedient humble servant, NICHOLAS CARLISLE.

Royal Library, Buckingham House, August 1, 1820.

REVEREND AND MOST RESPECTED SIR,

I venture to express my most sincere thanks to you for the honour of yesterday's indescribable happiness in your company, and for those learned, and enlarged, and liberal observations upon men and books, which I shall ever faithfully remember.

I understand from my brother, that you preached a most eloquent sermon on the death of our late venerable Monarch, and among other virtues applauded his elegance and judgment in the foundation of this library. I scarcely know how to make the request, or to hope for your pardon if improper, when I entreat of you as the greatest favour of you to have the goodness to honour me with a copy of that passage which relates to the King's books, as every sentiment of yours must be treasured with admiration and thankfulness, and must confer additional importance upon the most splendid collections.

I have the honour to subscribe myself, with the greatest respect, Reverend Sir, your most obliged and most obedient servant, NICHOLAS CARLISLE.

F. Dwarris, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

Barbadoes, Jan. 8, 1823.

MY DEAR AND VENERABLE FRIEND,

We reached this island on the 21st of Dec. having had a favourable and pleasant voyage from Madeira, but to that island an extremely tedious and boisterous passage. We had been at sea a fortnight before we had accomplished four hundred miles of

call you my friend; and do not be angry with me for telling you, that, in the will I last made, I left you a ring, as a memorial of my regard and respect. I should defy the rigours of winter if I could find an opportunity of spending hours and hours with you, or our most intelligent and upright friend, John Nichols. My mind was soothed when I read your statement of the concern which you and other valuable men expressed for my health. Danger is over, and my recovery goes on even rapidly. I must beg a favour from you and Mr. Urban. On the 26th of this month I shall complete my 78th year, and, by the kindness of Providence, *mens sana in corpore sano* has fallen to my lot. I hope that you and Mr. Urban will find a bumper for many returns of my birth-day. You shall be indulged with water, but John Nichols must qualify some of his oldest and most orthodox port. May heaven bless you both! I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with unfeigned respect, your friend and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

Pray remember me to the Miss Nichols's, to Mr. Bowyer Nichols and his family. I waited for a scribe, and you must pardon the errors of a female, to whom I dictate. Farewell!

N. Carlisle, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

Royal Library, Buckingham House, July 27, 1820.

REVEREND AND MOST LEARNED SIR,

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F. Dwarris, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

Barbadoes, Jan. 8, 1823.

MY DEAR AND VENERABLE FRIEND,

We reached this island on the 21st of Dec. having had a favourable and pleasant voyage from Madeira, but to that island an extremely tedious and boisterous passage. We had been at sea a fortnight before we had accomplished four hundred miles of

3,700; and at that period we commenced our return back to Falmouth. A favourable wind occasioned us again to alter our course, and our damage being soon repaired, in fine weather we went on afterwards prosperously, and reached our destination safe and well.

We met with a singularly favourable reception here. Parties, divided in every thing else, were agreed in considering us as acceptable, as mediators and referees. A certain stiff party, likely to entertain prejudices against the objects of our mission, merely from what they considered a constitutional jealousy of the interference of the mother country in their internal concerns, through some address and some good fortune we have found the means of conciliating. In a word, we are welcomed by both sides in a country where party runs mountains high!

Our inquiries, I find, are confined by our instructions to the *administration* of the existing law; and this will furnish ample matter. We are "*not* to consider how it might be modelled by judicious alterations," which is fortunate, as we wish to return to England.

There is great dissatisfaction with the present system here; a total want of confidence in the due administration of the laws. From the very little I have yet seen I do not think there is any thing corrupt, but a great want of competent information; defect of skill, and not integrity. But we have only begun our public sittings this day; and I ought to say, that here the radicals are uppermost. The parliament is annual, and the suffrage next to universal, the qualification of the elector and the elected being the same, and that about £7. 10*s*. English money. The Preamble to the Act limiting the Parliament is curious; its date is August 6, 1660. "Whereas, by sad experience we have found that the long sitting of representatives hath been the occasion of many factions and divisions, and of great distraction in the whole nation; and the people that chose them, though they be never so much unsatisfied or displeased with their actions, cannot by reason of their unlimited election put a seasonable end to the power they have given them. For the prevention, therefore, of the evils which such a custom may possibly produce, Be it enacted, &c. That this present assembly, nor any future assembly to be held within this island, shall be and continue any

longer than one whole year from their time of first meeting as an assembly fully to be complete and ended, &c. And the election shall be held and deemed to be and continue of force no longer than for and during the term of one natural year."

So much for politics and laws; of morals and manners what is to be said?—of literature—of society?

For morals, though a West India Governor and Major-general, and some Jamaica gentlemen on board the packet, talked gaily (like your country gentlemen and rural Bishops before they were compelled *to lengthen their monosyllables*,) though the first sight I saw in Bridge Town, at the hotel of Miss Sabrina Bray, was a kit-cat portrait of Miss Bray aforesaid as black as nature, on one side the dining-room, and on the opposite side a large picture, a family group, of the real *Mrs.* Bray, and at least half a dozen of her white children; yet I have never since, on a closer survey of the population, white and black, met with any thing offensive or indicative of great laxity of principle. The church service is respectably performed and creditably attended; but I could certainly wish to have seen more of the blacks and coloured people there.

Of the state of manners and the style of living we have had, I suspect, a very favourable specimen. Our secretary is the son of a gentleman of considerable landed property here, and at his house we found a sumptuous board, and met the best company; and very agreeably we spent our Christmas week; and an introduction to the gentleman practising with most success at the bar, a truly sensible and valuable man, led to an invitation to begin the new year at his house; there we met many very well-informed and agreeable people.

The most important point we have to consider, and it is one which I approach with great diffidence, and even something of alarm, is the question of, whether the *evidence* of *slaves* should be admitted in all or in any cases? As the matter now stands, *free* men of all colours, brown or black, are admitted to give evidence without qualification. Slaves are excluded from giving evidence, except for or against each other. *For* the admissibility it occurs, that without making a slave a competent witness there may often be a defect of justice. In case of personal violence to either men or women, in the absence of all white

men from an estate, great crimes will go unpunished. *Against* it, it is said, as far as the experiment has been tried, by the admission of free persons of colour, it has led to the most dreadful perjury, and shows that this unfortunate class of persons is not yet ripe for it. If slaves, untaught as they now are, were admitted to give evidence, they would be under the influence of their masters, and a malicious or unprincipled proprietor of slaves could be able to produce a body of evidence to support any charge or claim he pleased to institute. Have you read or thought on this subject? Adieu! Mrs. Dwarris (with myself) begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Parr; and ever believe me, my respected friend, most truly yours,

F. DWARRIS.

A dreadful case has occurred here in the cruel whipping of a slave to death by a gentleman of property and influence, Best (brother of the man who shot Lord Camelford), and a puisne judge! The coroner's jury met and adjourned for three days, during which Best escaped, as must have been intended. We will unrip this bolstered business, as surely we ought! I shall send this open to Denman.

The Chief Justice has just paid us a visit. He prefaced many observations with, "Mind, gentlemen, I am no lawyer." F. D.

Court Dewes, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

Welsbourn, March 14, 1793.

I answered your last letter and received news of the German victories on the same day; I am sorry that a warm expression dropt in the hurry of I hope pardonable exultation at a success which has probably saved Holland, should have displeased you. I am not much accustomed to use warm expressions, nor will I stop to defend the *fitness* of yours; that is in a great measure matter of feeling, but your charge of *impiety* hurts me, and I must endeavour to repel it. I would avoid the appearance of canting, and I hold it unfair and mean to urge a divine with theological arguments, which, though they may admit of an answer, that answer cannot always be given absque invidiâ; but here your candour will allow, that, to clear myself from the accusation of impiety (at which alone I

am concerned), my proofs must be drawn from the fountains of piety and from sacred history, for there only can we find what we are permitted to know of the motives of Providence; there you will as frequently see nations (no matter whether good or bad,) employed to punish a bad people, as in profane history you will see others comparatively good sinking under the oppression of the bad. The destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, denounced in the New Testament, and described by Josephus, is a striking instance. The conduct of the Jews, as the historian relates it, has some similarity to that of the French; their factions were committing every species of horrible crimes within the city while the enemy was at their gates. I do not insist on the monstrous avowed irreligion of the French, or how far that may render them objects of divine punishment; I do not presume to throw in prospect the wrath of heaven, but when the wrath has fallen, and on such subjects, I trust I may be permitted without the imputation of impiety modestly to conjecture from what hand it has been launched.

I lament as much as you can do the necessity of the war, but I believe the alarming progress of the French conquests made it unavoidable. The sentiments at the conclusion of your letter are those of a wise and good man. I am truly sorry that very unmerited calumny should have taught you to feel some of them.

I don't like to hear you talk of a morning visit; cannot you contrive to spend a day with me? Any day next week (except Tuesday) I shall be at home, and happy to see you. I am, with great regard, very sincerely yours, C. DEWES.

DEAR SIR, *Welsbourn, March 19, 1793.*

I shall never regret an imprudence which has produced the masterly and instructive letter which I received from you yesterday. You have cured me for ever of talking of the vengeance of heaven; at the same time you may observe that I tacitly admitted the impropriety of it when I apologised for the hurry of exultation. I attempted to defend the expression on no other score than for the charge of impiety, and even on that narrow ground, you have shewn me one error in my defence, and clearly

taught me not to apply what has happened to a people so peculiarly circumstanced as the Jews to other nations; though you yourself allow that later cases of the Jews may be resolved by the general course of Providence, and my instance was a very late one: however, you admit that, both in sacred and profane history, nations (of whatever character) are raised up sometimes by Providence to punish other bad nations, and when an event has happened which, to, perhaps, a weak and too precipitate mind, appears to be judicial, the expression of its sentiments may be rash, may be foolish, but cannot surely be called impious. I took the distinction between sacred and profane history for no other purpose, and made use of it in no other way, than because in one I thought the motives of the divine interposition were to be found, in the other not, or at least not so clearly, and I still think so; in the one they are explicitly declared, in the other they can only be collected by inductions often obscure and fallacious. I laid no stress on the characters of the respective nations; and I made use of the word comparatively merely to qualify the generality of the epithet good, which, absolutely taken, can be applied to no earthly nation. I did not consider Josephus in general as a sacred historian; but when he relates the fulfilling of a scripture prophecy, though he neither acknowledges or refers to it, he may in some sort be reckoned as completing the sacred history.

W. Frend, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

No. 17, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury,
18th Feb. 1794.

DEAR SIR,

When you mentioned to me the other night that an attempt was made to excite an unfavourable opinion of Mr. Palmer's character, I could only give you some vague ideas of the transaction on which it was founded. Since that time a fuller account has been imparted to me, which convinces me that Mr. Palmer was only doing his duty in opposing those intrigues by which Dr. Milner was paving the way to the situation he now holds in Queen's College.

Dr. Milner, previously to this transaction, had introduced Mr. Carlisle from Christ's to Queen's, and procured him to be made fellow. He had brought Hubbersty from Trinity for the same purpose, and seemed to be laying the foundation of an interest which was to give him the entire rule of the College. This conduct displeased Mr. Palmer, who was greatly Dr. Milner's senior, and in the year eighty-one, when the election of fellows, which, according to the invariable practice of the College, ought to have been in January, was postponed by an artifice of Milner's to March, Mr. Palmer interested himself in behalf of a man of his own college: Thompson, domestic Chaplain to Sir Rowland Wynne, would have been elected, if the election had been at the proper time, but by Milner's manoeuvre he found an antagonist in Hubbersty who had but just taken his degree. The literary merits of these candidates were nearly the same; Hubbersty had taken a rather better degree, but Thompson was a year his senior, had distinguished himself more in college exercises, and had obtained the college prize. Previous to the election Milner went round individually to the fellows, and, endeavouring to prejudice them against Thompson, threw out hints of some base transaction which must for ever be a bar to his admission into a fellowship. Mr. Palmer laughed at the insinuation, but was much surprised to find it worked up into a serious charge by Mr. Carlisle at a college meeting. Mr. Carlisle declared that he once saw Thompson winking at his partner when he had two by honours in his hand, and this charge was considered as a sufficient reason for rejecting a man of otherwise unimpeachable character, and Hubbersty, an alien, without any particular pretensions, was elected.

You will think, with me, these things too ludicrous to be attended to by any man of principle, but as we live in days when those who give themselves a latitude in every vice, and every thing disgraceful to the character of gentlemen and scholars, are happy to find the least pretence for a charge against an individual whose great faults are a sanguine temperament, a hatred of all intrigue, and the strictest integrity, it is incumbent on us to call upon the adversaries of Mr. Palmer to state clearly their charge, and to shew in what respect he has offended, either as a gentleman, or a fellow at a college. In consequence of this

opposition to Dr. Milner, he was prevented from succeeding to the Bursarship, and Mr. Hammond, who supported him, was denied access to all college offices. A paper was also drawn up, and read in the combination room by one of the fellows who had at one time expressed to Mr. Palmer his disapprobation of Dr. Milner's proceedings, by which paper Messrs. Palmer and Hammond were declared cut off from all social intercourse with the society. Thus Milner gained several points; he gratified his malice against the individuals who opposed him, he became the head of a party in college, to be annually increasing, and by excluding two men from college offices, made the disposal of them an act of special favour conferred on others by himself.

A statement of this affair was, I understand, drawn up by Palmer, and shown to several of his friends, to Drs. Peckard, Glynn, Gardner, Bullock, Seale, Messrs. Mainwaring and Hunter. Dr. Glynn, on reading it, said that it was so infamous a business that he ought to show the case to every one. Whether this statement is in existence or not I don't know, and it is to be lamented that the insinuation against Mr. Palmer was not divulged whilst he was in the kingdom, and capable of answering for himself; but as the statement has been read by so many members of the University, we may reasonably presume that, notwithstanding the temper of the times, they will bear testimony to the truth, and not suffer the reputation of an individual to be fritted away by the grossest calumnies.

In laying this account before you, it is not my intention to cast any blame on Mr. Carlisle. He was brought from Christ's by Dr. Milner, was only a Bachelor of Arts, and could not be supposed to be much acquainted with college intrigues. I consider him as the tool and dupe of Milner in this business.

With Mr. Palmer I was not acquainted for several years after this transaction, but from my knowledge of him, and what I have heard from many of his acquaintance, I am convinced that the insinuations thrown out against him are groundless, that on the one side will be found the flat resolution to become per fas et nefas master of Queen's College, and on the other a proper and manly resistance to Milner's intrigues, and a conscientious discharge of the duties of a fellow of a college. I remain, with great respect, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

W. FREND.

Henry Hallam, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Weymouth, Aug.* 13.

If the messenger who took your note to my house did not communicate to you that I had left London, I must have seemed strangely remiss in making no reply to so friendly and honourable a testimony of your kindness. But I came from town on the morrow of that evening when I had the pleasure of seeing you, and have only just received your note from my servant.

I derive pride, as well as gratification, from the thought, that, in the rare opportunities, "few, and far between," that have been afforded me of Dr. Parr's society, I have been lucky enough to obtain his esteem; yet these sentiments are not unmixed with regret, that I did not enjoy his company earlier in life, when my mind might have been nourished by the rich and various stores of his learning, and my studies guided by his instruction. Let me hope that we shall meet again next year, and that you will join the same party at my house, with whom you express yourself so well pleased. I am not, indeed, surprised that you should be so—three men more accomplished than Spencer, Ward, and Hare, will not easily be found among the dinner-parties of London.

Your jog to my recollection about my father's prize essay is a reproach to me. I have not done as I should in it; but I propose on my return to town to have a few copies struck off, and will take particular care to send some down to Hatton. Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me, your faithful and obliged friend,

HENRY HALLAM.

W. Hamilton, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Southampton, Jan.* 9, 1822.

Every succeeding packet which I have received from you since I had the pleasure of passing a most delightful *συμποσιον* with you at our friend Collingwood's has made me blush at so long having delayed to answer your very obliging reminiscences, and more particularly to thank you for the energetic language (of which you are such a master), and the not more classical

Greek of Antipater, and other ancient worthies, with which you have endeavoured to rescue me from the maledictions which all ages have agreed, in prose and in verse, though perhaps with more success in the latter than in the former, to heap on the unfortunate waterdrinker. But in spite of such authorities my attachment to that fickle but amiable young lady, whom the giants of old used to call Hygeia, is still so strong, and I find I make so much progress in my suit, by an undeviating perseverance in the system in which I have been initiated, that I cannot find it in my heart to desert her when so near the goal. I was unfortunate enough to be confined to my bed and crutches between the age of sixteen and eighteen, by which I lost the advantage of the two last years at Harrow, and have been ever since rather a valetudinarian: so that my learning and my health were both rather ill-used at an important period of my life. I was but two years at college, during which I made very little of Newton, nothing at all of anything else; and ever since I have been beating my way over the wide world, between the Cataracts and the Tweed, or tied to my desk, doing my best to controvert the awful predictions of the Whigs during the last decennary, that we were all going to be swallowed up by the mighty Leviathan of modern times. However, the time is approaching when I too may lay on my oars; and as I have always taken care, though I shall die a tiro in Greek, to keep up my knowledge at least of the alphabet, I look forward with much delight to the prospect of spending my future days chiefly among living or dead Hellenists. I must be contented with being an Opsimathes, and must do my best not to commit the follies to which Theophrastus attributes to that character. Perhaps you will say I am already rather far gone in those importunities, if I ask you if you know Coney's edition of the Characteristics, which, with his notes, I have lately read through with my Carthusian boys, and with much pleasure. Among many luminous observations with which this modern Greek has enriched his book, he has thrown light upon a passage near the end of the Œdipus Tyrannus, which I understand is given up at our schools, as scabiosissimus. The supposed difficulty is in the meaning of the word επιβλεπειν, which it seems he is the first to interpret by the *invidere* of the Latins, and which makes very good sense; but this is probably to you via trita.

Has Collingwood asked your opinion on the theory lately put forward by a strange and mystical writer (Grahville Penn), on what he calls the primary argument of Homer, and on his attempt to reconcile Aristotle's definition of an epic poem with the Iliad? a task which had puzzled Heyne and other German as well as English and French critics. Grahville Penn says, that the primary argument, or subject of the Iliad, is neither the death of Hector, nor the anger of Achilles, nor the fall of Troy, but "the signal triumph of the Divine will, as declared by prophecies, over human vows"—exemplified, first by Achilles' retractation of his decision to abstain from the fight, and secondly by his surrender of the body of Hector to the intercessions of Priam, after he had uttered his vow to give it to the birds of the air; and the true μεσον of the poem Penn affirms to be, not, as some say, the going on of the poem between the wrath of Achilles and the death of Patroclus, but the exact moment of *punctum* of that death.

But really, my dear Sir, I must beg your pardon for presuming to write to you on such subjects, particularly when a friend of mine in this county town has just lent me a book, published about the year 1786 or 1787, in which I find the orators of my younger days painted to the life, and which, though not written by a Tory, has long given me real pleasure by its singular but magic combination of patriotic Whiggisms with the purest *Ciceronianisms*. I have only room to add, that I shall be delighted to take the first opportunity of availing myself of your kind permission to call on you at Hatton, and in the mean time I am, dear Doctor, your very obedient humble servant,

W. R. HAMILTON.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Foreign Office, Jan.* 17, 1822.

I received your favour on the 12th inst. on my return to town, and should have acknowledged it before now, had I not been prevented by the pressure of business under this roof; where, according to your notions, so much mischief is done from morning to night, towards the ruin of the nation, and the loss of our character, both at home and abroad: and imprimis I must, as in duty bound, begin by defending my master. What would you have us do with these Greeks? Are we to assist them in

recovering their liberties? Have they shown by their conduct that they deserve it, or that they have strength and energy enough to conquer them, or maintain them when conquered? Are we to run the risque of involving the whole of Europe in a war? Or are we to halloo the Russians, in their invasion of these provinces, and encourage them to convert the Republics of Athens, Sparta, &c. into Scythian deserts? Or can Greece, under present circumstances, exist as a nation? In my opinion, neither the character of the people, nor the localities of the country, admit the possibility of such a result for some time to come; and yet I am far from wishing that we should lend an arm or a man to Turkey to recover her tyranny; and, I hope that we shall see the Greeks and Turks, like the Greeks and Trojans of old, fight it out by themselves, a ten years war, and then the Turkish arms, being throughout the contests checked by the fear of invasion from Russia, I do think, that in time, the Greeks may fight themselves into something which may deserve the name of a nation; they will find out their own resources, and their own strength; they will acquire experience in the art of war, each individual will shew what he is worth, and in the clash, merit, and ability, and genius, will rise to their proper station, and perhaps Greece may again exist. But if their Christian brethren step in to their assistance, they are lost to themselves, and we shall soon begin quarrelling amongst ourselves for the division of the spoil. But enough of that: will you condescend to cease laughing at my politics, and vary your amusement by quizzing my attempt to play the critic? We are all, I see, much, and deservedly puzzled by this word ἐπιβλεπειν, or ἐν, ος ων. It is evident, from your shewing, that it cannot mean *invidere*, whether the ἰν be negative or intensitive; and I am quite of your opinion, that the passage would be better without the line: but, as in my confined reading I see that the real lovers of Greek literature are very cheary of expunging lines which are found in all MSS., will you allow me to propose the reading of ὑπερβλεπειν? which, there can be no doubt, does mean *limis oculis inspicere*, or *invidere*. The sense will then be the same as Coray erroneously gives to επιβλεπειν, and may be supported by the true reading of the passage quoted from Cicero. How far, even then, you will allow the ὅστις to follow the ὅς, I do not know, and

must beg you to decide; as well as the case, in which the object to the verb will be most correctly put. The τον δ' αρ' ὑποδρα ἰδων, offers nearly a similar meaning.

Many thanks, my dear Doctor, for your instruction on the use of the word salus. The salus publica on the coins, is manifestly a personification; and so, in many other instances, you have quoted. But what are we to say to the "ad salutem" in the speech of the Obstetrix, after quitting the house of the lying-in lady in the Andria? Perhaps salus, if taken as an appellative, may mean what we call *recovery*. In Cato R. R. (as I see in Facciolati) salus and valetudo are joined together as the object of a prayer to Mars. Salus and incolumitas in one of Cicero's familiar Epistles. Salus and lux in the Oration pro Domo. The term too is used frequently, as we apply the expression of sending compliments, or bidding "farewell."

You will forgive me, if I prefer the scolion of Simonides to the distich of Philemon on the four constituents of happiness; and particularly for the features of ἀδόλως and φίλων.

Ὑγιαίνειν μὲν ἄριστον ανδρὶ δυνατῷ,
Δεύτερον δὲ φυὰν καλὸν γενέσθαι,
Πλουτεέιν δ' ἀδόλως τρίτον· κ' ἔπειτα
Τέταρτον, μετὰ τῶν φίλων συνεβάν.

I have but one word more to add on this first of the needfuls, which is, that since you called me μναμονα συμποταν, and told me what sort of affection you had for *that* sect of philosophers, I have taken my share of the generous grape, though I am still Stoic enough to confine the more solid portion of my sustenance siliquis grandique polentæ.

That you may never have occasion to resign the free and wise use of the good things of this world, wine and tobacco included, is the sincere prayer of your very obedient and obliged humble servant,

W. R. HAMILTON.

I shall send your letter to Collingwood tomorrow, and must trust to his long knowledge of your head and heart, for his putting the right accents and due interpretation on the compliments with which you have belaboured him.

Francis Hargrave, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *New Boswell Court, 18 June, 1792.*

I beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging and very agreeable present. A man must, I think, be miserably deficient in literary taste not to enjoy such a performance as a treat of a very rare kind. I have always classed you amongst the steady friends to our constitution; but, had I entertained any doubts of your political orthodoxy, those doubts must have vanished upon reading your late spirited publication. You have steered between two extremes, each of which has very beguiling attractions. For the sake of the country, I wish that you had written more professedly and more largely on the political topics which have latterly so occupied general attention.

Probably you have not yet had the opportunity of examining Lord Hale's Tentamina concerning the soul. I was happy in the opportunity of making a present of that manuscript to one so peculiarly qualified to decide upon its merits; and, in case of its being found worthy of its excellent author, to enrich it both from the sources of his own mind, and from the stores of classical antiquity. When you have perused the manuscript, I shall take it as a favour to know how you are struck with Lord Hale's manner of treating so abstruse a subject.

You will oblige me by presenting my best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr. Dear Sir, with great esteem, I have the pleasure to be, yours most faithfully, F. HARGRAVE.

DEAR SIR, *New Boswell Court, 2 May, 1801.*

Your most valuable present of the Sermon on Benevolence has reached me. The subject is happily chosen. It is, indeed, a subject of the highest importance to the society in which we live, or rather to civilized society throughout the world; for, if the hollow system of benevolence you so mightily oppose, should become generally adopted, all the exquisite sensibilities, which constitute the prime sources of virtue, would be extinguished; and so we should become re-plunged in barbarism. Though

hitherto I have scarce been able to reach beyond the sermon, and most of the copious notes which follow are untouched by me, yet I have had a vast gratification. The sermon is sublime in the ideas; fluent, vigorous, and tasteful in the language; skilful in the arrangement. I am eager to enjoy the remainder of the feast, and consider postponement, in this instance, as one of the great evils, to which I am pinned down by professional ties, and various, indescribable check-strings. As the sermon is a rare and fine specimen to what grandeur pulpit eloquence may be elevated, I expect from the notes a suitable accompaniment of profoundness of moral discussion, deduced from the choicest stores of classical antiquity. My son Francis is delighted beyond measure. He has called my attention to some rich and glowing passages of the sermon. From this time, I trust that the danger of absorbing benevolence into nothingness, under the shelter of universality, will cease to exist.

My best wishes attend you and yours. Francis joins his best respects. For some time past, Mrs. Hargrave, though not confined to the house, has been in a sad state of health; and, though she is better, I am not without alarm. She would add her remembrances if she knew I was writing.

Dear Sir, with sincere respect and regard, I remain, your obliged and most faithful servant, F. HARGRAVE.

York Place, Queen's Elm, Brompton, June 2, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND DR. PARR,

Your late energetic and impressive letter to me, in favour of Dr. Edward Maltby, for the Lincoln's Inn preachership, was forwarded to me by my dear son and your grateful pupil Francis without a moment's delay. Its contents are invaluable to me and mine. The next day I met Francis at the house of my dear daughter Mrs. Curtis. I instantly, in her presence, authorised Francis to assure you that your recommendation was imperative to me. My dear daughter was present. They were both delighted with my explanations on the occasion. I am persuaded that they never had a doubt of the continuance of my attachment to you, in regard, in esteem, in admiration. Their only

fear was least the ardency of your pathetic eloquence should be too severe a trial of my best sensibilities; but I so repressed the exuberance of my mind, as effectually to relieve them from all apprehensions of a painful kind. Both Francis and my daughter are active in giving proofs of their filial affection. What also most materially adds to my pleasure in this respect is, that they look to you with a reverential attachment, and are replete with gratitude for your kind partialities towards them. I am not, at present equal to expatiating on subjects so very near my heart; but I cannot refrain from assuring you that I receive the generous exuberance of your praise with pride and gratitude, and that the sacerdotal blessing with which your letter concludes, operates on me as the most consolatory requiem possible to be administered to a departing spirit on the point of its return with humbleness to await its further destination from the will and mercy of the supreme Author and Governor of every thing terrestrial. I must add also, that on behalf of my dear Mrs. Hargrave, as well as on behalf of myself, I most feelingly entreat your acceptance of our warmest thanks.

With all this, and much more, my dear friend, I remain, ever yours most gratefully, faithfully, and truly, F. HARGRAVE.

Edward Jeffrey, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

Mr. Jeffrey is beyond measure afflicted that Dr. Parr should have come to Edinburgh at the very time Mr. Jeffrey is obliged to leave it, and especially that the first information of the event is received at a moment when he cannot even gratify himself by offering a momentary homage to the illustrious stranger. Mr. Jeffrey however is under the necessity of setting off in the Carlisle Mail, at a quarter before two, and is now writing in the midst of his packages at half past one.

He expects to be back in the course of a week, and shall be delighted to find Dr. Parr still within his reach.

Wednesday, 92, George-street.

Edward Jerningham, Esq. brother of Lord Stafford, to Dr. Parr,

I beg you will do me the honour to accept of my poetical mite. I hope there is truth in the report that you are engaged in writing a Life of Johnson; we shall then have what is much wanted, a manly, luminous, biographical account of that man. Your occasional digressions will be splendid openings and vistas that will carry the reader into the regions of science.

I am, with great consideration, your obedient humble servant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

SIR, *Green Street, Grosvenor Square, March 4.*

I beg you will do me the honour to accept of my little poem; I wanted a pretence to express that homage to your talents I have long nourished in silence. I think your discourse on charity schools is one of the most prominent and leading compositions in the language. Your late publication has also given me great delight. The Bishop Hurd was never a favourite character of mine. I have known instances of his being cold, reserved, and inactive in the service of his friends.

I am with very high esteem, your obedient humble servant,

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

Dr. Parr was certainly at first taken in by what he afterwards called "The great and impudent forgery." In several letters there are notices of opinions about Ireland's forgery.

Mr. S. Ireland, to Dr. Parr,

DEAR SIR, *Norfolk Street, Strand, Feb. 6, 1796.*

When I had last the pleasure of seeing you in London, you flattered me with some hope of your friendly interference relative

to a defence of the Shakspeare MSS. The daily attacks on them and myself you have no doubt seen; many of them are of the grossest, and most insidious nature: to these (following your advice) I have said but little, and believe I must continue with perseverance to bear all with meekness and charity. Several pamphlets have appeared pro and con; those against with more scurrility than argument. Amongst those in favour, one signed Philalethes is worthy notice, it is written by a gentleman and a scholar. Great indeed is the mass of papers, books, &c. that have come into my hands since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The play of Vortigern, and of Henry the Second, part of Hamlet, and the whole of Lear, all written in the same hand, and signed in many places by himself, between seventy and eighty books out of his library, with poetical and very interesting notes, all in his own hand, and signed with his name, among them is Spenser's Fairy Queen, published in 1590, with his notes and an acrostic on the name of Spenser, signed by Shakspeare, besides those many legal instruments, signed by him either as the principal or as a witness!! This treasure the commentators and a host of opponents all declare a forgery, although they have never seen a line of them, and many of them have been invited for that purpose, particularly Dr. Farmer, to whom you very obligingly addressed a long letter in my house. He is one of those I am told who, without deigning to call to view the papers, disbelieves, and says they must be forgeries. Your neighbour Mr. Greatheed has seen and is a firm believer: Mr. Erskine, the Lord Chief Baron, and a host of persons in and out of the Law, who have seen, have not a shadow of doubt on the subject. Burke and Malone are preparing their great guns, and I hear to be out in a few days. Steevens is likewise running a race with them, to have the first blow at me. With such an opposition, I need not say even truth may be injured for a time, although it must eventually rise superior, as in most cases it has been known to do. In support of our discovery, a recent one has been made by Mr. Albany Wallis of Norfolk, amongst the deeds, &c. of the Fetherstonhaugh family, (to whom he has been agent near forty years) that corroborate as to the signature of Shakspeare, and various other names on my deeds and papers in every respect. This is for us a very strong support indeed, and must weigh greatly

with those who chuse to be convinced. Situated as we are, I need not say, (although I have many literary friends in town) that should you continue, on viewing these treasures, to be as convinced of their authenticity as when I had the pleasure of seeing you here; that your pen would prove to me a tower of strength; I shall esteem myself honoured by a line from you as soon as convenient, and remain, dear Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

S. IRELAND.

Malcolm Laing, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Edinburgh, April 2, 1794.*

Gerrald, whose fate we lament, in common, was torn from us before I received your inestimable letter. His removal was sudden, and conducted with such inhuman secrecy, that he could not obtain a short interview, previous to his departure, with a single friend. But his spirit and misfortunes, the patient and serene fortitude with which he sustained a fate most oppressive and afflicting, have left an impression never to be effaced. Lost as he is to society, his memory will not perish; nor will his example be lost on his recent friends, whom an unmerited persecution first attracted, and to whom his genius and integrity have endeared his name.

His trial will soon be published. You will see, and I trust the world will be convinced, on the perusal of it, that he suffered for a crime that had no existence before, on a law created for the occasion, by a verdict pronounced without legal evidence. In the cause of liberty others may have experienced a punishment severer, if possible, not more iniquitous. Voluntarily to await a sentence which he foresaw was inevitable, and knew to be illegal, exalts him to the rank of the most illustrious martyrs of freedom, and will render his trial memorable, whether the Constitution which he sought to regenerate shall perish or survive. In a remote exile, inaccessible unless to the prayers of his friends, he will enjoy the dignified consolation of having discharged his duty to society, and the conscious possession of a mind superior to vicissitudes, not to be broken by misfortune or woe.

This melancholy subject had almost withdrawn my attention from the first part of your letter, to me the most gratifying event of my life, were I conscious of meriting such distinguished praise! From my share in the posthumous volume of Dr. Henry's History, whatever praise I can claim is the result merely of diligent inquiry and patient meditation. That the execution of it would attract your notice I scarcely presumed to hope; that it should obtain your approbation, exceeds my most sanguine expectations of success. But the conviction of a mind like yours, on a subject so long and so much controverted as that of Warbeck, is at once honourable as the reward of my industry, and grateful as a relief from the mistrust I felt in my own judgment, and the diffidence I entertained of my own conclusions. Had the proprietors wished the continuation of Henry's History, I should have willingly relinquished a profession to which I have no attachment, in order to devote my undivided attention, and a large portion of my life, to that important work. But they purchased the history to prevent its interference with the sale of Hume's, an object sufficiently accomplished already.

Permit me, Sir, with gratitude, to thank you for the unsolicited approbation with which you have honoured my efforts, and to assure you, that when I visit England it shall be my pride and my endeavour personally to know and to cultivate the esteem of a man, whose name is venerated wherever it is mentioned.

With sincere respect, I have the honour to be, Reverend Sir, your faithful and obliged servant,

MALCOLM LAING.

DEAR SIR, *Kirkwall, Oct.* 6.

Having understood through Mr. Macintosh that you proposed to send me an interleaved copy of my history, containing detailed criticisms on the style, &c. I shall consider myself as not less honoured than benefited by the communication. Mr. Mawman has very judiciously stopped the press, that I may avail myself of your observations in the new edition, and I shall hasten to Edinburgh, that I may the sooner receive your valuable communication, the advantage of which will not be confined to my history, but extend to every future work I may attempt. If you send the

copy to Mr. Mawman, he will take care to transmit it safely to Edinburgh, where your communication, which would be highly gratifying to any author, will be particularly acceptable to a Scotchman, whose colloquial dialect is so different from the language in which he writes. I am, dear Sir, with sincere respect and esteem, your most obedient servant,

MALCOLM LAING.

DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, Dec.* 19.

For many months past I have been engaged in business which required such unremitted attention and personal activity, that, while I remained in Orkney, I could not write to you with sufficient deliberation. I had barely time to transcribe your corrections of my History and MS. of which I shall reap the benefit, not only in my approaching publication, but in every subsequent work I may undertake. There are few of the words or passages which you condemn that remain unaltered; and I was happy to find that the errors of diction, numerous as they are, proceeded more frequently from affectation, which may be corrected, than from those national habits which it is more difficult to detect in one's self. There is only one word, perhaps, in your corrections, which I have not ventured to adopt. I am sensible that *holden, withholden*, &c. are the regular participles of *hold* and its compounds, and ought to be revived; yet my ear could not be reconciled to the sound, nor did I think that I was entitled to introduce an obsolete word again into use.

I have found in Villoison's edition of Homer the quotation from Wolfius to which you refer. It is easy to conceive that twenty thousand verses might be treasured up in a single retentive memory; but the difficulty is to conceive the transmission of such poems as the Iliad or Odyssey, from generation to generation, by tradition alone, without any written copy to which the rhapsodists might resort. Each rhapsodist would no doubt acquire as much of the poems as he could; but the acquisition of such long poems from his predecessors, and the transmission of them to his successors, by means of recitation only, is a theory not confirmed by any known facts in the histories of nations. Heyne, indeed, has endeavoured to lessen the difficulty, by sup-

posing that the Iliad consisted originally, not only of detached but of unconnected rhapsodies, which acquired their present coherence and epic unity at a later period; but this will hardly apply to the admirable art and contrivance of the Odyssey, containing not the separate exploits of different heroes in succession, but the voyage and connected adventures of a single man. I am afraid, however, that the whole theory is derived from the supposed preservation of Ossian's Poems by mere tradition; as the ancients certainly never supposed that Homer's poems preceded the introduction of letters into Greece. Even as an early imitation of Homer, the Βατραχομυομαχια attests the ancient opinion, εν δελτοισιν εμοις επι γουνασι θηκα, v. 3. that writing was practised by the heroic poets, and it coincides remarkably with the Chian medal of Homer reading with a book upon his knees. The opposite argument, that there is no allusion to letters in Homer, except the much-disputed σηματα λυγρα, is undoubtedly strong. The same argument proves indisputably, that the *saw*, which is not enumerated among the instruments used by Ulysses in building his raft, was not known to the Greeks in the heroic ages; and that the *cock*, which is not mentioned either in Homer or in the Old Testament, but in the apocryphal book of Esdras, had not been domesticated or imported into Europe, or Asia Minor, till after the Babylonish captivity, when the jungle-fowl of the Indies were probably first introduced from the east. If letters, however, were confined as a secret to the priests, and rhapsodists who frequented the temples, Homer could hardly have described them in his rhapsodies by any allusions intelligible to an illiterate people. As he was blind, so he might have been ignorant himself of the art employed to perpetuate his poems. But my objection to Wolfius is this; that a recent theory, not confirmed by any historical facts, can hardly be admitted in opposition to the uniform opinion of the ancients, that the introduction of letters into Greece was prior to the era of Homer's poems, and that the art of writing, therefore, was employed for their preservation.

Hume's letters proceed upon the same objection to the preservation of Ossian, for fifty generations, by mere tradition. I have obtained permission to print the letters, and I am persuaded that you will be highly gratified with them. They will be added, in

a postscript, to my dissertation, together with a letter of Warburton's on the same subject. I remain with sincere respect, dear Sir, your most obedient servant, MALCOLM LAING.

Mr. Walter Landor had the advantage of Dr. Parr's personal acquaintance; and, being an inhabitant of Warwick, frequently saw him. On the Gebirus Dr. Parr has inscribed, "The work of a scholar and a poet." There are other annotations on learned works, published by Mr. Landor, and presented by him to Dr. Parr, which shew his estimation of Mr. Landor's talents and acquirements.

The following letter is superscribed, "A most ingenious man."

Walter Landor, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

I take a liberty, which I hesitated much and often ere I ventured on, to put into your hands and at your discretion a poem which I finished last summer.

However proud and presumptuous I may have shewn myself, I rather think that, during the time that I fancy you reading and examining my verses, I shall undergo much the same sensation as the unfortunate Polydorus, while his tomb, new turfed and sprucé and flourishing, was plucked for a sacrifice to Eneas. Your obliged and respectful, W. LANDOR.

DEAR SIR,

Some people are going from Bath who will carry a few letters to my family, none of whom have more claims on my remembrance than you have. The printers at Oxford have published a poem of mine, and I desired they would send you a copy. But I find that none have been transmitted to my brother Henry, who would receive them first, and who would inclose two or three lines which I wrote on the occasion. The Antijacobin has assailed me with much virulence—I am a coward and a profligate,

On the latter expression, as I know not the meaning of it, I shall be silent. The former is a plain intelligible word, and if I discover the person who has made this application of it, I will give him some documents which shall enlighten his judgment at the expence of his skin. Could you imagine it? *You* also are mentioned with a proportionate share of insolence. Let them pass. Who would stop a cloud that overshadows his garden? The cloud is transitory, the garden blooms. Thank God, I have a mind more alive to kindness than to contumely. The statue of Memnon is insensible to the sands that blow against it, but answers in a tender tone to the first touches of the sun. Come, come, let me descend from these clouds and this romance, at which you will laugh most heartily, and quote in my favour the example of Mr. Samuel Gulliver, who, when the Lilliputians climbed and crept over him, forbore that contention which a more equal or a more formidable enemy would have aroused.

Thoughts alas! how much more serious, how much more painful and more lasting, have been excited by a late event. Poor Lambe—Poor Lambe, poor little Elizabeth, and her divine mother.* Yes, death has proved the fact, and not the contrary. For what is death? a change of situation, an enlargement of liberty, a privilege, a blessing, an apotheosis. What hours have I passed with this virtuous couple, hours never to return, or to produce their likeness in this world. In vain have I tried every species of amusement. Routs, plays, concerts, and balls. Her image rises up every where before me. I sicken at the sight of beauty. Did she not treat me as a brother? did she even call me by more than one name? The sound of Walter was the sweetest of sounds. Pardon me, I will acknowledge it, she made me think my self a virtuous and great man. Certainly, I never left her company but I was more happy and more deserving of happiness. How perfect an example for every wife and mother! What purity, what affection! Is it profane, or is it too much to call such a woman an angel? The difference is, that *she* resided with us (shall I write it?) *long*, that she was constantly and universally seen, marked, admired;—*the other* is sent down to very few, "at intervals, and long between." Farewell.

* The first Mrs. Lambe.

On the preceding is inscribed "This eloquent letter is from Walter Landor."

DEAR SIR,

I am rejoiced to find that you have not forgotten me, and I raise myself up from the bosom of indifference to the voice and the blandishments of praise. I never court the vulgar, and how immense a majority of every rank and description this happy word comprises—Perhaps about thirty in the universe may be excepted, and never more at a time, but I know how to value the commendation you bestow on me, for, though I have not deserved it, nor so largely, yet it will make me attempt to conquer my idleness, my disgusts, and to reach it some time or other. You will find that I have taken courage to follow the path you pointed out, in pursuing the execrable . . . I subjoin my letter. At present I have not sent it to the printer, though it has been finished a fortnight. The reason is this. I wrote one a thousand times better than the present, in which I aimed my whole force at a worse man than . . . ; there are only two, and it was not W. and I sent it for insertion to the Courier. Now, such is my indifference, that, when once I have written a thing, I never inquire for it afterwards, and this was the case in respect to my letter. I have not seen the Courier since, but I have some suspicion that it was not inserted.

It is a sign that I have conversed with hardly a human being, not to know that your Sermon was published! As you intend to make me a present of one, pray do not keep it for me, but send it me directly. I wish for all enjoyment at once. I wish, while I improve my judgment and my taste, to indulge my sentiment and affections in contemplating the present of my friend. I have a little Catullus—I can repeat every word of it, yet again and again do I read my little Catullus. I never knew the author, and I should not have esteemed him if I had, unless as the most exquisite of poets. Do I not know the author of the Sermon? do I not esteem him far infinitely more than for being the most elegant and energetic of our writers? I hope this noble work, for I can speak of as much as I have seen, will be effectual in making Englishmen write English. Our language is bruised, as

it were, and swollen by the Latin, but it is contaminated, enervated, and distorted by the French. If we are to borrow, let us borrow from the principal and not from the underlings, but with a little good management I think we are quite rich enough. I find I shall not have room (if I continue) for the politics. I begin the last letter as follows; I will send you the other when I find it.

"Men are apt to compare the situations one of another; and to indulge, while they would justify their discontent. All who are indignant at neglect, and all who are resentful at injustice, will hasten to examine those claims which approach, yet happen not to clash with their own. And if these should be of the great, of the valiant, or of the wise, the illusions of vanity grow brighter and brighter, and the charms of sympathy grow stronger and stronger, at the mere repetition of their names."

Thus, the Abbé de Lille ran away from his property—the Abbé de Lille wrote some Georgics—and the Abbé de Lille talks of Virgil.

Did Mr. Pitt expect, or did he not, the royal assent to his transaction with the Irish? I hardly know in which instance of the two his crime would be the greater. If he did *not*, how gross the deception, how deep and unpardonable the insult, how cruel and killing a mockery!

W. S. LANDOR.

MY DEAR SIR,* *Florence, Feb. 5, 1825.*

It has appeared, and might well do so, an extraordinary thing, that I should have omitted your name in my "Conversations." You will perceive at the close of this paper, that, if I did not venture to deliver your opinions, at least I had not forgotten the man by whom mine could have been best corrected.

Had I completed my undertaking I should have prefixed to the last volume a dedication to my venerable friend, Dr. Samuel Parr, and it would have been with more propriety inscribed to him than any of the former, as containing less of levity and of passion, and greatly more, if I had done justice to, the interlocutors of argument and of eloquence. My first exercises in

* Dr. Parr was on his bed of death when this letter arrived.

these were, under his eye and guidance, corrected by his admonition, and animated by his applause. His house, his library, his heart, were always open to me; and among my few friendships, of which indeed, partly by fortune, partly by choice, I have certainly had fewer than any man, I shall remember his to the last hour of my existence with tender gratitude.

My admiration of some others I have expressed in the few words preceding each volume; my esteem and love of him I have expressed in still fewer; but with such feelings as that man's are who has shaken hands with the friends that followed him to the shore, and who sees from the vessel one separate from the rest; one whom he can never meet again.

May you enjoy, my dear Sir, all that can be enjoyed of life! I am heartily sated of it, and have abandoned all thoughts of completing my design. The third volume will, however, come out in the beginning of March, and I hope there are some things in it which will not displease you.

I request you to present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr, and to believe me, dear Sir, yours ever most faithfully,

W. S. LANDOR.

Charles Lloyd, Esq. the "learned, honourable Quaker of Birmingham, to Dr. Parr."

Bath, 24 *2mo.* 1817.

I have several times thought of writing a few lines to my friend Dr. Parr to express my wishes for his happiness, but I have been fearful of being thought intrusive; the thought, however, recurs so frequently that I will venture to indulge my feelings, and tell my friend that I wish every comfort may attend him in passing through this uncertain world, and that at a late day his end may crown all, for surely

——dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

I am, with much kind regard, Dr. Parr's sincere friend,

CHARLES LLOYD.

Capel Lofft, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Freston, near Bury, Suffolk, May* 15, 1800.

With the respect due to your character as a man of literature and of genius, and with yet greater respect for the benevolence and openness of your conduct, I trouble you with an inquiry which is related very importantly to a most singular and affecting case, of which you must certainly have heard, though you will necessarily have heard most imperfectly, the case of Sarah Lloyd.

From circumstances which appeared to me, and to some respectable persons who with me interested themselves in her behalf, we had reason to think that new and important considerations arose, such as to furnish a reasonable hope of the extension of the Royal mercy, so far as her sentence affected life.

As some of the most material and affecting of these were of a nature of which in the circumstances of the case we could not avail ourselves till immediately before her expected execution, on the 9th of April, we then offered them in a memorial to the sheriff in stay of execution. We so far prevailed; and if this forbearance were to be considered as illegal or improper, I, as a professional man and as a magistrate, necessarily take the chief responsibility on myself of having entreated and obtained it. The sheriff (that is Mr. Pearson the under-sheriff) certainly acted on the best and purest motives, desirous of doing his duty to the laws, and at the same time of doing it with that humanity and consideration for life (as far as he might legally have power), which is the soul of all just laws, and gives it an animated and an endeared existence in the affections of a people. The Duke of Portland, as Secretary of State, has thought proper to treat this forbearance and this entreaty as illegal, unwarrantable, ill-founded as to the grounds of the application, and *unprecedented*. That it was not illegal, I thought, and still think, on the grounds expressed by the author of the Commentaries on the Laws of England, that in the country there is no fixed time for execution of capital sentence, but that it is left at large to be done at a convenient time. And, if not illegal, nothing I think could be more warrantable than the forbearance in this case.

As to the grounds, I still continue to think them some of the best conceivable. As to the being unprecedented, if it had been so I think the forbearance could not have been more singular than the case which called for it, and that there never could have been a better case for an officer of justice on whom the moment of life or death depended (while he had no order to the contrary) having a discretion as to convenience of time, to exercise that discretion, and to make a precedent.

But I am informed since she has suffered on the 23d, that there is a precedent in Norwich in the year 1784; and when also all the preparations for immediate execution had taken place. This case ought to have been within the knowledge and official recollection of the Secretary of State, or of some of those whom he would naturally consult: it ought to have been so from its nature, and the memory of it was the less likely to fade or to become obscure, because, Sir, as I understand, the forbearance of execution in that case was entreated by you, and was by your intercession happily obtained. And that the object of that intercession now lives, and lives respected. That Sarah Lloyd would have equally entitled herself to respect, I judge from her behaviour since her conviction, from her general character in her short life, and from her mild, modest, unaffected, perfect fortitude with which she died. If the press were open (provincially I find it is not), and my powers adequate to the occasion, I should say of her and of her case as I think and feel, and make the world feel, as all who were present at her execution did, perfect sympathy, esteem, and admiration. She merited to have been the theme of your classic eloquence; she merited, indeed, to have had the advantage of an interference as effectual as yours. But that application was made not only under happier auspices, but in better times than the present. And in those times a petition in behalf of life, whatever its effect, would have at least been suffered to reach the King.

My particular request in this letter, which I write as personally a stranger (though we met once in paying the last earthly respect to the remains of Dr. John Jebb), is to entreat your communication of what you may recollect of the circumstances of this case, in which your benevolent exertions are stated to have

been in the very moment of impending fate so completely successful. I remain, Sir, most respectfully your obedient servant,

CAPEL LOFFT.

James Losh, Esq. "the bosom friend of Tweddell," to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, 10, *Pierrepoint-st. Bath, Feb.* 14, 1798.

I did not receive yours of the 10th inst. till yesterday; your former letter I certainly ought to have answered, but I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that since it reached me I have been married to a lady to whom I have been for a long time attached, and for some years engaged.

I feel myself greatly obliged by the kind interest which you take in the sale of the Œconomist. Enclosed I send you three of the proposals, which I think are as many as the frank will carry. Johnson is at present our bookseller in London, but Bigge tells me, in a letter I had from him yesterday, that our sale in the north is so great that it will be impossible for us to supply all the distant orders; we mean, therefore, to give the booksellers in London, Birmingham, Bristol, &c. leave to reprint it, at their own price and for their own profit. You will be surprised to hear that we have sold ten thousand of the first number, and shall be obliged to strike off another impression. Mr. Bigge has, out of the profits, printed a very cheap edition of Fox's speech upon the last reading of the Assessed Tax Bill, and they will be regularly applied to similar purposes in future.

With Southey I am very well acquainted; he is the author of Joan of Arc, an epic poem, Travels through Spain and Portugal, and a volume of poems, many of them extremely beautiful: he is a man of first-rate talents, a steady friend to freedom, his manners are very pleasing, and his character above reproach. He is at present in London studying the law, much, I believe, contrary to his inclinations, but it is necessary that he should do something for a livelihood, as his aunt, from whom he had great expectations, deserted him upon his refusing to go into the church. Coleridge has for some time applied himself much to the study of theology, and has lately accepted an invitation from

a congregation of Unitarians at Shrewsbury. I am sorry to find that Mr. Sheridan does not seem disposed to realise the expectations which he raised in Coleridge's mind, about a tragedy written at Mr. S.'s particular request. Coleridge is no common man—both his head and his heart are excellent.

I admire Mr. Fox's conduct in the Duke of Norfolk's affair. Indeed he has acted nobly in every thing of late; I have now full confidence in him, and am sure that he will do all that can be done to save this infatuated country.

A friend of mine here, Sir R. Clayton, has just had a letter from the Marquis of Lansdown, who tells him that a general insurrection in Ireland may be daily expected; he says also, that he understands new convulsions have taken place in Paris; this he adds is the only thing which can save this country from destruction. I confess it appears to me that, though such things may ward off our fate for a time, they cannot finally save us.

The last letters from Tweddell were from the Crimea—he was well.

I understand that Bishop Watson is looking to the see of Carlisle; certain it is, that he has blotted himself from the list of the friends to freedom. Believe me, with the sincerest respect, yours,

JAMES LOSH.

Mr. Lowndes, the Ward of Mr. Roscoe, offered himself to Dr. Parr's notice when a school-boy at Manchester, by inscribing to him a copy of verses.

W. Lowndes, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

Free Grammar School, Manchester, February, 1806.

HONOURED SIR,

As I am an utter stranger to your person, and only acquainted with you by your writings, I think it my duty to ask pardon for inscribing to you the following lines as a testimony of my respect and reverence to a man universally acknowledged to be endowed with very superior talents. Knowing that those men are most ready to pardon imperfections in others, who have the fewest in themselves, I hope that you will excuse a composition made

under so many disadvantages as those under which I at present labour, and rather look to my intention in undertaking, than my skill in executing; for, as Ovid says,

"Ut desint vires, tamen est laudanda facultas."

Believe me, Sir, yours very respectfully, W. LOWNDES.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL PARR, D. D.

When social joys can charm the noble mind,
By reason clear'd, by learning's depths refined,
All to whom science's noble paths are dear,
Must such a wonder love, admire, revere.
All view, with silent awe, a mortal rise,
Gay without folly, tho' no pedant, wise;
Who now with critic pen can WAKEFIELD praise;
Now shed new honour on a ROSCOE's lays;
Or, with becoming warmth in virtue's cause,
Enforce meek charity's benignant laws:
And, with a pastor's fire, and patriot's zeal,
Recall her charms, the sorrowing heart to heal;
Or scepticism's insidious charms remove,
Source of confusion, bane of mutual love.
Such are thy deeds, and such thy pious mind,
Check'd by no dangers, by no bounds confin'd;
To such attempts thy noble soul is mov'd,
Admir'd by mortals, and by God approv'd.
Ah! then your heav'nly course on earth conclude,
Proof of what man should be, in doing good.
And may eternal joys, and ceaseless praise,
Your actions wait, and crown your setting days.

Mr. Lowndes afterwards went to Harrow, and to Brazen-nose, Oxford; visited at Hatton, and became the personal friend of Dr. Parr, and his confidential professional adviser in drawing up his last will.

There is an inscription in the first Volume of Bekker's Plato, presented to Mr. Lowndes by Dr. Parr, which declares his high sense of his learning and merit.

H. Mackenzie, Esq., author of the Mirror, Life of Home, &c. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Heriot Row, Edinburgh, Feb.* 25, 1824.

I am afraid you may think a second letter from me troublesome; but I could not, without the sin of ingratitude, which you know is as bad as the sin of witchcraft (I wish the first-mentioned sin were as obsolete as the last), omit acknowledging your letter of the 17th. I am infinitely indebted to you for the minute attention which you have paid to my Life of John Home; morally speaking, I am not perhaps indebted for your flattery of me as an author. I think one of the fathers calls authors *animalcula gloriæ*. You have given the little fly, whom your letter eulogises, a whole pot of honey; but his works, however unworthy of the high praise you bestow on them, owe, I believe, great part of their favourable reception to the virtuous intention with which they were written. In case another edition is called for, I shall profit by your corrections. The expression of being in use is certainly a Scotticism, though it comes very near the legitimate *uses* applied to the custom of doing a thing. *Reaping*, strictly speaking, belongs to *substances* that grow; but it is often applied to abstract things, such as *advantage, benefit, &c.* In the passage which you quote, the word *carried* is somewhat remote from "*the length*," but I think the parenthesis may allow that; if the parenthesis is put out of the way, the juxta position which you require would be found. *Recovering* recollection does not sound quite well; yet I meant it to imply the recollection which had been lost for a considerable time, and then recovered by the mind.

I agree with you perfectly in attributing the paper in the *Adventurer* to which you refer, in many of its passages, to Dr.

Johnson; but *Hawkesworth* is so constant and close in his imitation of him, that it had not struck me till you mentioned it.

Your friends in Edinburgh are flattered by your pleasing recollection of them. I am sure Mr. Thomson will feel it proudly. "Laudari a laudato viro" is a musty sentiment, but a true one.

Believe me always, with sincere regard, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours, H. MACKENZIE.

I have already, under the head of the Pursuits of Literature, alluded to opinions which assigned a portion at least of that work to T. J. Mathias, Esq., who was at the time Librarian to his Majesty at Buckingham House; there is however no direct evidence that Mr. Mathias was the sole author; and I see, from one of the letters of Bishop Bennet, that *he* doubted the fact. This attack on Parr is characterised elsewhere, and I turn with satisfaction to a different view of Mr. Mathias, and his literary occupations, which at least casts a doubt over the probability of his being the only one of these anonymous writers, even if it does not disprove its impossibility. But, whatsoever be the fact, the following letters are a generous amende, or a just tribute to kindred and supereminent excellence, and such they were esteemed by Parr. In the envelope inclosing Mr. Mathias's letters, which are seventeen in number, Dr. Parr has written, "The letters of Mr. Mathias, MOST PRECIOUS." And, on an edition of Gray's works, by T. J. Mathias, 2 vols. folio, he has inserted,

Ipsum auro munus præstat, sed munere plus est
Officium docti judiciumque viri.
14 Cal. Jan. MDCCCXV.

I bestowed a most superb binding upon these volumes, for the sake of the author and the editor.'

And in another Manuscript,

No editor ever surpassed Mathias, whom I consider one of the most accomplished scholars of the present day. S. PARR.

T. J. Mathias, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall,

MY DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 22, 1814.

I am very sensibly gratified by your friendly and animated letter, in which you have expressed yourself in terms worthy of Mr. *Gray* to read, and of Dr. Parr to write. It would give me most particular satisfaction if it were possible for me to have the pleasure of conversing with you on many of the subjects in the volume before us, as I should find an accession to my own knowledge, and be delighted to view them by that light which the clearness of your perception would throw around them. I do not despair of that pleasure, though it may be delayed.

I can assure you, that in no instance during the long period of preparing the papers, and in the course of conducting them through the press, was my attention ever relaxed, nor my labour and care suspended, in the hope that the complete works of Mr. Gray might appear to the learned world with accuracy, with splendour, and with dignity. Some years have passed in the accomplishing so desirable a purpose; and the opinion expressed by some great scholars (but by no one with such ability as by *you*), justifies me in the time and care which I bestowed on them. As no person but myself, directly or indirectly, was engaged in the undertaking, as the master and fellows of Pembroke Hall confided it to me alone, I feel myself as much honoured as I am gratified by your kind acceptance of a copy of the work from me, as the Editor; and to whom could I offer it with more propriety than to yourself, *τῳ δια την ἐξιν τα αἰρθητηρια γεγυμνασμενα εχοντι προς διακρισιν καλου τε και κακου.*

I hope that, in the progress of time, works like these, so dignified and so important, will find their way into the repositories of the learned, and of the opulent among ourselves, and hereafter into the more enlightened States of Europe. Perhaps, however, there must first be something like a steadfast rest of all things,

with that due composure of moral and political principles, which the interests of society so pressingly demand, after the long disruption of all those uniting bonds, first by anarchy and revolution, and last by the terrors of an universal and an unexampled tyranny.

With the prospect of such a final settlement, I hope also that we may live to view with admiration, in the states restored to order and tranquillity, and in all the company of the worthiest votaries of literature and of true philosophy, that concentrated light, which Plutarch would have temed the Πολλων και συνεχων αστερων συμφωτιζομενων αλληλοις Συναναγασμον. The words are so full of energy in the Greek, that I can hardly prevail upon myself to apologize (as I should do) for introducing them; but as they come up to the adequate meaning which I wish to convey, I hope they may be excused.

With my sincerest wishes for your health and happiness, and with repeated acknowledgments for your kind attention, and for the very eloquent and impressive manner in which you have offered your sentiments on Mr. Gray's Works, believe me, my dear Sir, with great esteem and regard, your much obliged and very faithful servant, THOMAS J. MATHIAS.

P. S.—Your letter was without date, or place, or whence it was written, which, I hope, will plead my excuse for not having answered it before; but I have only just heard of your being at Hatton. The books should *not* be bound for eight or nine months to come at least.

MY DEAR SIR, *Norwich, Dec. 2, 1814.*

I hope that a parcel, containing the Works of Mr. Gray, in 2 vols. 4to. which I sent to your house at Hatton, arrived safe, accompanied by a letter which I addressed to you, requesting your acceptance of them from me, as the Editor. It will give me great pleasure to know that you have received them.

I have been in this city for a few weeks, on a visit to several of my friends, and among them to the Dean, Dr. Turner, with whom I believe you are acquainted. I hope to hear that you have been well since I last heard from you, and that you have had leisure to inspect the volumes, which you have already

honoured by an enlightened admiration of the genius and learning of their author. Believe me, with great regard and esteem, my dear Sir, yours most truly, THOMAS J. MATHIAS.

P. S.—I intend to leave Norwich the beginning of next week; but, if you should have time to write, you may direct to me in Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, London.

Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall,
Dec. 12, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,

I trust that you received a letter from me when I was at Norwich, to express my concern at the uneasiness which I must have occasioned to you by writing to know if you had received the box containing Mr. Gray's Works in two vols. 4to. at the very time when your most friendly and gratifying letter, acknowledging their safe arrival, was lying at my house in London, and, owing to a mistake, had not been forwarded to me, as it should have been. I have now a fresh obligation to thank you for, when I mention the receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. from Hatton (enclosed to me *here* by the kindness of the Bishop of Norwich), in which you have again expressed yourself in so very kind and flattering a manner on the subject, and with an animation peculiar to yourself. I was, however, much, and very much, concerned, to be informed of your severe illness, which I trust is now completely removed, though I fear that your feeling and exertions at *that* time might have been prejudicial to your health; yet I am inclined to hope that you did not suffer materially; but I must not trespass too much on your indulgence. You are quite *magnificent* in your intended decorations for *the Bard*, and you seem to destine the purple of Tyre, and the gold, if not of Ophir, yet of *Britain* (as powerful at least) to adorn the *external* of Gray. I must not oppose "your liberal heart and judging eye" in this design; but the honour is in the repository over which Dr. PARR presides.

"Tibi inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ;
Tu *vatem* adytis etiam sacris
Jam vis reponi, quibus et *ipse* præsides,
Æternum operum custos fidelis,

Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris
Quàm cui præfuit Ion
Clarus Erectheides:

and I may add, that if Euripides could *revive*, he would not only style *Ion* the treasurer or guardian of the sacred poetical temple at Delphi, but would hail *you*, in his own immortal expression, as the

Χρυσοφυλακα του Θεου,
Ταμιαντε Φοιβου πιστον.

May I be excused if I suggest to you what, I confess, is very near to my mind in relation to Mr. Gray? I am so decidedly convinced, that *half*-scholars and mere modern sciolists are hostile, or at least very unfriendly, to the reputation of these noble and instructive *remains* of the great poet, and are inclined to depress the loftiness and the dignity of his learned researches and comments; that, for a time, they may be partially obscured, and their celebrity prevented by the production of inadequate specimens and unworthy as well as unjust representations, as you may possibly have conjectured, or may have seen. I forbear to name or to allude to particular criticisms, if they could deserve the name. Men like these, in academiæ spatiis plane hospites, will neither acknowledge nor comprehend with Cicero, either the language, or the depth, or the sublimity of Him whom the orator calls "Vir doctissimus atque idem gravissimus philosophorum omnium, qui princeps de *Republicâ* conscripsit;" words which indeed may be affirmed of all the other writings of Plato analysed by *Gray*, and the variety and extent of his remarks as a commentator, second to none in *illustrative* criticism. Sciolists of this description (and they are many), remind me of what a lively Frenchman said of a stupid but pretending blockhead, who would write and talk:

"Sans rien omettre, il raconta fort bien
Ce qu'il sçavoit;—mais il ne sçavoit rien."

You perceive that I avail myself of the privilege of a *private* letter, and use any language indifferently, as it comes into my mind. Will you, or can you, forgive this, and excuse me? You really are so good-natured that I almost anticipate your answer. Now, my dear Sir, what I venture to suggest is this; that if you have time, spirits, and inclination, nothing perhaps could have so

great an effect in the world of letters, *revive* the drooping attention of great scholars, and stimulate the industry of the rising youth of this learned country, and put to silence the ignorance of foolish or of presumptuous men, and render their puny efforts abortive, than if YOU could prevail upon yourself to pour forth the "dignas adytis e pectore voces," and communicate to the great public some writing under the title of "Observations on the Works of Mr. Gray, occasioned by the late edition, in two volumes, 4to, by Mr. M. and in particular on his posthumous writings and learned researches on various subjects, presented to the world from his original manuscripts." I suggest this, or any other title; I do not mean as a review, but as a separate composition to be published by itself. What would be offered by YOU, ornatè, graviter, disertè, verè, must produce an effect useful, honourable, animated, and permanent. It would hold forth what no man probably could do so well, and no scholar in Europe can have a more undoubted and unquestionable right to recommend these valuable, these exquisite writings to the wise, the good, and the intelligent than YOURSELF. Who can be more conversant with the philosophical lore of ancient Greece and Rome than you are? or who could display the excellence and the importance of Mr. Gray's labours and researches, and fix the stability of all which is truly great with more energy than yourself? If these well-intended hints should not be disapproved by you I anticipate an advantage to the public which would more than compensate the attention and time which may be required to accomplish it; and such a composition might appear early in the next spring. But, in the mean while, I am most anxious that you should declare me "aut laudatum aut excusatum" in the freedom of my proposal.

I must request also that you will confer another obligation on me. The volumes of Gray which you have are rather too cumbersome for common or daily use, I have therefore taken the liberty to send and to intreat your acceptance of two others of a more commodious size. If one be for splendour, let the other be received for use.

I am not certain whether you now and then amuse a leisure hour in perusing the Italian writers; but, I confess, that I have made a large and willing expence of time on the language of

Modern Italy, which I cannot but consider as only second to that of ancient Greece in poetical power, harmony, softness, and dignity. You know that Milton, in an eloquent letter to the Greek Italian critic, Buonmattëi,* expressed himself in these terms, "nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ Atticæ cum illo suo pellucido Ilisso, nec illa vetus Roma suâ Tiberis ripâ, retinere valuerunt; quin sæpe *Arnum vestrum* et *Fæsulanos illos colles* invisere amem." Under these auspices I have often been found in spirit, "on the top of *Fesolé* or in *Valdarno*;" and have long endeavoured to recommend the study of the higher Tuscan writers in poetry and in prose to the rising youth of our country, after they have fully imbibed the pure classic taste of legitimate composition from the Greek and Latin authors of the best ages. I have collected and privately printed, in one volume, all my own attempts in verse and prose, and I trust that you will honour me by accepting one of a very few copies of it, and allow it a place in your valuable library. I have added a few lyrical compositions in Latin at the end of the volume, which I hope may not be displeasing to you. Among the Italian part of the volume I have endeavoured to introduce *our Lady* of *Lesbos* and *Lycidas* on the banks of the *Arno*, or, in humbler terms, I have translated the Lycidas of Milton and the lyrical Drama of Sappho by Mason into the language of Italy.

I shall be most happy to hear from you at your convenience, and most particularly so to be informed that you are perfectly recovered from your late severe indisposition. Believe me, with great regard, my dear Sir, your much obliged and sincere friend and servant, THOS. J. MATHIAS.

P. S. Pray direct to me, Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall, London, and do not wait for any other hand to direct the letter, but that of your own or of your amanuensis.

MY DEAR SIR, *Brighton, Dec. 27*, 1814.

I have been much gratified by your very interesting letter of the 16th of this month, which I read with peculiar pleasure. You are most kind in your manner of receiving the volumes which I offered to your acceptance. I cannot, however, refrain

* Benedicto Bonmatthæo is Milton's direction.

from instantly expressing my deep regret at one part of your letter, in which you inform me of an intention you *once* had of writing the life of the great Samuel Johnson, the accomplishment of which several circumstances unfortunately conspired to prevent. I cannot but hope that you may yet resume that *intention*, and arrange the valuable materials which you had collected for so important a purpose. It is a subject the public interest of which can never pass by; "years cannot stale it, nor age wither its infinite variety." I bring forth the words of Shakspeare for an occasion worthy of them. There are two other similar losses which the world of letters once sustained, and which, as I believe, no pen can ever adequately supply. Dr. Johnson was prevented, or discouraged, from continuing two works which he had actually begun, and proposed to prosecute in the vigour of his spirit and in the maturity of his faculties. Who can hear without emotion that *he* once *intended* to enrich the English language with a translation from his pen of the Consolation of Philosophy by Boethius, and of the History of the Council of Trent by Paolo Sarpi? Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymis? *You* have now raised in my mind a *third* subject of dignified regret; but I am resolved still to indulge a hope for that "splendidum arbitrium" which you are so well qualified to make; resume it, my dear Sir,

Non te facundia, non te
Destituet pietas.

I never had the pleasure of knowing Dr. Robert Sumner, the master of Harrow School, but I eagerly expect what you encourage me to look for, *your* account of that learned and gifted man, of whom formerly I have heard so much. It is also very pleasing to me to hear, that while you are preparing this honour for one of the ablest instructors of our youth (and no one can appreciate better than yourself "quantum grammaticus meruit labor), and while you are wishing to continue the "in urnâ perpetuum ver" on the spot where he lies, you may perhaps step a little further, and scatter a recent flower or two, no frail memorial, if dispensed by your hand, on the tomb of Mr. Gray.

But may I be allowed to suggest to your most mature consi-

deration the importance of what you may undertake, and the consequence which may result from the *mode* which you may adopt when you write of Gray, of whom it might *now* be almost doubted whether his erudition or his poetry were entitled to our greatest admiration. My earnest wish is, that on *this* subject you should *concentrate* your words and your remarks. Give to Dr. Sumner the things which belong to him, and to his specific excellencies and attainments, and to the happy effects of them on society. To Gray, to Plato, and to all the kindred names which philosophy and learning suggest on such an occasion, assign the tribute, which you destine for them, *separately and apart.* Laude illi propriâ vigeant! There is an authority and there is a propriety in this; are we not told by Virgil himself of the "seclusum nemus," in which *peculiar* spirits, demanding a *renovation* of existence, were found distinct and separate from the rest? Indeed, when I consider the dignity of the subject itself, and the weight and importance which your observations and your judgments on the various topics which it embraces, would carry with them, I am more and more confirmed in the justice of what I propose to you. Perhaps we may see at no great distance, a cloud *from the north,* which would fain obscure or quench altogether "the eye of Greece" and the very orb of Grecian light. There are to be found those who would willingly and deliberately set aside all the animated philosophical eloquence of Athens and of her olive grove, for dry and cold metaphysics, of whose professors one of their own and best Poets tells us, "much they grope for truth but never hit;" or, if that is saying too much, they hit at least as seldom as other inquirers. Now *here* is a noble field, and as noble a stand may be made for those ancient philosophers who either erected or nourished such spirits as those of Milton and Gray, and of all their most famous predecessors since the restoration of letters. But now it would seem as if all, which has hitherto been *proved* to be valuable from *its effects,* must be neglected and set aside. Surely we ought not to forget, that in a shipwreck *trifles* alone float and are preserved. In our days we have seen this. Classical attainments, classical education, and classical writers are to give place, as it would seem, to modern *self-taught* troubadours, who certainly trill forth notes sufficiently

"*thick warbled,*" nor without very "industrious murmurs" of applause, not, indeed, from Hymettus, but from the hills of *Caledonia.*

These are subjects, dear Sir, so material, so interesting, so pertaining to life and to sound healthy existence, that *they* call for *your* undivided attention. They belong to *you* and to *your* pen; no one will or can dispute, much less deny, your right to discuss and to decide on them; in these doctrines you are κηρυξ, αποστολος, διδασκαλος, from long experience; and it belongs to you to offer salutary and powerful admonitions not to forsake, neglect, or despise those authors who have ever been the guides and guardians of all rising excellence. *Such* admonitions would teach us to preserve ourselves and our systems of reading and studies, so well approved by their effects, unbroken and entire; and to keep ourselves uninfluenced by empirics, who, by the *felicity* of *Caledonian transfusion,* would impoverish, or perhaps annihilate, the Grecian, Roman, and English life-book of eloquence in this kingdom. They may be philosophers, they may be orators, and they may be critics, for ought I know or can tell. It is true, indeed, in every quarter of science,

Πασας οροθυνον αελλας
Παντοιων ανεμων.

What have they not attempted? what have they not done? I can admire, in our own island and in other parts of Europe, the curious discoveries on the nature of the air we breathe, the electro-chemical researches, the Voltaic batteries, and all the philosophical artillery of Davy and of Brande; or, to use a milder metaphor, I can admire all the successful modern attempts to raise up the corners of the veil which is spread over the face of nature. But these have their bounds; and other parts of knowledge and of elegant literature must also have their place. What of late years has not been subjected to their minute dialectic anatomy? I think it is Prudentius who complains of some men of his time, of whom he says,

Fidem minutis dissecant ambagibus,
Per syllogismos plectiles.

From *such* schools have issued forth principles, which have sought to dry up, at least to limit, the source of fecundity itself,

to save, as it would seem, the great Creator of all the trouble of *providing* for his creatures produced by laws and instincts of his own ordinance. From *such* schools, too, have arisen men who have attempted to shake, if not the throne and the altars of this kingdom, at least to shake, distrust, and vilify the principles by which that throne and those altars can alone be supported. They, too, have discovered the poverty and the *nakedness* of the ancient philosophers of Greece and Rome, yet, without the wit of *Prince Vortigern*, they cannot put on the vestments won by their grandsires from these poor *naked Picts*. These are some of their feats in politics and in philosophy.

If ever a powerful interposition were necessary, or if ever a manly exertion of great and efficient faculties were called for, to set before the youth of this country, and before the directors of their education, the line and course of study which, hitherto, has invariably led to the formation and to the perfection of our higher scholars, our orators at the bar and in the senate, our statesmen, and our divines, this is the time for *such* an exertion and for *such* an interposition. It will be worthy of your erudition and of your talents. I cannot bear that we should tamely give up the fruits and the nutriments of antiquity, which have imparted to us our strength and our hardihood, for a mess of *oaten* pottage from the north; and I am convinced that you will still less endure it. This opportunity is marked (if you should view it by the light which I do) to show that Mr. Gray did not lose his time and waste his faculties on what has been termed, with an unblushing, unscholar-like effrontery, trash and lumber, when he read and commented upon Plato and on the ancients; this is the opportunity to trace and to follow his steps through the great road of literature and of philosophy, and to do it not εκ παρεργου, but distinctly and separately, not secondarily, not in a digression.

The dignified expressions by which the great Florentine characterized the poet of Mantua,

"Quello Savio gentil che tutto seppe,"

are equally the undoubted right of Gray, if we consider the variety, and the exactness, and the accuracy of his knowledge, the chosen elegance of his researches, and the manner in which he recorded them; and that, too, independent of his unequalled

poetry, lyrical, didactic, and elegiac. Yet still, it seems, we are to be told that the subjects and pursuits which Mr. Gray thought worthy of HIS profound and continued attention, are now to be considered as a waste of the time and of the faculties of those who in the catalogue go for scholars, but unquestionably so of those who belong to "the valued file." Have I said too much? I think not. I certainly hate tongues which are profane, and words which are contemptuous against such men as Gray and Plato. Let Milton speak for himself, for Gray, for Plato, and for all their compeers:

"The uncontrolled worth
Of the pure cause would kindle the rapt spirit
E'en to a flame of sacred vehemence,
'Till all the brittle structures raised on high
Were scattered into heaps o'er such false heads."

If I were called on to apologize for what I have *here* written, I should ask you to be my advocate. I have put down what I think and what I wish for the general weal; for by good literature all which is valuable among men can alone be supported. But in our days classical education and the public schools and Universities of our land have been shamefully and ignorantly traduced. Instead of the rose and the shamrock we are presented with the *down* of the *thistle*. And should these things be so? The good sense, the good taste, the common love of justice among us, if there be any praise, or if there be any virtue, Englishmen will feel and will vindicate the ways and the works of their ancestors, and of their famous men, in the hope of securing their perpetuity.

I was much pleased with that part of your letter in which you told me that you regarded the poetry and the language of modern Italy, though you had never been able to allot as much time as you could have wished to cultivate them. I must look upon you, therefore, as an admirer of the language to which I have devoted so very large a portion of my attention. I hope it is again rising in estimation with the scholars and with all persons of ability and of talents of this age and country. Milton was not only an enthusiast for it, but an enlightened judge of its intrinsic merits. I wish you would read his admira-

ble letter to the illustrious critic Buonmattëi in defence of the Tuscan language, in which he happily says, that he wrote it in *Latin*, as it was his particular wish "Venerandam *e Latio matrem* in *filiæ* suæ *neglectæ* causâ adducere." In the subject of men's wandering, for mere variety, from their great and permanent good which is before them, I would offer to you and *apply* the following short lyrical air, something in the nature of a Greek Σκολιον: it is from the lyrical Drama of Sappho by Mason, and which I rendered as follows; and it is a pleasing image of a bee roving from the rose to all the *meaner* flowers, but returning and sitting upon it again:

Quell' ape, volando
Che liba tra' prati
I fiori men grati,
Disprezza passando
La Rosa talor;
Ma, dopo la prova,
La Rosa ritrova
Con seno ripieno
Di succo e d'odor.

Let me now hope that you may have health, and I am sure that you will have courage and perseverance, when you have considered discreetly the almost bounden duty of men like yourself, to take an active part, and not to suffer the torrent of fashionable *dilettante* criticism to hurry away with it either the better judgment of the learned or the more yielding minds of our younger scholars who are not proof against the proud Parnassian sneer of certain ephemeral dictators. You have the inclination, as you have the power, to repress the babbling blockheads, of whatever nation they may be, who, by an imposing air and with an affected hatred of all which they read at schools, would laugh and fool us out of every literary and political blessing we enjoy, and of the means too by which they are continued to us. I know that you join with the philosophic bard not in sentiment only, but in energy:

Των μεν μανιην απετρεψατε γλωσσης,
Εκ δ'οσιων στοματων ιερην οχετευσατε πηγην.

My conviction of the importance of *such* an undertaking, and of the effect of it from *your* pen, is so settled, and so worthy, so entirely worthy of *your* abilities and erudition, that, except in the higher departments of Christian theology, I am not acquainted with any subject which, in the present state of criticism, poetry, and modern philosophy, could produce greater advantage to your own country. Let me also add, that, in the present general communication which is now taking place in the civilized world, and from the diffusion of the works of learned men, it might have no inconsiderable influence on the conduct of literature among the states of Europe, when, by the united wisdom of their chosen counsellors assembled in Congress, their final destinies and arrangements shall be permanently established. These are the beginnings of those blessings which peace brings with it; and, in *this* sense, I trust, we shall feel the words of the apostle (not in their highest and *original* import, but as they may be referred to this present world) and may also be prepared to taste, what he might call the "*την δωρεαν την επουρανιαν, δυναμεις τε μελλοντος αιωνος.*"

On these principles I am disposed to take my stand, and an illustrious exertion it would be of your varied and extensive erudition to *concentrate* it on these subjects *exclusively*, and to graft it where it might grow and bear. Let it be said of *you*, in your department, as it was eloquently storied of a great painter (I think, of Guido Romano, the favourite scholar of Rafaello),

> "a puero Musarum eductus in antris
> Aonias reseravit opes, *graphicâque pöesi*
> Ante oculos spectanda dedit sacraria Phœbi."

This is indeed a high privilege; but perhaps I shall plead more forcibly, and with a dignity more suited to your hallowed profession, if I should recall to your memory, and recommend to you, that consideration which Lactantius (if I cite his words with accuracy) once proposed to himself from his philosophical and sacred writings: "Satis (so the eloquent father expressed himself) satis me vixisse arbitrabor et officium hominis docti implevisse, si labor meus homines qualescunque, ab erroribus liberatos, ad iter verum et cœleste direxerit."

Now, my dear Sir, I have much for you to excuse; first, for your time, which I have so long taken up; and next, for the freedom and earnestness with which I have written, more than perhaps may become so very private an individual as myself. I must also, as I did in my former letter, claim the indulgence of a *private* letter, as I have so frequently used words in various languages, as they presented themselves in the course of it, which may perhaps be wrong. But, in subjects of *this* kind (I fear not to use some words of Antiphanes which I happen to recollect),

Προς Μουσαισι και λογοις
Ὁπου τε Σοφιας εργον εξεταζεται.

You, and such as you, may grant that indulgence, when a person is *privately* addressing his friend. Indeed (what is too probable), if I have made any mistakes, I have some additional claim to your forgiveness, as at a place of public resort like *Brighton* (whence I write) I cannot have the advantage of my books about me.

But I *chiefly* hope that you will attend to the πρεσβιστα Μακαρων, your *health*, which, I grieve to hear has been lately so much affected, and that you will manage yourself and your studies so as to promote its complete re-establishment. All that I have said I mean to be in subservience to the recovery of the greatest of all blessings, and for which (it never can be repeated nor attended to too much,) neither learning, nor opulence, nor any worldly distinction, could ever offer an equivalent.

I again request you to accept my grateful acknowledgments for your very kind attention to me, and I trust that you will believe me to be, with sincerity, my dear Sir, your well-wisher, and faithful servant, T. J. MATHIAS.

MY DEAR SIR, *Brighton, Dec.* 29, 1814.

When I had written the enclosed, I kept it, as I almost hesitated to send it to you, as it will take up so much of your time. But if you *can* excuse my freedom, and the earnestness with which I have written it (I never wrote so long a letter before in my life), you may venture upon the task of reading it; yet, if

ever your courage should fail, Juvenal may be at hand, and then, in his words,

Lignorum aliquid posce ocyus, et quæ
Jam scripsi, dona Veneris, Telesine, marito.

Yours, &c. T. M.

P. S. If you should happen to have time, and should wish to send me a letter, you may direct to me at the Marine Boarding House, Brighton. I mean not later than by next Monday's post, after that, to Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall.—*Jan.* 2, 1815.

Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall,
MY DEAR SIR, *April* 29, 1815.

You have my best thanks for your three very kind and friendly letters which I have received in the course of this month. I should have acknowledged the two first before, but I was led to expect the third daily, as completing what you had promised to write. I am really concerned that you do not give so good an account of the recovery of your health as I had flattered myself that you would have done; but I hope that the renovation of the year will restore you, if not with the *first* swallow, yet with the *second*. You are very obliging in your intention of sending me two philosophical volumes, which I shall accept with great pleasure; but I trust that many a year will pass before the token of your affectionate remembrance of me in the ring you mention may reach me. However, I thank you by a long anticipation, as I hope; and will only read,

"Sit voluisse tuum: sacer hic post tempora vitæ."

Let me now live a little with *the living;* and let me believe that you will not again apply too intensely to your studies, which appears to have been the case lately. If you should finish what you say you intend for the press, though you have not *named* the composition, I hope it is destined to be published in an octavo volume, and not in any periodical publication. It should be separate, and claim the specific attention of every scholar, as it will do, if it appears *by itself*, with your name. I need not

further urge what I dilated on so much at large in former letters, and, indeed, I have too great a respect for your time and for your important avocations. I really do propose, if it is in my power, to accept your very kind invitation to visit your country and its interesting environs, te duce, te auspice; but chiefly the Parsonage at Hatton, sacri subter fastigia tecti. When the sun re-appears, and the breezes of the summer are renewed, I shall perhaps trouble you for your advice *how* I am to come down.

Politics are too large a sphere for me to enter upon in a letter. I hope you will not be too much dejected at the approach of war, and the unexampled terrors of *the tyrant* who has returned. I was never much pleased with the homage which our countrymen paid to Buonaparte when Consul, and who thought, or expressed themselves, in the short interval of the repose of the world in 1801, as Virgil put it into their mouths (I hope not in their hearts), "Pars mihi *Pacis* erit dextram tetigisse *Tyranni*." Over the fate of the 18th Louis I join with you in the words which you have appropriated so justly to his character. I read, and hear, with something more than displeasure, what some patriots of the day speak in and out of Parliament. They tend to no good, but they create confusion and distrust among ourselves, and all those who are allied in the cause of the civilized world.

You know what liberties I take in a *private* letter to you, and if it be Greek, or Latin, or English, you have taught me to expect indulgence. Instead of my own words, you will recall with pleasure the words of The Orator, in which such persons are best described, and the end of all their efforts is best elucidated, with their eternal questions, and exaggerations, and misrepresentations. To such an Orator, (if the name is not degraded) you know *who* would have said as he did in other ages: Κἀν παρα της τυχης τι συμβεβηκεν εναντιωμα, η αλλο τι δυσκολον γεγονε (πολλα δε τα ανθρωπινα) επι τουτῳ τῳ καιρῳ Ῥητωρ εξαιφνης, ωσπερ πνευμα, εφανη, και πεφωνασκηκως και συνειλεχως ῥηματα και λογους, συνειρει τουτους σαφως και απνευστι, ονησιν μεν ουδεμιαν φεροντας, ουδε αγαθου κτησιν ουδενος, συμφοραν δε τοις πολιταις και κοινην αισχυνην. Καιτοι ταυτης της μελετης και της επιμελειας, ειπερ εκ ψυχης δικαιας εγιγνετο, και τα της πατριδος συμφεροντα

προῃρημενης, τους καρπους εδει γενναιους, και καλους, και πασιν ωφελιμους ειναι, συμμαχιας πολεων, πορους χρηματων, εμποριου κατασκευην, νομων συμφεροντων θεσεις, τοις επιδειχθεισιν εχθροις εναντιωματα. And here I relieve your attention, as nothing which can be added after such eloquence can be very interesting. But it will more engage my attention if you can shortly favour me with the information of the recovery of your health, strength, and spirits. Believe me, my dear Sir, yours always most truly and gratefully, T. J. MATHIAS.

Middle Scotland-yard, Whitehall,

MY DEAR SIR, *July* 10, 1815.

Your goodness really is without bounds, and it is difficult for me to express the sense which I entertain of it. I should have considered that country cross-posts are very irregular, as I found during my late visit to my friend the Rev. Mr. Keysall, at Bredon in Worcestershire. I am just returned from his house, and found upon my table the obliging letter which you sent to me in London (and since I have read the shorter note you sent to Bredon), which I acknowledge with repeated thanks and without delay. You perceived that I would act as I thought you wished I should do, by naming to you the first opportunity in my power to offer my company to you at your *sacred* Tusculum, though conscious that I should stand in need of every allowance for taking up so much of your time; yet as I know how to appreciate the favour, and the advantage arising to myself from your society and conversation, I hope to stand in some measure excused. Ανεχεις των αφρονων, αυτος φρονιμος ων, I endeavour, as well as I can, to apologize for myself, though I go to *Corinth* for it. I should take even shame to myself, if I could, even in thought, wish you to delay your most welcome visit to your venerable and learned friend Dr. Routh, with whom I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, which I could wish much. It will perhaps be still more convenient to me to make you a visit some time in August, as I am engaged to go into Lancashire shortly, and I shall be returned, as I propose, in the course of next month. I presume that there are boarding-

houses at Leamington, and conveyances from the Wells to Warwick, and thence to Hatton, with which I will thank you to acquaint me when you write next. It will be easy for me to come over to you at intervals during the time I might *reside* there, which could not be extended, as I apprehend, above a few weeks. I really received your invitation in the same spirit with which your friendship offered it; as it will assuredly be a very great pleasure to me. You do not mention, if the work which occupied your attention had proceeded, as I hope it has, near to its conclusion; and that it will not appear in any public repository, but separate and apart, as works *like yours* always should appear. This hope I cherish, and trust that my expectation may be accomplished. I have once more to trouble you on the subject of *Gray*. I know your attachment, and your enlightened predilection for all he has left behind him. You have more than honoured the volumes which have been printed from his MSS.; and whatever notice you confer upon them is deeply felt and acknowledged by their editor. Is it (*you* can tell me) Hierocles, of whom I think Suidas speaks, when he describes the great Pythagorean, as Ανηρ την ζωην ὑψηλοφρων, την γνωσιν ακριβης? Surely no words could so briefly and so emphatically express the sublimity of the life, and the accurate extensiveness of knowledge, which marked the character of Gray. Excuse this mention of him *obiter* as it were. I thought, and still think, that a very small portion of general readers, or even scholars, may have access to the volumes of his *complete* works; and I wished that such persons might be informed, in an easy way, what manner of man he was, in all the deeper tenets of *his* excellence; as I conceive that no *adequate* idea can be formed of him, without recourse to *the whole* of what he left, or at least to the detail of it. I have therefore consented to print the postscript which the editor added to it, in which are inserted various passages from the different introductions to the sections of the second volume. I have taken the liberty to send you one of a *very few* copies which were printed on a larger paper (not for the public), which I trust you will gratify me by accepting; and, if you think that such a liberty may be taken by a stranger, I will trouble you to present to Dr. Routh a copy (which I send) from me, as a mark

of my veneration for his character and his deep erudition; which I should scarcely venture to do, but under the auspices of Dr. Samuel Parr.

Your article of the little *Psittacus* is highly gratifying to me, as you have now added your suffrage to that of a man whose stupendous attainments none could so adequately appreciate as yourself, I mean Porson, who also condescended to the remonstrance and language "superbientis Pretton."

When I am writing to you, I am anxious to avail myself of the opportunity of gaining information, and asking a question which I think I never troubled you with before, relating to a passage in the Electra of Sophocles. She invokes the elements, and cries out,

> Ω φαος ἁγνον, και Γης
> Ισομοιρος Αηρ! κ.τ.λ. v. 86.

The epithet *ισομοιρος* often has struck me; and I wish to have your opinion of a passage in the *Σοφια Σολομωντος*, in the seventh chapter, where Solomon says (as the Septuagint translates it), speaking of himself as a man, "*Εγω γενομενος, εσπασα τον κοινον Αερα, και επι την ὁμοιοπαθη κατεπεσον Γην: κ.τ.λ.*" If, I say, that passage has any relation or affinity to the *ισομοιρος αηρ* of the tragedian, it is surely singular, and I am not certain whether I rightly understand either of the passages, and wish for your instruction; or perhaps it may be a whim of my own, which I could wish should be resolved. You see I am continually in need of all the indulgence you can give me; but believe me that no one can have a greater regard and esteem for you than, my dear Sir, your sincere and affectionate friend and servant,

T. J. MATTHIAS.

P. S.—I take the liberty of sending you a Latin Elegy, taken from different parts of Mr. Keates's English "Elegy on the Ruins of Netley Abbey." It was written very, very many years ago; but some time since I accidentally found it; and I have, with the greatest care in my power, and to the best of my abilities, made it what it now is. I really have printed privately but a very few copies, and I think this is only the third copy which I have presented to any friend. If I did not think that the latinity and the

structure of the verses might not be unpleasing to your judgment and to your ear, I would not offer it to you. It is designed to be placed immediately after page 12 of the Latin Odes in the 4th volume you were so good as to accept, entitled "Poesia Liriade." If you should think it deserving of your notice, it can easily be placed as I mention by the binder. Yours truly,

July 10, 1815. T. J. M.

The last of the letters is dated "Naples, May, 1818." The whole of these letters from Mr. Mathias to Dr. Parr, extremely valuable as they are, would be doubly precious, were the answers attached to them; but I have much to regret that in laying them before the public it is not in my power to publish the letters from Dr. Parr to Mr. Mathias. The following note is evidence that Dr. Parr believed Mr. Mathias to be the author of "The Pursuits of Literature."

Unfortunately, but not unpardonably, in a spirit of party, Mr. Mathias had satirized me, and made me the hero of his poem in the celebrated Pursuits of Literature. He was more sparing even to the two Wartons than to me. I smiled. We met at the house of Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, and were good humoured. We afterwards met at Lady Cave's, and were in perfect good humour. We began a correspondence which to me was most delightful. He presented me with a noble edition of Mr. Gray's Works, with some Latin and Italian poems of his own, with some beautiful hymns, sung in the churches of Rome, and a Latin preface, which not only satisfied my taste, but called into action the warmest and holiest sympathies of my soul. I thank heaven for the cessation of hostilities with a man so enlightened, so ingenious, and so honourable. I, with particular earnestness, request that this letter may be preserved. S. PARR.

MY DEAR SIR, . . . *Naples, May* 10, 1818.

I am sensible that I stand in need of your indulgence when I break in upon your valuable time and very important avocations; but as it is, and at such a distance and from such a place, perhaps you will forgive me, if it were only for wishing to be informed of your health. As to happiness, and the chief source of it, employment and useful occupation, I am convinced that no man can enjoy it more fully than yourself. An *idle* man, like myself, may be allowed to speak of all this with a species of *envy* not to be wholly reproved, as it shows some sign of *grace* in wishing to be employed. But *here* I am; "in otia nata Parthenope," is the old character of Naples, and the *English* have not reversed it, except by that *strenuous* inertia, which does not belong exclusively to the Italians. I should, however, say, that *health* was the motive of my long journey through France and Italy, or I should probably have continued at home, as I was *very* ill in the spring of last year. I have, indeed, found much benefit from the change of climate and travelling, and I have now been absent above a twelvemonth, and the time of my return is still uncertain. The nature and the glories of Italy, and its beauty, are too well known to be repeated; and, indeed, I should as soon think of discoursing on the art of war before the Duke of Wellington, as of *Rome* or *Greece* before Dr. Parr. I believe you never visited either of them *personally;* and I can assure you that I never expected it would have been my lot to have seen either the *Capitol* of Rome, the ruins of the *Formian* Villa, or the tomb of Virgil; but I have done so, and to deny that I have been highly gratified would be unjust. I wish I had visited them *earlier* in my life; for the "optima quæque," &c. of Virgil will too often occur to the mind in its full pathos. It is, however, difficult to conceive the *natural* magic of the scenery in the environs of Naples; as there is not a step you take, or an object which you view, which is not pregnant with *memory* and poetry. The very soil is classical. At Rome I met with great attention and courtesy, as it was known that I was very partial to their language, and the great writers in prose and verse. At Florence some learned Italians, Academicians of the *Crusca,* thought proper to print the little volume of lyrical Tuscan

poetry which I wrote; and *at Rome* also the members of the celebrated "Academia degli Arcadi" conferred the same honour upon them, by re-printing them under *their immediate auspices*, which, I am told, is the first instance of such an attention having ever been paid to a foreigner. They also recited the Drama of Sappho and the Lycidas publicly in their meetings. It will not displease you to know that they have not been inattentive to a *countryman* of *yours* at Florence, and in the metropolis of Italy. I need not tell you how great my satisfaction was in visiting all the places and remains of ancient days, with which *you* are so familiar, and which are so interesting; the "sacra recognoscas annalibus eruta priscis" is ever present with you, and it sounds in the ear of every one who is not wholly uninstructed. But there are still those who "gaze unconscious," and transform Rome to the mere amusements of Bath or Cheltenham. But really two years is hardly sufficient for the examination of all which "the eternal city" contains. I amused myself with making a *selection* of some few of the more classical hymns of the *ancient* church, and I printed it with a short address, or species of "omaggio," in Latin prose, by way of a preface. I lately sent a *few* copies of it, which I printed *privately at Rome*, to our friend Dr. E. Clarke at Cambridge, by an acquaintance of mine, whom I met at Rome. In this I desired him to transmit a copy to you, and if it should happen to please you and my friends in England, as it has done to the more learned among the Romans, I shall not regret having transmitted it *to you*. It is *very short*; but I think the sentiments may find an echo in many a cultivated mind who has visited Italy, or who has felt what *Rome* alone can inspire. I must express myself in this place. When I was there I made a *particular* acquaintance with a most venerable and estimable character for learning and genius, with whom I passed many hours. His name is the "Abate Lodovico *Godard*," the President (as *we* should term it), but, as the Italians call, the "Custode Generale d' Arcadia," the President of the Academy of the Arcadians. He is one of the best and most judicious poets and writers of Italy, and highly valued for his worth and talents. He is now in his seventy-sixth year, and he still composes, at intervals, with the same animation, judgment, and harmonious expression, as in his youth. I

speak of compositions in his native language. He was particularly partial and friendly to me, and I have a great regard and value for him. Neither circumstances, nor inconvenience, nor the deprivations which he has suffered, have impaired the vigour of his faculties, or the serenity of his mind. He was known, intimate, and esteemed, among all the great literary and poetical characters of the last, and, indeed, of the present age. Though I have long ceased to write much, yet I could not resist an impulse of gratitude and admiration for so venerable, learned, and friendly a man, and I addressed a Latin Ode to him, which I printed *privately* at Rome, as I could not be suspected of any motive of flattery, but only of homage to genius and erudition. As it is too large in that manner to inclose, I have ventured to *transcribe a copy of it for you;* and if you should wish, or think proper, to show it to any of your friends, I can have no objection. I will hope that I need not make any apology for this liberty, as it proceeds solely from a desire of shewing you the only mark in my power, of my friendly remembrance of you.

I hope Mrs. Parr is well, to whom I beg my compliments. If you see any of *our* friends, do not forget me to them. Believe me, with great regard, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

T. J. MATHIAS.

Viro clarissimo, amicissimo,
Poetæ, Critico eximio,
principibus in Republicâ Italiæ Literariâ
sui sæculi viris
carissimo et conjunctissimo,
de Republicâ Literariâ et ipsi bene merito,
Lodovico Godard,
inter Arcades *Cimanti Micenio,*
Custodi Arcadiæ Generali,
integrâ et mente et laude
provectiorem ætatem,
nec inhonoratam nec carentem citharâ,
placidè et sapienter degenti,
paucula quædam lyrica,
olim scripta,
nunc Romæ privatim excusa,

sequenti carmine
offert
T. J. Mathias
(Anglus),
inter Arcades *Larisus Salaminius.*

Ode
Clmo. L. Godard,
Custodi Arcadiæ Generali,
&c. &c. &c.

Nascentis astri carmine præscio
Vates salutent aureolum jubar, &c. &c.

Dr. Parr did not live to read the tribute Mr. Moore had paid to his talents in his Life of Sheridan. The following are the only letters of Mr. Moore I find in the collection:

Mr. Thomas Moore, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Sloperton College, Devizes, July* 8, 1818.

Though my only claim upon the honour of your acquaintance is a slight and momentary introduction to you some years since by Mr. William Spencer, yet I trust that the interest you must feel in the *subject* of this application will sufficiently excuse to you any liberty there may be in making it. You may have seen, in Mr. Murray's literary announcements, that I have undertaken an Essay on your friend Mr. Sheridan's life and genius, to be prefixed to a complete edition of his works, preparing for the press under the sanction, and, in some degree I should hope, for the benefit of his family, who have given me free access to all the papers he has left behind him. I did not require the proofs I have found among these papers to inform me that whatever *αξιομνημονευτα* (if there *be* such a word) you may possess, either in your memory, or in any other shape, concerning him, you will

have the goodness to communicate to me as soon as possible. I am particularly anxious to know something about his school-days, and whether you remember any manifestations of his genius during that period. The interval also that elapsed between his leaving Harrow and his acquaintance with Miss Linley, is as yet quite a blank in my memorials of him. His correspondence with Halhed (at least the letters of the latter) about their joint translation of Aristænetus I *have*, and they are very interesting. Any thing you can add, my dear Sir, to the rather scanty score of my materials will be most thankfully received, and at all events I hope to hear that you pardon the liberty I take with you. I should not, indeed, have ventured to address you thus freely, had not my friend and neighbour Lord Lansdowne, who answers for the friendliness of your disposition being equal to the greatness of your talents, encouraged me to it. I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours, T. MOORE.

Sloperton College, Devizes,
Aug. 2, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

On account of Lord Landsdowne's absence from home, I did not receive your letter for some days after it arrived at Bowood, and he is now off again before I could procure a frank for the few lines I now trouble you with—which are merely to say how much flattered I felt by a letter from *your own hand*, particularly as Lord Lansdowne tells me there are but very few you honour with that distinction. I will not say that I made out every word perfectly, but there was one part in which my vanity was too much interested not to use every possible industry in deciphering it, and it gave me more pleasure, I assure you, than all the specimens of calligraphy I have seen in my life—which is saying perhaps more than I ought, when I recollect how often, in my youth, my heart has been made to beat at the sight of pretty hand-writing—but your praises, though in another way, are quite as intoxicating. I wait with much impatience for the promised communications with respect to Sheridan, and, as I am just now employed upon the early part of his life, the sooner I have them the better. May I beg of you too to give me a

a somewhat more particular account of the mis-statement with respect to yourself in the Gentleman's Magazine? Yours, my dear Sir, very gratefully and cordially, T. Moore.

Sloperton College, Devizes, Saturday, August 15th, 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

Lord Lansdowne sent me your two very welcome letters from Liverpool, and I have since received a third, directed hither, for all of which I most sincerely thank you; and, what is still better, I am in hopes I shall be able to express my thanks *viva voce* to you in the course of next week, as I think of going for a day or two to Leamington Spa, partly in order to have some conversation with Mrs. Henry Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, who I suppose you know is at present in your neighbourhood. I cannot tell you the delight I feel at the prospect of taking by the hand one whom I have so long placed among the Dii Majores of my worship. It will be very perverse indeed if you should be from home. I shall have but just time to say "hail and farewell," for Mrs. Moore is not very well, and I do not like to leave her for more than two or three days. Of your "where-abouts" I have no very accurate idea, as I have never been in that county; but I know you are not far from Leamington, and, at all events, a star of your magnitude must be easily discoverable. I think of leaving Bath in the coach for Leamington on Wednesday next. Yours, my dear Sir, most thankfully and cordially, T. Moore.

Mr. Martin, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Liverpool, April 2, 1818.*

I am truly thankful for your most satisfactory and your decisive criticism on the passage in the Poetic. I had, several years ago, translated, and written out my translation of the whole; and had particularly attended to the passage in question. Its meaning could not be mistaken; but I wanted it *ad unguem*; and, thanks to you, you have given it me.

The pains which you were so good to take about this, and in good truth, a remark which you very naturally made, on not knowing what I wanted it for, have determined me to send you that for which I did want it, and for which I have used it. This is a paper "on the Classification and Culture of the Intellectual Powers;" which I have submitted to our excellent secretary Dr. Traill, and which, being approved by him, as well because he thinks it suited to our Literary and Philosophical Society, as because he agrees with me in its sentiments, I shall read in the Society at one of its first meetings, and I give notice of this to-morrow.

I mean also, immediately after, to print it; which I do under an impression, first, that the classification will be of use, in preventing the confusion of terms, and the representing of the operations of faculties as themselves faculties, which occur so frequently—I should rather say so generally in metaphysical writers; secondly, that I think what it contains on association is important; and thirdly, that, if philosophers attend to it, they cannot, I think, well attend to it without religious and moral benefit, in a certain degree.

There are two instances in which I have endeavoured to give all the effect I could to weighty considerations by quotations from you, which, particularly the latter, are as sound and good, as they are suited to my purpose.

There are also two things, for which I shall consider myself deeply indebted to you. Between a masterly and a common translation there is always the difference between light and twilight. But this is neither the whole nor the least of what I want your kind assistance for. If those who are disposed to attack a writer, can attack him in his translations, they are sure to do it by way of disparaging him with the public as to the rest. It is needless to say, that I wish to be invulnerable in this; but I wish it for the reason, that I should be grieved indeed if what I feel to be weighty and important principles should have their reception impeded by any such means; and I also wish, of all things, to have the whole so complete now, that I may be out of all scrape as to its defence hereafter. It is from these considerations that, as a most particular favour, I request the goodness of you to furnish me with the translations which

I want of the passages from Cicero and Aristotle. By the bye, I thank you for your caution as to the latter not adopting Plato's notion, or, as I should say, the notion of Socrates, as to a pre-existent state; but this I had attended to.

To save you trouble, as much as I could, I have pinned slips of paper against the passages I want translated. Page 25, beginning with "Ex quo effici" page 24. Pages 27 and 28, from the de Memoria et Reminiscentia of Aristotle; from the Poetic, page 29: and the scraps, pages 70 and 80. I shall of course make no other use of your name, than I have done in my quotations from you.

I need not say that I shall be very thankful also, if (which is my second object) when you see me to be near any point of importance, but not exactly upon it, you will, in every instance, put me so. You will see, as early as the third page, the importance I attach to exact truth. Also, when there are obscure, tasteless, or ill-turned expressions, pray let them not escape. The right word, in the right place—how right it is!

It is not merely as a friend that I am applying to you; but it is because you are the only person who can completely give me what I want. Not any new sentiments, no additions whatever, which should be borrowed plumes, do I want. What alone I seek is, that correction of those who are best capable of correcting, which it would have been well for so many other pages if they had received before they were printed.

Under the paper, containing the MS. there is the address of my brother: Mr. William Martin; Bright, Martin, and Co. 32, New-street, Birmingham; to whom you will oblige me by sending it me when you have done, and who will immediately forward it to me.

I learn from Mr. Parkes, that I am indebted to Mr. Kendall for being your amanuensis in the criticism. I shall endeavour to shew my sense of my obligation to him by sending him a copy. I have only to hope, that I shall fall into the hands of persons for reviewers who know how to review me. Yours, dear Sir, with sincere respect, THOMAS MARTIN.

If you write any thing in your own hand, do, my dear friend, so write that I can read it. The slips of paper, the remarks on which are for yourself, can be unpinned and thrown away.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Mawman.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, April 27, 1806.*

The activity of my mind in correspondence has been much weakened by an event, the effects of which have been, and continue to be, very injurious to my health and spirits. I do not love to pour forth complaints. I have combated affliction by change of scene, and by the soothing influence of friendly society; but the truth is, that my existence is bereaved of its sweetest consolation,* and that my grey hairs are likely to go down with sorrow to the grave.

I reached home this day fortnight; I avoid intellectual exertion, and spend much of my time among my neighbours, but I am not sufficiently restored to visit the Capital; and at this juncture I am further restrained by motives of respect and delicacy most due to such men as I have the honour to call my friends; and *most, most* adapted to my own habits of action, and sentiments of propriety.

I would have condemned and opposed father and mother, sister and brother, if I had found them secretly or openly employed in misrepresenting the behaviour, wounding the peace, or injuring the good name of Mr. Fox. I have said to him and to others, as I now say to you, that my attachment to Mr. Fox is founded upon sympathy in the most precious rights and interests of our fellow Englishmen, and our fellow creatures; upon similarity of opinion in situations most critical, and upon subjects which involved the liberty and the happiness of Englishmen; upon the resemblance of our habits in connecting politics with the soundest and most sacred principles of morality: and upon the consciousness of common suffering for our unfeigned, undisguised, unalterable perseverance in the pursuit of those objects which carry to our minds the evidences of truth, the obligations of duty, and the lovely charms of benevolence. . . . . is not to learn for the first time that few men have so much of my regard as Mr. Fox: that one man only has so much of my confidence; and that not one ever had, or is likely to have, so much of my respect and admiration. Et hominem, et causam secutus sum, and death, which must sever me from the one, will be

* The death of his daughter Catharine.

accompanied by the hope of meeting the other in a better world.

As to Mr. Fox, experience will bring home to wise and honest men that conviction which long observation had impressed upon my mind. I never could persuade myself to imitate or even to endure that vulgar and savage spirit of calumny which Mr. Pitt had excited indiscriminately against the character of Bonaparte, and the tendency of which was not only to irritate a jealous and a powerful foe, but to prepare the minds of Englishmen for the continuance of war without any distinct object, and amidst the most gross and perilous mismanagement to alienate them from the love of peace, and even reconcile them to the atrocities of assassination. Upon every principle of prudence, of decorum, and of virtue both public and private, I resisted that spirit by which Mr. Pitt and his partizans were actuated. But I have ever dreaded the ambition of Bonaparte. I would make many sacrifices in setting bounds to his outrageous encroachments. I despise the irresolution, and detest the perfidy of Prussia; and for the very first time I acknowledge, and even pronounce, war to be indispensably necessary; and, through that necessity, completely just.

The speech of Mr. Fox seemed to me replete with sound matter and irresistible reasoning, but his note to Jacobi stands in the very highest class of state papers; it is dignified without arrogance, animated without bombast, and severe without invective. The mixture of statement with argument; the perspicuity of the diction, the propriety of the topics, and the vigour of the spirit, quite overpower me. It could not have been conceived by Pitt; it cannot be answered by Haugwitz; it will not be despised by Bonaparte; it must be admired in England, assented to throughout Europe, and approved by every honest patriot, and every enlightened Statesman to the very latest posterity.

My good friend, you have comforted my aching heart by the intelligence you have given me about the health of Mr Fox. I certainly was dismayed with the reports which came to me from various quarters. May he live to conclude successfully that war, which he has begun righteously, and which beyond all other human beings he is calculated to conduct wisely!

I hope that the prejudices of the King, and the infatuation of the people, will be quite subdued by the judicious and manly conduct of Mr. Fox. Already, dear Sir, the character of deliberations in Parliament, and of measures in Government must, in your eye, as well as my own, have assumed a different and a nobler aspect. Insolence, hypocrisy, and intolerance no longer deform the language, or the temper of administration; but I must own to you, as I have to others, that far too heavy a burden is laid upon the shoulders of Mr. Fox; and that, with his ardent mind, and at his advanced age, the toils of office bear too hard, too hard upon the powers of nature. My daughter shall upon this head transcribe for your perusal what I have this very morning dictated in my letter to another friend.

"The mighty lion of the forest should not be left to shake his mane, or to open his claws, or to lift up his majestic and awful roar, against the yelp of Percival, the barking of Castlereagh, the yell of Canning, or the angry growl of Francis. Surely the wit of Mr. Sheridan, the drollery of Mr. Courtenay, the good sense of Mr. Pigott, the acuteness of Sir Samuel Romilly, the caustic satire of General Fitzpatrick, the logical subtlety of Mr. Windham, the elegant fluency of Lord Howick, and even the rambling copiousness of Dr. Lawrence; these, dear Sir, are the proper instruments of warfare, and are quite sufficient to hew down the puny, peevish, prating rabble of Philistines who have set themselves in array against the hosts of Israel. When a Goliah goes forth, and not till then, would I give David the trouble of going forth with his sling, and stones collected from the brook. Mr. Pitt is no more, and with him are buried all the blusterings of rhetoric, and all the wiles of sophistry."

S. PARR.

Mr. Mawman, to Dr. Parr.

May 2, 1807.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

An arrangement was made between Mr. Johnson and myself, to which I thought you were privy, that the little book on Population should be our joint publication, and that Mr. Belcher was to print it as soon as might be convenient to you and him.

I am sure it is impossible that there should be any altercation

between you and myself, relative to compensation for your trouble in editing the volume of Metaphysical Tracts. Whatever you think I ought to give, shall most cheerfully be given.

You will never, dear Sir, have cause to complain of any temporising or intolerant spirit in my politics. I am deeply impressed with the wisdom and virtues of the late Ministers, and with the folly and wickedness of the present. Can any thing be more false and absurd than the last speech which was put into his Majesty's mouth. It states that the dissolution will be "without material inconvenience to the public business," though there were more than one hundred and fifty private bills in the House; it expresses satisfaction at there having been no "additional taxes," though his present abused his late Ministers for not imposing them; it expresses a hope "that the next Parliament will prosecute the inquiries after public abuses," and yet they precipitated the dissolution of the last, to prevent those abuses being made public; and, to fill up the measure of mean duplicity and impudent absurdity, it finally "earnestly recommends a spirit of union, harmony, and good will among all classes and descriptions of people," though the avowed cause of the dissolution is to prevent the Catholics from having what they were promised by the authors of this address.

I am sorry to inform you that there is a contest for the City of York; for, though our friend Sir Wm. Milner is perfectly secure, yet must it be attended with considerable expence to him. I have secured to him and his excellent colleague Mr. Dundas almost every vote in London.

Hankey the new Candidate for London, is I understand certain of being returned; Combe I hope is secure. Shaw, Price, and Curtis, are said to be the weakest.

You will be sorry to hear that Sir F. Burdett has had a duel with Paull: both are wounded, the former in the thigh, the latter in the leg, but neither of them I am told dangerously. Believe me, my dear Sir, with the utmost sincerity, J. MAWMAN.

Dr. Parr, to J. Nichols, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, near Warwick, July* 18, 1789.

I beg leave to thank and to applaud you for the judgment and

generosity with which you have declined the publication of some Letters relating to the Bamptonian Lectures. Upon every principle of delicacy and prudence, of respect to Dr. White, and of justice to Mr. Badcock's executors, I entreat you to persevere in the same honourable resolution, till the business has assumed a more regular form, and is accompanied by more open and direct proofs. Of the charge itself I have now formed a clear, decisive, general opinion; and have formed it with the strictest impartiality and upon evidence the most pertinent, intelligible, and authoritative.

Of Dr. White and Mr. Badcock, I can say with great sincerity that both of them have ever appeared to me men of uncommon talents, and uncommon attainments, and with great confidence I can pronounce both to have been capable of writing those admirable Sermons, the credit of which is now claimed by the advocates of both.

Of Dr. Gabriel I ought to say, that he seems to me a man of acute penetration and unspotted honour, that he has been harrassed by unmerited provocations in some quarters, and insulted with cruel reproaches from others.

Of Dr. White's Panegyrists in the newspapers, I am bound to say, that they pretend to information which they have not, that they abuse the knowledge which they probably have, and that, by their officious representations of facts, and their unhandsome misrepresentations of characters, they will ultimately injure the man whom they now profess to defend.

Dark and intricate the affair will remain till the controversy begins with all due formalities; and I have weighty reasons for believing that it will be conducted with firmness and propriety by some of the persons who engage in it, and that their motives for engaging in it will not be thought dishonourable by unprejudiced and attentive readers.

I foresee the event of some approaching publications, and I am now employing all my caution and all my fortitude to preserve myself from the mortification of taking any part in the contest. You will permit me to assure you, that many incorrect statements have already gone abroad concerning myself. At present, however, I do not think it worth my while to confute them. I am extremely unwilling to increase the embarrassment to which Dr. White is exposed from the intended and perhaps

unavoidable exertions of Mr. Badcock's executors, and I anxiously hope, that neither he nor they will drag my name into a dispute, in which, if they will not accept of neutrality from my unfeigned candour, they must smart under the consequences of my just indignation.

As matters now stand, I so far confide in their wisdom and their honour as to expect that they will neither disturb my tranquillity, nor trifle with my good opinion. I am, dear Sir, your obedient faithful servant, S. PARR.

Hatton, May 7, 1814.

MY ENLIGHTENED AND SOUNDHEARTED FRIEND,

I much thank you for sending me the History of Bosworth Field, and for adding, by an eighth volume, to the entertaining, instructive, and interesting information which I received from the former parts of the work.* All scholars, all men of science, all lovers of their country, and all admirers of intellectual and moral excellence, owe the tribute of their praise to your diligence, judgment, impartiality, and candour in such an undertaking. I hope that you mean to find a place for Robert Sumner, the master of Sir William Jones, and my own at Harrow; the friend of Samuel Johnson; and a man whose erudition, taste, and sagacity, have long induced me to rank him among the ornaments of our literature. He published only one sermon, which in point of Latinity equals any composition from the pen of any one of our countrymen in the last century. I can furnish you with some materials.

I am glad to find that you have engraved the view of the cathedrals,† in your Magazine, and I should be transported with joy if, for the honour of the Protestant cause and of the English Church, the Parliament would vote twenty millions for erecting a sacred edifice, which in magnitude and grandeur should surpass St. Peter's. Though an obscure country parson, I should contribute two or three hundred pounds upon such an occasion. I am, dear Sir, truly your friend and respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

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* The "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century."

† The ground-plans of the seven largest temples in Europe, published in Gent. Mag. vol. LXXXIV. i. 643.

You must secure for me Sancroft's Fur Prædestinatus, and the intended new edition of Pegge's Anecdotes of the English Language.

Mr. Nichols, to Dr. Parr.

May 10, 1814.

Yes, my worthy and much respected friend, Robert Sumner is one of my intended heroes; and much shall I be gratified by the favour of your kind recollections of so meritorious a scholar.

I rejoice that Mr. Egginton is so forward with the windows for your beautiful church, which I hope again to see when all is completed. In common with many other of your friends, I regret that we are not to be delighted with your edifying converse this spring; but heartily indulge the wish that we may live to meet again in health and comfort. With this you will receive Pegge's Anecdotes and the Fur Prædestinatus, and the very respectfully affectionate remembrances of all my family. With the truest regard, I am, dear Doctor, your faithful friend and much obliged servant, J. Nichols.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Nichols.

MY VERY ENLIGHTENED, TRULY HONEST, AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND, *Hatton, Oct. 21, 1814.*

I detest the jealous and censorious spirit of scholars towards each other, and I am sure that my mind is in harmony with your own, when I take an opportunity of doing justice to some eminent teachers in the school, where my beloved instructors, Thackeray and Sumner, were educated. As the article will be known to come from me, I shall endeavour to make it interesting to our learned countrymen, and having before me, as models, your two most excellent books about Bowyer, I shall now and then introduce a little criticism. The whole subject is before me, and I have thrown upon paper a great number of notices. The Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Gabell, the Master of Winchester, the Provost of King's, and the Masters of Eton and Harrow, are apprised of my intention. The narrative cannot be very long, for the life of Sumner was not largely fraught with incidents; but it will suggest a variety of matter, which in all probability will do no discredit to your work; and the men of Eton will be pleased

with the attention which you and I pay to them. I assure you, my friend, that in the way of inquiry I have been compelled to make many applications in many quarters. Give me leave to ask whether I may be permitted to speak in my own person? you must determine this. My present obliging scribe has made for me some extracts from Sir William Jones, Dr. Middleton, Dr. Barford, and Bishop Hare. At this moment I am expecting from Lincolnshire an answer to some queries about an epitaph in that part of the world. And perhaps I shall be able to trace plagiarism in two instances. You, as a Tory, must venerate Andrew Snape; I have found one copy of his verses and three of his sermons. Though a Whig, I love and I revere the memory of Snape; and vexed I am at not having been able to meet with the two or three volumes of his sermons; but I have enough before me to justify me in applauding him. There is in Mrs. Piozzi's Memoirs of Johnson some account of what passed between him and Robert Sumner, about the custom of appointing tasks to boys in holidays, and I must, from direct experience, oppose Sumner's practice to the concessions which he seems to have made to Johnson. At present I have to lament not only the want of health, but the want of an amanuensis; for Edmund Barker is attending to his conjugal duties; but he comes to me in January, and in his last letter he promises to aid me with his pen in the article of Sumner. I have something to say about Edward Barnard, whose talent for composition was not of a high order, but, for scanty praise, to him we shall make ample compensation by doing justice to his predecessors; and we shall tell some of our contemporaries some tales which they may have never heard. My friend, I have had the good fortune to meet with the only writing which Thackeray, the predecessor of Sumner, ever sent to the press; and I am in possession also of every syllable which Sumner himself ever printed. I thank you for inserting the article about Peregrine Dealtry,* who was one of my dearest friends, and deserved even more commendation than we have bestowed upon him.

I was in London only for a short time, and was suddenly seized with pains and debility in my legs, which alarmed my physician, and prevented me from fulfilling my promise

* In the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. LXXXIV. ii. 289.

to attend the Duke of Gloucester at a season when he was desirous of seeing all his well-wishers. Though a zealous Whig, I have not that intolerance which Johnson imputes to Walmsly of Lichfield. And what say you, when I tell you that to my Tory college I have lately given for the library a costly manuscript of Chrysostom, in four volumes folio? You and I shall drink a cheerful glass at your hospitable table to the memory of many an old Tory. You and Dr. Routh are of the old school, and therefore I am proud to call you my friends; but I like neither the creed nor the practice of the modern Tories; for they have blended the worst qualities both of Whiggism and Toryism.

I am, dear Mr. Nichols, your sincere well-wisher and very respectful humble servant, S. PARR.

Jan. 7, 1816.

To my most upright and intelligent correspondent John Nichols, I say, most sincerely and emphatically,

DEAR SIR, DEAR AND MUCH RESPECTED SIR,

I have not lost sight of the memoirs of Dr. Sumner. Were you in my upper book-room you would see at this moment more than forty books on the floor. While Mr. Barker was with me he made copious extracts. He left me five months ago, and no other progress has been made than in the collection of a few additional materials. I have had correspondence with the men of Eton, and have *much to say* about Etonian scholars and their masters. The critical matter will be more copious than the historical. I have been urged to make it a separate work; no—no—no—it shall go to John Nichols; it *shall*—besides, in this form it will be a more permanent record. I am not pleased with Hardinge's panegyrick upon Barnard, nor with his censures upon John Foster. I find in your inestimable work more useful matter. I have no other trouble before me but dictating a few plain sentences, and putting together the massy materials already brought together, and already examined. I write what no printer can read. My last book was in seven different hands, and I shall bequeath the MS. to a college library for a proof of the insuperable and almost incredible obstacles that hinder me from

publishing. As to reading and composing, I am constantly employed. Two of my best auxiliaries are dead, a third lives at ——, and we are not on our former terms of friendship; the fourth, who helped me most largely in the rough draft for Sumner, is now at Thetford, and finds his whole time occupied by Henry Stephens's Thesaurus. Still I shall endeavour to get *one* person to help me; he is a good scholar and an old friend, but from long disuse he cannot do justice to his own talents.

My friend, I am far more anxious than you can be to get this business off my spirits; and the more so as my intentions are known at Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and both Universities, and much curiosity is excited.

I owe you for a book or two; and if I can get anybody to pay me I will pay you and other creditors. I cannot from the tenants on my two livings obtain one shilling rent, and yet I must pay income-tax, curates, &c. &c. What are we to do? Never shall I forget the day which you spent with me! May your visits be frequent, for your welcome will be hearty. If I ever go to London again, be assured that I will visit you. Your various and extensive knowledge, your frank communication, your honest principles, your friendly and convivial spirit; aye, and even your zeal, very disinterested and sincere in the cause of Toryism—all combine to make you a very instructive companion and valuable friend.

Oh that I could finish this work about Sumner! Books, letters, thoughts, and materials, are all ready; but where is to be found the scribe? I will do my utmost, even for my own sake; for I am pledged, not only to you, but to many of my honoured contemporaries.

With unfeigned respect and regard I am, dear Sir, your friend,

S. PARR.

Mr. Nichols, to Dr. Parr.

Red Lion Passage, Fleet-street, Oct. 5, 1816.

MY KIND AND JUSTLY-RESPECTED FRIEND,

It was with great satisfaction that I heard, a few days since, by a gentleman whom you met at Thurcaston, that you are enjoy-

ing the blessing of good health and spirits. Long may that blessing continue, for the comfort of your many real friends!

The last twelve months have with me been melancholy; having, within six months, lost my eldest daughter (Mrs. Pridden), and another lovely daughter in the prime of life. I have also been for nearly three months in a very dangerous state myself; but, I thank God, am now recovering.

I have also lately lost a lively and very able literary coadjutor, Mr. Justice Hardinge: from whom I had just received a very able memoir of Daniel Wray, Esq. and another of Dr. Sneyd Davies.

In one of Mr. Hardinge's latest letters to me, he requests that I will confer on his *ambition* the honour of accompanying Dr. PARR in the same volume. He adds, "My wish to accompany Dr. PARR, and you may tell him so, arises from the enthusiasm which I entertain for his powerful intellect, his classical taste, for his depth of learning, and for his eloquence."

I still hope to obtain from Mr. Hardinge's surviving friends Memoirs of Lord Camden, and of his father Sir John Pratt, and an Essay on Bosworth Field.

Chance has put into my hands a small pocket-book of your great-grand-father, and some letters of your uncle. These, should you ever have thought of compiling the History of the Parrs, may be of use. At any rate, I hope they will amuse you; and that you will accept them as a small proof of that esteem and regard with which I am, dear Dr. Parr, your much obliged and very faithful servant, J. NICHOLS.

MY DEAR AND GOOD DR. PARR, *Nov.* 3, 1817.

Most heartily do I thank you for your favour of Oct. 31, and for the confidence reposed in me by your unanswerable statement of facts; still more, by the condescension of asking my advice, which, delicate as the subject is, I will freely and candidly give.

Against my own interest, then, as *Sylvanus Urban*, but conscientiously according to my feelings as *John Nichols*, the friend and admirer of Dr. Parr, I say, do not stoop to defend yourself against so feeble, however wanton, an attack; or, if you really,

on full consideration, think it necessary, let it be with a concise refutation in half a dozen lines.

None of your friends will think even thus much necessary. You stand on much too lofty an eminence for an idle reflection or a ridiculous nickname to affect you in the opinion of a scholar, or in that even of the humblest individual.

But I have still another reason, which with you will operate still more forcibly. Your justly-provoked vengeance would fall, not on the offender, but on his really excellent and sufficiently distressed widow. Need I say more?

Pardon, my dear friend, this great liberty, and act as you think best. *Sylvanus Urban's* pages are open to your pen; and will be graced by whatever you may deign to contribute.

With every sentiment of respect, in which my whole family unite, I am, Sir, your grateful and affectionate servant,

J. NICHOLS.

P. S.—This moment I have a kind letter from Gumley; in which my worthy friend Mr. Cradock speaks with rapture of the truly pleasant days we there lately passed, and looks forward with the greatest satisfaction to a repetition next summer, and hopes that Mrs. Parr will then be one of the party.

Mr. Cradock expresses very feelingly his acknowledgments for the "favourable opinions of the truly learned Doctor."

MY GOOD AND WORTHY FRIEND, *Nov.* 10, 1817.

After your truly kind and conciliatory letter, I should not again have troubled you on the subject of the *Sexagenarian*, were it not to remove an idea which you seem to have entertained, that Mr. Nares was the editor. I can assure you that he was not. This I have, not from himself, but from equally good authority. He certainly *saw* some of the early pages as they passed through the press; but he soon found sufficient reason to decline seeing any more. The work was literally edited by the author, with the exception of the last sheet, or rather part of the last sheet, which I cannot vouch, but verily believe, was finished by Mr. Rennell, Vicar of Kensington.

I trust you will have no occasion to print your statement. Should you at any time think otherwise, the Magazine will be

open to yourself, or to any friend whom you authorize. With the truest respect, I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant, J. NICHOLS.

DEAR DR. PARR, *July* 31, 1818.

It is to me a matter of great delight to have been able to present you with a volume which you so highly appreciate; and your regard for Burgess and his friends is truly gratifying. I had the honour, for such I then esteemed it, of personally knowing Jerry Markland, Dr. John Taylor, and "mild William Clarke;" and they were all as amiable in private life, as they were eminent in literature.

Favour me, by all means, with the Query you mention for the Magazine. The Note in p. 222, of the Latin Poems, mentions Markland's emendations, countersigned by Parr, as well as Taylor. That countersigning might form a part of the query. I suppose it is in your Notes in Horace. I take it for granted you have Markland's Epistle to Hare, and the first edition of his Quæstio Grammatica.

When you favour me with your doubt on Burgess's Preface, I will endeavour to answer it.

If you will have the goodness to say which volumes of the Magazine are wanting in your set, I have no doubt but I can supply them.

Pray look at the Letter on Hardinge's Criticism, in the Magazine for April last, p. 291. It is by Mr. Tate, of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Sir Henry Halford, the Steward of the present year, has very kindly requested me to meet him at the Race Dinner, as the historian of the county of Leicester; but I must reluctantly decline the invitation, as I have now neither nerves nor inclination for public spectacles or crowded dinners: yet in some more sequestered part of the county, and at some no less social board, John Nichols, a tory of the old school, indulges the hope of meeting Dr. Samuel Parr, who, notwithstanding the dereliction of some pretenders to the name, is still a genuine whig. Two of my four daughters (one of whom has never yet had that honour) will be my companions when next I pay my respects to Dr. Parr.

With every sentiment of grateful esteem, I am, dear Doctor, yours faithfully, J. NICHOLS.

P. S.—I am printing three volumes of Mr. George Hardinge's Miscellaneous Works; but am much at a loss for a copy of the speech which he made at Warwick in April, 1793, on the trial respecting the damages claimed by Dr. Priestley. (See Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 18.) Perhaps the Warwick bookseller could assist me.

P. S.—I end, my dear Doctor, with what I should have begun, an acknowledgment (with many thanks) of the bill inclosed in your last, value 5*l.* which is placed to your credit.

Will you pardon my adding that, if a competent scribe could be obtained for a fair remuneration, it is an expence I would most cheerfully repay? Again and again most truly and respectfully yours, J. NICHOLS.

Dr. Parr, to J. B. Nichols, Esq.

DEAR MR. NICHOLS, *Hatton, May* 20, 1824.

You know well the esteem, the regard, the respect, and the confidence, which I feel towards your father, and you will give me credit for taking a warm interest in the welfare of yourself, your wife and children, and your amiable sisters. Most attentively have I read the memoirs of my admired pupil and beloved friend, Thomas Maurice. The task has been executed with good sense and fidelity. I have read them twice. I find only room for one slight remark on the composition. In p. 6, *induces* should be *induce*, because two nominatives precede. In the same page there is a list of persons more or less distinguished, with whom Tom was some way or other connected. You have there omitted my name, which ought to be inserted. You should have added Dr. William Bennet, the learned Bishop of Cloyne. He knew Tom, as one of my favourites, and the Bishop and I one day dined together at Tom's apartments at the British Museum. He had some acquaintance with Dr. Pearson, the celebrated chemist, and this you could mention. You should speak of Dr. Graham's two sons, as his schoolfellows under me at Stanmore.

You should speak of Monsey Alexander, as a very good scholar, as a schoolfellow of Tom's, and his most intimate friend at Oxford. You should speak of Joseph Gerald as his schoolfellow. You should speak of the very learned Walter Pollard as his schoolfellow, and his confidential friend through life. You must *omit* the name of Dr. Sumner, for Tom never saw him. Often must he have heard Sir William Jones and myself talk of Dr. Sumner; but the Doctor died before I went to Stanmore, and personally was unknown to Tom. You must not insert the name of William Beloe, his schoolfellow, for Tom detested him, as an unprincipled and slanderous ingrate. Never were two men more dissimilar. I wished to be in possession of all Tom's writings; and this you will mention to his nephew. I have only a part of them.

Mr. Nichols, I always gloried in Tom. He always found in me a faithful counsellor and affectionate friend. He was indeed grateful. I thank you for telling me Mr. Cradock's change of residence, and when you see him, present to him my most respectful compliments and friendly wishes. I send my sincere and serious blessing to your father and his family, and I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your real well-wisher and respectful servant, SAMUEL PARR.

P. S.—I suppose you do not wish me to return the proof sheet. Mr. Nichols, the biography is excellent. It is no where overcharged in the statement.

W. Palgrave, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Coltishall, Jan. 22, 1798.*

When I have to acknowledge that I receive reproaches from you, on the score of negligence in not answering your letters, with how much blame must I charge myself, in having omitted to cultivate a correspondence at once elegant and instructive, and to possess which I know not the man who would not esteem himself most highly honoured. I do not, my dear Sir, even attempt to extenuate my fault; I only mention the fact; and in these days of insincerity and corruption, you will surely admit (if

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the value of an article is to be estimated by its scarcity) that truth is of some worth.

Recurring to the time in which you honoured me with your company at Yarmouth, your present admonition, on the score of perverse opinions in politics, may or may not be just; for I assure you I have never changed my party, or abandoned those to whom I was first attached. I was then an adherent to Lord North, and consequently an advocate for pursuing measures to bring the American States to a sense of gratitude to the parent kingdom; and if my memory serves me well, I believe you, Sir, relaxed somewhat of your severity towards the conclusion of that unfortunate business. Just after that war was concluded, I think you left Norfolk, so that it remains for me to give you a brief account of my political career from that period. The first material event took place in my being transferred, with divers descriptions of other goods and chattels, by the Act of Coalition, to Messrs. North, Fox, and Co. Under this banner I fought and fell, and have been grovelling ever since. Then it was that I heard Presbyterians hallooing for Church and King, Pitt and the Constitution. This cry gave to Yarmouth two new members, one sent from the Treasury by Mr. Pitt, in the person of the gentle Beaufoy, the other the mighty Jervis, forwarded by the Marquis Lansdowne. These new men were opposed strenuously by the old interest, then under the character of coalitionists, but without avail; the clamour against the accursed coalition defeated every exertion, and I retired, beaten, but not subdued; confirmed in my detestation of the means by which Mr. Pitt acquired power, and indignant at the future steps he took to keep it. Thus have I been an oppositionist for upwards of thirteen years, and at every election bringing forward and supporting able and honest men (to oppose the present ruinous system) in the county, its city, and boroughs. In doing this I have been sometimes successful; oftener otherwise. In the last contest for Norwich I stood stoutly against your old disciple and quondam favourite, that grand apostate Windham. I trust it is not necessary to crave your forgiveness for this outrage. In the county we have done more than would have been expected, in placing two Whig members against an host of Tories.

Thus you see, my dear Sir, we are of one opinion in politics,

and I must take some credit to myself; first, for a steady perseverance to the party I set out with, and next that, generally speaking, the politics of merchants are mostly governed by interested views, so that it proves the present system to be so execrably bad, that even a merchant cannot uphold it: but alas, of what avail are our struggles, when all is guided by pride and obstinacy, and supported by avarice and corruption? If the Minister wants more assistance than these afford him, he obtains it by creating alarms in the minds of the stock-holders. The funds are, by his artful management, a barrel of gunpowder in his hands; he holds the match, and he threatens them with instant destruction, unless they will carry through all his measures, however wicked or destructive. The last measure of the ministers in the triplication of the Assessed Taxes, is bold as to its incalculable oppression, and novel in its retrospective claims; nevertheless it shews him strong in his majority, though weak in his finance: but what good are we to derive from this stretch of power? There cannot be a peace, whilst the present men are in place; the only question therefore is, not how much nearer the last pecuniary effort brings us to a safe and honourable peace, but how much nearer to destruction, and how often such efforts can be repeated, before the last expiring groan takes place.

Thus have I given you my sentiments on politics, prolix sufficiently you'll say, and I am sure sufficiently disgusting; but 'tis the only way left us of easing our minds at small expence, for the minister, by the severity of his taxes, has effected another grand point; he has destroyed all society, and by this he prevents occasion of communicating our evils to each other. I am, dear Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

WM. PALGRAVE.

T. J. Pettigrew, Esq. Librarian to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex; to Dr. Parr, and called by him "my respected friend, who purchased several books for me with great judgment."

Spring Gardens, July 5, 1822.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

I have been expecting with great anxiety the honour of a reply to my last letter, that I might know how to transmit you the books. Since I wrote, my time, I am distressed to say, has been very much occupied at Kensington Palace, in paying all the attention in my power to alleviate the sufferings of our dear and excellent Duke, under his present calamity. As you will be anxious to know more than the newspapers communicate, I will just tell you the precise nature of the accident, and the manner in which it occured. On Sunday last the Duke went to the Marquis of Downshire's, at Roehampton, to pay a visit of condolence to the Marchioness and family upon the death of two daughters. The house is situated on a declivity. The Duke, being a very large and heavy man, necessarily turns his toes outwards in no inconsiderable degree. He was standing on this hill with his leg in full extension, and upon drawing, or I should rather say throwing up the right leg to get into the barouche, the inner gastronemius muscle, and part of the tendo achillis gave way. I need not tell you that instant lameness ensued. His Royal Highness drove immediately to town to consult me; I got him conveyed home, and, although he suffers very much, both from the nature of the accident, and by the bandages and splints which are in this case especially necessary to prevent contraction of the limb, there is but little fever, and there is every prospect of his doing well. It would be consolatory to the Duke to receive a few lines from you. The whole talent of the House of Lords have called to enquire after him; all the members of the Royal Family at present in London, have been to see and sit with him. He is in excellent spirits, and bears his misfortune with a degree of patience which his great good sense and his most amiable disposition would lead you to expect.

Yours very faithfully and obliged, T. J. PETTIGREW.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR; 8, *Saville Row, March* 31, 1824.

I have solicited a frank from our illustrious friend to convey to you the intelligence of the death of our old friend Tom Mau-

rice. He paid the debt of nature yesterday morning, it is supposed between 4 and 5 o'clock. He had for many days past been much in the same state as for months. During the whole of his illness he would not permit any one to sleep either in his own bed-room or in the adjoining room, and it would appear, from the situation in which he was found, that he had got out of bed, most probably to vomit, for a bason was lying close beside him, and in the act he had knocked down a trunk and a chair. He was lying dead between the trunk and the chair. Mr. Ellis and Mr. J. B. Nichols are his executors. He has left the bulk of his property to his nephew. There is a legacy of £100 to my eldest daughter, his god-daughter, and a similar sum to Miss Toller another god-daughter; £100 to Dr. Badeley, of Chelmsford, and the copyright of his "Ruins of Babylon;" £50 to each of his executors. From the enclosed printed copy of part of his will it will appear in what way, had his circumstances permitted him to have kept possession of the Watford house, he designed to have marked his great respect and veneration for you; but his long continued illness led him into such great expences that he was obliged to part with his country habitation.

I write this in a very hurried manner; for independently of having removed from Spring Garden, and having a house full of workmen, and not a sleeping room in it completed, my family some in and some out of town, I have my little babe lying ill, very dangerously ill, with convulsions at Acton, to which place I am now setting off; I have therefore only time to say, God bless and preserve you! Ever yours most affectionately,

T. J. PETTIGREW.

Dr. Parr, to William Phillips, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *June* 9, 1792.

. . . . . My friend Gerrald makes me very uneasy, and you will do him a kind office by sending for him, and by reading to him what follows in this letter. It is the evident intention of ministry to pursue violent measures; and after the proclama-

tion letters may be strained to punish those, who, according to the spirit of the law, ought to be safe. But Joseph in his present train of talking and acting is likely to offend both against the spirit and the letter of the law, and to entangle himself in serious mischiefs. Ministers will bring odium, if they can, upon the Association, but they will reserve punishment for the members of the Constitutional Society. Now, that society cannot make itself very popular, nor in my estimation is it very respectable; the association, in order to revive their own credit, cannot take a very active part, if ministers commit flagrant injustice and oppression against their rejected brethren, the constitutionalists; and moderate men in every part of the kingdom may not be very zealous or very compassionate in favour of Mr. Paine's adherents. Joseph is a very clever fellow, and the constitutionalists know the worth of his abilities; but if they drive him into a jail I am not sure that they will support him there; and as Paine and he quarrelled in America, he has not much to hope from Mr. Paine's partiality. Mr. Horne Tooke is a pleasant companion, and a man of wonderful abilities. He employs Gerrald, consults Gerrald, flatters Gerrald, and Gerrald ought to know Mr. Horne Tooke. He may be betrayed, he may be deserted, he may be led to say and do those things which Mr. Tooke will be content merely to prompt; and he should be aware that it is an avowed part of Mr. Tooke's creed to avoid martyrdom in politics as well as religion. I beg of you, Sir, to put the plain and useful construction before him, and to remind him that, coming from me it comes from a counsellor, and a friend, whose judgment and sincerity he has long experienced. I beg my best compliments to your wife and to Joseph; and I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very faithful obedient servant,

S. PARR.

MY GOOD FRIEND, *May* 25.

Accept my very best thanks for the use of the carriage yesterday. I have received some intelligence about a learned friend, in whose happiness I am very much interested, and I hope not to offend Col. MacMahon, when, relying upon his politeness and good-nature, I take the liberty of requesting him to hear, or to

read, what your long tried kindness now induces me to write to you.

I hear with infinite satisfaction, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent intends to honour with his patronage the Rev. T. Kidd. I cannot presume to express to His Royal Highness, the unfeigned approbation which I feel of his gracious intentions, but I venture to hope that the Prince Regent would not be displeased to hear, that, in my fixed and serious judgment, the exercise of his Royal authority and benevolence in favour of Mr. Kidd will be acceptable to all the scholars in this kingdom. I know Mr. Kidd personally—I have read some of his publications, and without hesitation I pronounce them highly creditable to his diligence, erudition, and taste. I have yesterday procured, from the most learned man in Oxford, a work which Mr. Kidd has occasion for in the re-publication of a critical book, for which he has prepared some notes, and which is going to the University Press at Cambridge, under the auspices of our Syndics. Knowing his utter ignorance of common life, the scantiness of his income, and the pecuniary embarrassments under which he labours, without any one defect in his moral habits, I have within this week endeavoured, though without success, to procure for him a valuable curacy at one village, and the yet more valuable mastership of a school, at another place in Warwickshire; and if his distresses had been told to me before I came up to town, I could have secured for him one or other of these situations. An infant in the cradle, or an adult at Otaheite, would be just as able as poor Kidd to conduct any negociation for worldly affairs; and within these three or four days he has been defeated in his endeavours to get a country curacy, and his ingenuous spirit has been mortified by the lofty tone of the ecclesiastic, who would have imposed him very hard conditions. He has only one very small living. He is compelled to quit his parsonage at Nazing, where he served the curacy, and took a few pupils. The living has lately been given away by the Chancellor, the pupils have been sent to their own homes, and Kidd is forced to turn out from the parsonage. My heart aches for the complicated and unmerited sufferings of a man, whose simplicity, innocence, probity, and learning, both sound and extensive, render him worthy of a more happy lot.

I hope that Col. MacMahon will condescend to take the foregoing particulars into consideration, and I leave it to his discretion to mention them to his Royal Highness. I must, however, indulge my own feelings, by saying once more, that any gracious act of Royal patronage performed to so deserving a man would afford great satisfaction to all the friends of real learning. Kidd is pining in the country, and knows nothing of this letter.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very respectful, and much obliged, humble Servant, S. PARR.

Francis Plowden, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Essex-street, June* 9, 1795.

I have received, and am very much flattered with your two letters; for, although upon the whole I ought to blush at the numerous defects that have caught the nicety and justness of your critical eye, yet the idea of having occupied so much of your thoughts, and not to have incurred a very severe censure, gives me some assurance that I shall not be damned by those whose judgments I revere. I am sensible of the delicacy and importance of the subject, and of my presumption in undertaking it. I am very sincere in my intentions, and wish to adhere closely to truth, and must, therefore, be satisfied with the reception which truth is likely to meet with in the present day. Lord Thurlow has very graciously accepted of a dedication. They are here printing the index, so that I shall hope to send you down the remainder by the end of the week. I am truly grateful for the liberty you allow me. I am sensible how highly I compliment my own judgment in assuring you that a nullo malim me legi probarique quam a te.

At present I have not time to return you any observations upon the judicious remarks you have favoured me with. I shall merely note, that by what I said in page 53 I meant only to show that the ground upon which I undertook to defend any civil establishment of any religion, was the possibility of any number of men being convinced of the truth of it. For if such were the evidence of true religion revealed by Christ, that every

rational being must necessarily see it—then could no human being give an establishment to a religion, which in that supposition must be evidently erroneous in the eyes of those who should adopt it. I must still think, that the right of duty of the civil magistrate to establish any religion arises not out of his own conviction of the truth of it, but out of the possibility of the sincerity of the conviction of others that it is true. Although James II. was a Roman Catholic, he ought to have given his assent to any bill for strengthening the Civil Establishment of the Protestant religion; because, although he thought it erroneous, yet he was to presume that the majority of his subjects were sincere in believing it true. I agree with you, that a magistrate must resign rather than adopt what appears to him error, and that it is of great utility that the magistrate should be of the religion of his subjects, but I do not see it of absolute necessity. For the present I must break off, and again endeavour to express the high sense I have of the honour of having occupied your thoughts, and of being permitted to subscribe myself with the greatest esteem and respect, dear Sir, your obliged and devoted, humble servant, FRA. PLOWDEN.

DEAR SIR, *London, Essex-street, Jan.* 23, 1796.

Having lately employed my thoughts upon the subject of annuities in the professional way, I found myself disposed to attempt to settle my own mind at least upon a matter that was closely connected with it, viz. Usury. For I profess, that the current of opinions upon the lawfulness of usury has often made me imagine that there were more reasons for condemning the practice than I was aware of. The investigation of the moral grounds for condemning it has driven me on the coast of theology, from which I am not a little anxious to escape clear of damage. I have vainly flattered myself that those parts of the work which touch the general nature of usury, the Jews, and the liability of ecclesiastical property to annuities and debt, might so far work upon your curiosity as to induce you to look into a law-book. I have, therefore, ventured upon the liberty of begging your acceptance of the work; and in following it up with a wish that you would at your leisure favour me with your

opinion upon the fairness or rashness of hazarding what may appear novelties upon these topics, I proclaim the want of a much longer apology than I have already made: and am not insensible of the confidence and assurance that a man must possess to found a hope of employing your mind, and consequently of withdrawing your thoughts from the useful and sublime to the humble gatherings of mere industry. Much that I have said upon clerical grantors of annuities has arisen from experimental knowledge of their sufferings; and if they can draw any advantage from my weak efforts to relieve them, I shall not have laboured in vain. I lately had the misfortune to lose my eldest daughter of a very rapid decline; she was premature both in mind and body, measuring six feet and one inch at the age of fourteen years and six months. God's will must be submitted to. The very black and desperate view of public affairs has some time since rendered me callous, and forced me to withdraw my thoughts from them; I wish in future to vacate solely to my profession. Had I not said so much upon the clergy and their property in this work, I should never have thought of troubling you with it. I have the honour to be, with the highest esteem and regard, dear Sir, your devoted and obedient humble servant,

FRANCIS PLOWDEN.

Uvedale Price, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Bath, November 19, 1798.*

When I ventured to make a criticism on Gray's imitation of Pindar, I did it with unfeigned and well founded diffidence; and certainly never expected that it would have produced such a comment from such a commentator. I think myself very highly honoured by it, and not less pleased and instructed; for you have thrown so many new and striking lights on the passage itself, and all that surrounds it, that I cannot but apply to you the words addressed by Dionysius to the source of light,

Ποταμοι δε σεθεν πορος αμβροτου
Τικτουσιν επηρατην ἡμεραν

From this quotation, so much out of my course of reading, you will probably guess that I have not neglected your recommendation of Twining's Aristotle. The two dissertations have fully answered the character you gave them; I have read them twice over with peculiar interest and satisfaction, and in most points agree entirely with the author. I doubt however a little with regard to the effect of ancient landscape painting on poetical descriptions of landscapes. He seems, in an indirect manner, to give the preference to Virgil's descriptions of scenery to those of all preceding poets, and consequently to those of Homer, and to account for their superior excellence from the landscapes produced in Augustus's time. Now, though we cannot judge of the particular execution of those landscapes, yet, (as sir Joshua Reynolds has observed,) we may judge in a great degree of the general style of them, and of the principles on which they were formed, from the landscapes which have been preserved; and they are so different, and so inferior in style, and in all the principles of composition, light and shadow, &c. to those of Claude, Poussin, Titian, and all the great modern Painters, or to the most indifferent copies of them, that I cannot suppose the view of such pictures could have inspired Virgil with such choice and select ideas of composition and effect as he could not have gained from nature itself. With respect to modern landscapes, the case is very different; there is no poet whose imagination would not be warmed, and his ideas of scenery refined and exalted by contemplating the pictures of the great masters of the art. Mr. Twining is not singular in his idea of Virgil's superiority in describing scenery; I have often heard Mr. Lock, (a gentleman of high character for his taste on all the polite arts, but I believe no great Grecian,) maintain the same opinion, and pointedly prefer him in that respect to Homer. I have never attentively compared with each other the descriptions of the two great poets, but those of Homer remain on my mind, and often recur to it with such forcible impression, that I cannot give them up to any authority. There is on the other hand a very unsuspected testimony that may be produced in favour of Homer. Voltaire, who upon all occasions tried to lower the character of the Greek writers, says of Homer, "plus grand peintre que Virgile, inferieur en tout le reste." The concession in the first

part of the sentence is in my mind so important, that Homer would keep his station, even if the latter part of it were as true, as I hold it to be false.

I have not stopped short at Mr. Twining's dissertations, but have read the translation, and great part of the notes, with much admiration of the author, and with no little regret that I was so ill prepared to profit by so much learning and ingenuity. Knight has lent me the Poetics in Greek, and has encouraged me to read it, and compare it with the translation; you, on your side, have given me so much encouragement that I wish I may not be seduced between you both. I fear however that the study of Greek will be more to the injury of my eyes than to the improvement of my knowledge, for the foundation is very slender indeed.

To return once more to Gray and Pindar. I must own that the sound of "Quenched in dark clouds," &c. had made me neglect the sense. You have so clearly pointed out the confusion of imagery, that I am now surprised it should have escaped me. Your objection to flagging wing, in conveying an idea of debility, and not of voluntary relaxation, is I think perfectly just. I never read Persius regularly, and do not recollect the passage you mention, but, as far as I can judge, your correction seems perfectly judicious; I was well prepared for it by the former part of your letter. I am very much flattered by the hope you have given me that I may hear from you again, when you have any leisure. I need not say, how much I shall at all times be pleased and honoured by any communications of yours. I am Sir, with great regard, your most obedient humble servant,

UVEDALE PRICE.

I wrote to my Bookseller for Morcellus, but he could not get it; I have desired Knight to make inquiries for it.

DEAR SIR, *Sunning Hill, July* 10, 1814.

Though it is so long since I have had the pleasure of seeing or hearing from you, yet I am willing to persuade myself that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in sending you a few sheets of my writing, upon a subject which I hope will not appear to you totally without interest. It is on the application of the terms, which answer to that of beautiful in different lan-

guages, ancient and modern. Your criticisms and your suggestions, should you think the slight sketch I have made at all deserving of them, will be of the greatest use to me. The little Greek I know is almost entirely confined to Homer, from whom I have drawn my examples; which however I think are the most material of any in the present discussion. A friend of mine looked over a good deal of Euripides, and found that, where objects of sense were concerned, the word καλος was applied much in the same manner as in Homer. At first, however, in running over the index, he was alarmed for me at finding that it was applied to the Cyclops, and to Silenus. But on examining the passages themselves, he discovered that they were used ironically. How the word may have been used by the Greek prose writers I am ignorant; but you will best be able to inform me, whether it has been applied by them, or by any of the later poets, to any thing irregularly rugged, old, or decayed objects; or, on the other hand, to the sea or a storm, and thunder and lightning, or other terrific and sublime appearances of nature. What I have sent you is not, as you may suppose, a separate discussion, but a small part of a general one; and you will see that I am only concerned with the application of all that answers to beauty and beautiful, to sensible objects, not to moral qualities.

I must now repeat my excuses for troubling you with so slight and superficial a sketch, in the hope that you will enable me to make it somewhat less deserving of that character.

I am in no sort of hurry for the return of these sheets, and only wish to give you as little trouble as possible in sending them back. If you should have done with them before Mr. Greatheed leaves Warwickshire, I dare say he would take charge of them; if not, whenever you happened to meet with a member of Parliament, they may be sent (and I hope with your comments on a text so little worthy of such a commentator) in separate covers, and directed to me at Foxley, near Hereford. I am, dear Sir, with the greatest regard, your most faithful humble servant,

UVEDALE PRICE.

DEAR SIR, *Foxley, Feb.* 9, 1824.

You have been very kind to me, especially as you are so full of business, and the best return I could make would be not to trouble you with my thanks; I must, however, thank you for a very interesting communication, and give due praise to the handwriting: "were all the letters suns" they could not be more distinct and clear; I only hope the present secretary may long remain in office. It is highly gratifying to me, that an opinion I have long held should be so fully sanctioned by what you say at the beginning of your letter, that we are agreed in thinking that accent is a dubious, or rather a delusive word, as applied to English verse, and that quantity is at once a more simple and a more correct term: accent is, in truth, a most misleading term, and its mis-application to the ancient languages has been the chief, if not the only, source of all our gross and innumerable errors in pronunciation. All the three passages from the old grammarians are curious and interesting, particularly that on accent from Beda. Atilius Fortunatus is very mild in calling hexameters, all spondees, "parum teretes et sonoros;" they drag on as heavily as one of the old lumbering coaches and six up a sandy hill; or, as La Fontaine has well expressed it, the dead weight being at the end of the line, "six forts chevaux tiroient un coche." Knight, as I dare say you must have observed, has given a dactyl to the line in the Iliad, by dividing the η into εε, Πατροκλεεος δειλοιο, and one to that in the Odyssey by so very slight and obvious an alteration, that of τω δ'εν' to τωδ' ενι Μεσσηνη, the wonder is how it ever came to be written otherwise. I am very much for bestowing a dactyl on all such lines whenever it can be done without impropriety, as I think it ought in the line from Catullus, and merely by reading "*neque*" instead of "*non* conarere." In Gesner's edition of Baxter's Horace, I observed that *nec* is in the text, instead of the more common reading of "*neu* Babylonios tentaris," and the cases run alike. The old Ennian verse, which I had not seen for a long while, does not admit a dactyl quite so readily, and the father of Latin heroic poetry might be left in quiet possession of his old-fashioned coach, with six Suffolk punches. I could wish, however, to give him one horse of a lighter and more active kind. This might possibly be done (for to you I of

course speak quite under correction) by the same method that Knight has taken with Πατροκλεεος. I believe that in the age of Ennius the Romans marked a long vowel by two of them, as *Albaai longaai:* you probably can tell whether it is positively known that they then *always* pronounced both words as molossi: if nothing positive be known, they may perhaps in the first of the two words, for the sake of a dactyl, have separated the two vowels to the ear as well as to the eye, making it a choriambus, *ālbăăī lōngāaī.* This Ennian line, both with and without the proposed dactyl, furnishes a very good illustration of what I ventured to show you at Guy's Cliff, on the *ictus metricus*, and on the effect it would have, if observed, in correcting the principal errors and vices of our pronunciation; as we pronounce the line in question, the *ictus* (any thing but metricus) is laid in the following manner:

Olli respondit rex *Albaai longaai,*

by means of which we give only five feet to the hexameter, and end the line, which, if heavy, ought at least to be grave and dignified, with a gingling chime of two amphibrachs, *ălbāaĭ lŏngāaĭ.* Now with the ictus on all the proper syllables,

Olli respondit rex *Albaai longaai,*

we MUST give the six legitimate feet, must have a cæsura of its due length at the proper place, and there can no longer be any gingling chime at the end; and if, from our perverse and inveterate habits, we choose to shorten the long syllables on which the *ictus* does *not* fall, as rēspŏndĭt ālbăaĭ, still a great advantage would be gained by having the long finals (especially at the cæsura) pronounced long, and by exchanging the jigging amphibrach for the dignified amphimacer. If the dactyl be admitted, the ictus on the proper syllables secures the right pronunciation of the choriambus, both in the Greek and the Latin verse, Πα-τροκλεεος, and

Olli respondit rex *Albaai longaai,*

which then would acquire flow and harmony without losing dignity; but in our system we are obliged to make all finals short, and therefore must pronounce as well as we can, Πατρŏκλĕĕŏs, rex ălbăăŭ, to the total destruction, in so very narrow a compass, of quantity, metre, rhyme, euphony, and articulation. Thus far I have some excuse for troubling you, as what I have written is

in answer to your letter, or at least suggested by it; for what is coming I have not the shadow of an excuse, it is a wanton exercise of your patience and indulgence. I will tell you fairly, in case you should like to stop where you are, that you will have to read a pretty long comment on what you know much better than I do, but a necessary preparation; after which you will come to what certainly will surprise you by the boldness of the attempt, to use a mild term, and by the still greater boldness of making you the confidant. I was lately looking over the games in the 23d book of the Iliad, particularly the chariot and foot-race, though I almost know them by heart. In the first of them that discrimination of characters and manners, so true, so strikingly diversified throughout the whole poem, appears in a peculiar light, from the comparatively peaceful and gay circumstances of the scene. Achilles, the most highly dramatic character ever conceived in poetry, is shown in a new, though perfectly consistent point of view, as a model of the most dignified, attentive, and delicate good breeding: I like even the sparring between Ajax, Oileus, and Idomeneus, and the *slang* of an heroic race-course; but am delighted with Antilochus, with his frank yet guarded appeal to Achilles, his animated challenge to any who should dispute his claim to the prize; and one is pleased to see what one never saw before, Achilles's good-humoured smile at his young friend's spirited behaviour; but the scene that immediately follows between Antilochus and Menelaus is what above all others delights me. The touches of character in Menelaus are most masterly: that pride which his brother, himself the proudest of men, warns him, in the camp-scene, against giving way to, here breaks out at various times, accompanied, however, with kind and highly honourable feelings. While every word that falls from Antilochus, as he goes on in his most candid and conciliating speech, makes more and more impression; we feel gradually softened, as Menelaus does, and forgive the jockeying trick which it must be owned the other had been playing. So ends this long comment; next comes my motive for making it. This same Antilochus, this amiable young man for whom we had been so interested in the chariot-race, is again one of the three competitors in the foot-race, and a very proper one, as his swiftness is repeatedly noticed; yet there never was

so perfect a cypher throughout; all we hear is, that the three start together; he is never mentioned afterwards as running or contending in any way; the sole contest is between the other two: Ajax is foremost; but just at the end slips in the cow-dung, falls on his nose, Ulysses passes him, carries off the first prize; and Ajax, in spite of such a complete somerset, which fills his nose and mouth full of dung, and just as if there had been no other competitor, takes the second; and all we know of our dear Antilochus is, that he gained, what he could not lose, the third prize. One can hardly conceive that the old bard, having just interested us so highly in his favour, and made him act so conspicuous a part on a recent occasion, should on this have laid him so completely on the shelf: and I suppose have likewise neglected such an evident source of interest and variety on the race itself; one might almost be led to imagine, that some lines here and there had been lost. On this idea I have been amusing myself with what will probably amuse you at my expence, with writing a few hexameters *de ma façon*, in order to give my young friend some share in the action at least, though I have not ventured to alter the distribution of the prizes. And it is to you of all men that I voluntarily expose such an attempt! I am not afraid of you, however; for though the most acute and rigid of critics, yet, as a friend, I know it by experience, no one can be more mild and indulgent. I shall write down the whole suite, from where my interpolation begins to where it ends, that you may judge whether the connection at least is tolerably preserved: and I cannot resist this opportunity, having so long a suite of verses to write down, of consulting you about the effect of the *ictus metricus* (which in hexameters I conceive to be nearly the same as the *arsis*) in recitation, and for that purpose shall mark what I imagine to be the place of it on each syllable. In reciting the lines according to my own marks it seems to me that the rhythm goes on with an uninterrupted flow and animation, very differently from what it does in our mode; that the place of the cæsura, which we seldom indicate, is in most of the lines well marked, and with the right quantity; and that the double place of the *ictus* is particularly useful in the numerous choriambi; as, in our usual practice, by laying *our* accent on the second syllable *only*, and consequently lengthening *that* and

shortening all the others, we are every time guilty of two false quantities, just as if the words were marked ἱέμĕνῶ εὔχōμĕνŏς. All that has just been said respecting the *ictus*, and its use in the recitation of hexameters, had but very recently occurred to me, when I ventured to show you at Guy's Cliff a page or two I had written on the subject; you had but little time for reading them, and none for giving me your opinion on any particular point; I therefore felt very desirous to recall the subject to your recollection, and to lay it more fully before you, in hopes of having my notions either confirmed or corrected by your judgment. Here, then, at last comes my interpolation, mixed with the genuine lines, the dross and the ore together. I shall begin a little earlier than was necessary, for the sake of bringing in a justly celebrated line, on which also I shall have a remark or two to offer: I will only add, in the Italian phrase, *compatisca.*

Ιχνια τυπτε ποδεσσι παρος κονιν αμφιχυθηναι, &c.

As the sense of my Greek may not be very clear, I will put down in English what I meant to express, and in part to suggest. My supposition is, that when Ajax falls, Ulysses, who was close behind, whipt round him to the *right*, where it may be supposed the ground was pretty clear from the dung, or, if not, that his guardian deity, "επιρροθος ηλθε ποδοιιν," so he got in first; that on the *left* of Ajax, it may again be supposed, the ground was covered with dung and blood, and that Antilochus, who was on that side, seeing from what had happened the danger of slipping, checked his speed; at which moment Ajax sprung up, darted forward, and came in second. All this, with very little Greek, and as little practice in Greek hexameters, I have been trying to make out, and again repeat *compatisca!*

I have another explanation to make of a different kind, which I foresee will be of some length; but I am so deep in sin that I am grown quite hardened: it relates to a little mark I have placed on the last syllable of some of the pyrrhics. We uniformly lay our accent on the first, as indeed in all dissyllables, and thence spoil many a dactyl, and often where the dactylic rhythm has its most stiking effect, as in the first line of the quotation, which I shall now mark with *our* accents as we always lay them.

Ιχ'νια τυπ'τε ποδεσ'σι, πα'ρος κο'νιν αμ'φιχυθη'ναι.

As long as our accent is on the long syllables, and on them only, the dactylic rhythm, so well suited to the occasion, springs forward without a check, but at once breaks down where it is on two short ones, *πάρος κόνιν*. Now, though either the *ictus* or our accent would equally secure the quantity of the iambus, *παρός*, yet there is nothing to secure the *omission* of our accent on *both* the syllables of the pyrrhic, without which omission it cannot have its true sound, or form a dactyl with the last syllable of *παρός*. The fact is (at least after much reflection, and much discussion and amicable controversy on the point, I am convinced of it), that we English never give to any dissyllable, either in our own or the ancient languages, the sound which a pyrrhic ought to have; and for the obvious reason, that we always lay an accent, which gives length, either on the first or the last; it is therefore a sound, as far as the detached foot is concerned, totally unknown to us, as likewise, I believe, to the Italians, and for the same reason. But, though no single detached dissyllable can be produced as a proper standard, yet many of them become such when joined in composition with a preceding long syllable, and thence forming the end of a dactyl. Thus, for instance, *cŏlŏr* is, with our accent *cólor*, as much a trochee as *sólor*, or, I might add, *sólans* with the same accent: were it to be laid, where we never lay it on any Latin word, on the last, *colór*, it would be an iambus, both equally distant from the pyrrhic; but if you pronounce the compound *dis'color* in the usual manner, and then the two last syllables without the *dis*, exactly as you did with it, you will have a sound or cadence, neither that of a trochee nor an iambus, but formed by the unaccented or short syllable of each, *colŏr*. The mark is meant as a warning, and a very necessary one, that we are not to lay the accent where we are used to lay it, on the first, but to pass quickly over it to the last, just touch upon *that*, and quit it instantly. This mode of pronouncing the pyrrhic gives what is so much wanting, a distinct and appropriate cadence to a distinct foot, and one which accords with and displays its peculiar characteristic, that of lightness; the lightness of the most volatile part of the element, from which it is named; it is the way, if my notions be just, in which the pyrrhic ought always to be pronounced, either when sounded separately as a detached word,

which the sense sometimes requires, or when it forms the end of a dactyl; in which last case I should join it to the preceding word, nearly as if they formed a single one, as παρύς-κονιν, τελεόν-δρομον. In such cases, however, I believe in all, the syllables may be divided and arranged, similar quantities should produce a similar rhythm or cadence; certainly not one of a totally dissimilar kind; but we are creatures, nay, slaves of habit. We should start at hearing the compound pronounced περιδρόμος, yet patiently hear it so pronounced if the two words happen to be separate, as if περι δρόμος, or τέλεον δρόμον, were less opposed to every just idea of quantity, metre, and rhythm!*

Believe me, my dear Sir, with great regard and respect, most sincerely and faithfully yours, U. PRICE.

Mr. James Perry, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Strand, No.* 143, *Sept.* 19, 1805.

Your approbation of the manner in which the Morning Chronicle is conducted is a higher gratification to my heart than all that the mob of readers could say in its praise, and I trust you will believe that the hope of preserving the esteem of such a judge is one of the strongest incentives to exertion and integrity that my nature can feel. I am not insensible of the very humble rank of a journalist in the republic of letters (if he is at all to be considered as a member of the community); but when you regard the usefulness of a periodical paper, conducted with fidelity in its political character, and with a just respect for morals in its miscellaneous features, the editor of it is not undeserving the consolation which he must derive from the approbation of the good and wise. It is in that sense, after a service of twenty-nine years, in which I have never deviated from the principles of Whiggism, and never outraged the decorums of private life, that I receive your most valuable and soothing commendation.

Believe me to be, with a grateful heart, my dear Sir, your truly obliged and faithful servant, JAMES PERRY.

* In a Treatise on Latin Versification, prefixed to Dr. Nuttall's recent editions of Virgil and Horace, this subject is amply discussed and elucidated. EDIT.

There are some few notices of the author of the Pleasures of Memory. This highly wrought and exquisite morceau is not mentioned in the letters, and I have therefore no power of adding Parr's voice to the general praise. But of Mr. Rogers's estimation of Dr. Parr, one of the letters is a warm memorial.

MY DEAR SIR, *Paper Buildings, Tuesday Morning.*

I have directed this little book to you with a trembling hand; and yet what have I to fear from one whose goodness is at least equal to his power? It was my wish to have requested your acceptance of a copy a little less imperfect than the present, but the decree is passed; you *will* pack up to-morrow, and I have nothing to do but to throw myself on your mercy; and to that, I am persuaded, no culprit ever appealed in vain. Give me leave, my dear Sir, to express a wish that, upon your next visit to town, I may somewhere have the happiness to sit by you and listen to you; and, with that expectation, I shall console myself till we meet again. In the mean time, believe me to be, with great respect, your obliged and affectionate humble servant,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The correspondence of Dr. Parr with the celebrated author of the Life of Lorenzo de Medici, and that of Leo the Tenth, began with a voluntary offer from Dr. Parr to correct the Lorenzo, which he had read and admired.

SIR,

For the liberty I am going to take with a gentleman with whom I have not the honour of a personal acquaintance, I have no other, and probably I could find no better, apology than the openness which ought to subsist between literary men upon subjects of literature. Your Life of Lorenzo de Medicis had been

often mentioned to me by one, whose approbation any scholar would be proud to obtain; and as the course of reading which I pursued nearly thirty years ago had made me familiar with the works of Poggius, Picus Mirandola, Politian, and of other illustrious contemporaries of Lorenzo, I eagerly seized the opportunity of borrowing your celebrated publication from a learned friend at Oxford. You will pardon my zeal, and you may confide in my sincerity, when I declare to you that the contents of your book far exceeded my expectations, and amply rewarded the strict attention with which I perused it. You have thrown the clearest and purest light upon a period most interesting to every scholar. You have shown the greatest industry in your researches, and the best taste in your selection; and upon the characters and events, which passed in review before you, you have happily united sagacity of observation with correctness, elegance, and vigour of style. I hope, for the credit of our national taste, that your work will soon reach a second edition, and, if this should be the case, I will, with your permission, send you a list of mistakes which I have found in the Latin passages, and which, upon seeing them, you will certainly think worthy of consideration. Perhaps I may proceed a little further in pointing out two or three expressions which seem to me capable of improvement, and in stating my reasons for dissenting from you upon a few points of subordinate importance. At all events I shall give you proof of the care with which I have read your admirable work, and for the petty strictures which I may have occasion here and there to throw out, you will find a just, and, let me hope, satisfactory explanation in the words of Politian.

It is proper for me to add, that I do not understand Italian.

Mr. Roscoe, to Dr. Parr in reply.

SIR, *Liverpool, 10th Dec.* 1797.

Unless an author can be supposed to have divested himself of all regard for his literary offspring, it would be to no purpose for me to deny that your letter, which I received yesterday, afforded me the sincerest pleasure. I had, indeed, before had reason to believe that my work had been upon the whole favourably received; but this I chiefly attributed to the novelty of the

subject, or, in other words, to the very slight degree of information which I had obtained respecting it in this country. Approbation is only valuable in proportion to the competency of the judge; and I was therefore still anxious to receive the opinions of those who, from their own superior attainments in similar studies, were best qualified to stamp the mark of legitimate currency on my work. Had I been desired to mention the quarter from which this sanction should arise, it would, for many reasons, have been that from whence it has been spontaneously given. Desirous as I hope I am to appreciate truly that which is so dangerous in its effects as commendation, I do not see, in the present instance, upon what pretensions I can find an appeal. If, however, any confirmation were necessary of the favourable opinion you have so kindly expressed, I should find it in the attention which you have shown to the removal of those errors which appear in the work. That these mistakes might not wholly have deprived me of your approbation, was as much as I should have ventured to hope; but that you should so obligingly take the trouble of pointing them out for correction, is a proof of that liberality which can distinguish between total demerit and partial defects, and of that candour which is always the result of high literary acquirements. I need not say how thankful I shall be for these emendations and corrections, or that any observations with which you may please to accompany them, as well on the sentiments as on the style of my book, will be attended to with the greatest deference. It may be proper to mention that the first edition was printed under my own eye in Liverpool; but, notwithstanding I paid as much attention to it as my other avocations would permit, I found but too many reasons to regret my inability to render it more correct. In the two impressions which have since been struck off by Messrs. Cadell and Davies in London, I have attempted to remove some of these inaccuracies; and according as the copy you have seen bears the date of 1795, 1796, or 97, it may be more or less defective. The last, indeed, which was printed about the middle of the present year, I have not yet had an opportunity of examining. I understand, however, it is the bookseller's intention shortly to publish an edition in octavo; and, as this will probably be the most generally used, it is my earnest wish to render it as

deserving as I can of the attention with which it has been honoured. On this account the remarks with which you may be pleased to favour me will be truly estimable.

You will perceive, by the length to which I am extending my letter, that you have struck upon a string pretty much in unison with my feelings. Whether this prolixity may arise from the unexpected gratification of an author's vanity, or from the justifiable satisfaction which a mind not insensible to praise must always feel from the approbation of the wise, the learned, and the good, I shall not stay to enquire; but shall beg leave to subscribe myself, with sentiments of the most grateful respect and esteem, Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant, W. Roscoe.

I shall have great pleasure in communicating your message to my friend Dr. Currie, who, I am convinced, will learn with much satisfaction that his writings and character have been honoured with your notice and approbation.

Mr. Roscoe took advantage of this spontaneous offer, and when another edition of the Lorenzo was called for, again availed himself of Parr's assistance. Mr. Roscoe's correspondence imparts not only his literary, but his political views. There is a copy of verses on Dr. Parr's birthday, and many communications, which bear witness to Mr. Roscoe's good opinion of Dr. Parr, and reliance on his friendship. The following letter will account for my reserve in publishing the correspondence of Mr. Roscoe, after certain letters of Dr. Parr to him had been placed in other hands for publication.

Mr. Roscoe, to Dr. John Johnstone.

SIR, *Lodge Lane, near Liverpool, 9th Aug.* 1827.

I had yesterday the honour of receiving yours of the 7th inst., and shall be happy in complying with your proposal of printing in the memoir of our late excellent friend Dr. Parr such of my letters to him as may seem not unsuitable to the occasion; but,

as they were mostly written in haste, and without my preserving copies, I shall esteem it a favour if you will allow me the inspection of them before a selection is made for the printer, when I will point out such, or such parts of them, if any occur, which I should not wish to be laid before the public. With respect to the Doctor's letters, I have already had applications from Mr. Barker of Thetford, and the Rev. Mr. Field, for such of them as I thought suitable for publication; to the latter of whom I have sent several letters, requesting to see the extracts intended for publication before they are given to the printer; and I shall, at your wish, look again over the letters that remain, and send you any that appear to be proper for your purpose on the same condition; although I fear there are few, if any, that are not intermixed with the concerns of a young gentleman to whom I was guardian, and in whose education Dr. Parr took a most generous and friendly part. I have the honour to be, Sir, very respectfully and faithfully yours, W. Roscoe.

Mr. Serjeant Rough, to Dr. Parr.

Bedford Row, Bloomsbury, April 28, 1809.

MY DEAR, DEAR SIR,

I am very sorry that I was unable to meet you at Mr. Parkes' on the Monday. Mr. Justice Bayley, however, having made me the proffer of a conveyance to town, as a good economist of professional time, as well as of expences, I thought myself called upon to accept it. Without his aid, I should have been obliged to go by a slower carriage, and should not have reached London, (where I had an appointment very useful to me to observe,) until at least four and twenty hours later than I did.

Your praises of him shall not be lost, nor ought they, for they are fairly deserved by him.

With respect to your inquiry, my dear Sir, with regard to the woman left by him for trial, as an accessary after the fact at the last Assizes of your county, I was not myself in Court when her principal was convicted, and cannot speak, therefore, but from what I have heard of that particular case. I understand,

however, that there was not sufficient evidence against her of being a principal in the murder, but that her own confession of having assisted in throwing the body into the water, coupled with other facts, was in Bayley's judgment likely to amount to enough so as to make her conviction very probable, if indicted as an accessary after the fact, and tried as such at the next assizes. The general rule of law is not that accessaries in murder are principals, but that all persons present, aiding and abetting, are principals in the murder; not he alone whose hand actually gave the death. But a presence either actual or constructive, is always necessary to make a principal.

It is by no means a rule of law, that a party indicted as a principal, if on the trial it should appear that that party was an accessary, would be subject to conviction: on the contrary an acquittal would follow: as it also would, were a party, indicted as an accessary, to be found upon evidence, to have been a principal. In treason, and treason only, will that which in the case of murder would make an accessary, be legally held to make a principal. In treason there are no accessaries, but all are principals.

I shall not fail to see Basil, who will rejoice in your kind remembrance of him.

Believe me, dear Sir, your obliged and sincerely affectionate, &c.

WILLIAM ROUGH,

Brother Runnington begs me to give his warm regards. I write from our Common-Room. C. P. Westminster Hall.

MY DEAR SIR, *May* 18, 1813.

Jekyll and Sons, unfortunately, cannot meet you on the 21st. The latter, however, tells me that he had the pleasure of seeing you, in high spirits, at Romilly's.

Lord Hutchinson and my brother Heywood have promised to be with me, to pay their respects to you.

P. Elmsley also comes from Cray in Kent, to see you. I hope I did not do wrong in yielding to his entreaty, that he might be asked to meet you.

Holroyd and Dr. Shaw I will send to immediately. And I hope that Hallam and Mr. Abernethy may neither of them be persons unpleasant to you. They are both anxious in a high degree

about you. I have not asked Jonathan Raine, not knowing at present, how his health and spirits are. Yours, dear Sir, most faithfully, W. ROUGH.

5th Feb. 1816.

MY DEAR, DEAR SIR, AND MOST HONOURED FRIEND,

Nothing has been more pleasing to me than your affectionate letter of congratulation. It is a heartfelt consolation to me that your blessing goes with me! I have, however, been so occupied since the appointment, which is the subject of your good wishes, was offered to me, that I have scarcely had time to communicate in the manner I wished, what, on the whole, is undoubtedly a cause of just satisfaction to me.

Only let me assure you, that I owe it to the kind recollection of a fellow Trinity man, John Beckett, who did me the kindness of believing that I should be useful in the situation offered to my acceptance, and that I was not likely to discredit the fair confidence reposed in me, by the profession at large. I owe the appointment to no cabal, and it has been attended with no sacrifices of sentiment or opinions. Five years is held out as the expected term of absence.

Solemn and sacred as your expression of good will is, I yet may hope that, at the close of that period, we may both be living, and may again interchange discourse together. But at all events I propose seeing you at Hatton, with Harriet accompanying me, before we commence our voyage.

She joins me in bowing with full hearts beneath your benediction. God bless you, my dear Sir,—your friendship is my high honour! Yours gratefully and affectionately,

WM. ROUGH.

W. Seward, Esq., author of Anecdotes of some distinguished persons, in 4 vols. was school-fellow of Parr, at Harrow. His chief correspondence is about the Monumental Inscription on Dr. Johnson, and is printed in the fourth volume.

Mr. Seward to Dr. Parr.

DR. PARR, *Oxford, Aug.* 10.

I am here collecting materials for some more volumes, and am very kindly and hospitably treated by your friend Kett. I am glad that you like the third volume better than the others. The transcript from Louth's letters, I have not, I wrote it for you, and, to you I sent it. In the course of the winter I will again transscribe it for you, from Warburton's letters, &c. in Dr. Birch's collection in the museum. I dine to day, you dog you, with your friend Dr. Routh; good Greek, (of which you know I have a great deal,) good wine, and good conversation. What have you like this at Hatton. Yours very sincerely, W. SEWARD.

George Steevens, Dr. Parr used to say, had only three friends,—himself, Dr. Farmer, and John Reed, so misanthropic and hateful was his character, that he was one of the wisest, most learned, but most spiteful of men; his conversation sometimes so obscure, that old Bob Foster, the Barber, of Cambridge, to whom Parr, Burnet, and Farmer gave a silver basin, with the motto "Radit iter liquidum," threatened one day to cut his throat, because his conversation had a beastly turn, during the operation of shaving; and Dr. Parr is of opinion, he would have done it, had not Steevens been quiet.

DEAR SIR, *Hampstead Heath, May* 22, 1798.

I had scarce acknowledged the honour of your first letter, before I found myself indebted to you for a second. I shall reserve them both, as precious morsels of criticism, and deposit them in the same case with certain original epistles from Græ-vius and Gronovius which accidently fell into my hands.

I am compelled to scribble this brief acknowledgment of your

kindness and condesension, in the utmost hurry, my chaise being at the door to carry me into Essex, on business which cannot be delayed.

Dr. Farmer's library will produce at least £2000. We proceed at the rate of about fifty pounds per day; but are not yet arrived at the class of books that form the chief strength of the collection. I am, again, Dear Sir, your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant; GEO. STEEVENS.

DEAR SIR, *Hampstead Heath, May 26, 1798.*

I beg you will accept my warmest thanks for the honour you have done me, respecting the Epitaph designed for the tablet of Dr. Farmer. I must, however, beg leave to be silent on this subject, as every day more and more convinces me of my very imperfect acquaintance with the niceties of the Roman language.

Concerning the topics you have selected on the present occasion, I think myself as little qualified to judge; for the expectations of friendship are too often fastidious and unreasonable.

I can, Sir, with the strictest truth assure you that I never read your Epitaph on Dr. Johnson, till it had been drawn out on a large sheet of paper, for the inspection of the residentiaries, and was left in Amen-corner, by the directions of Mr. Bacon. I, therefore, had no share in the remarks that were hazarded on the word *probabilis*. I was not elected of the committee at which Mr. Malone presided, nor ever delivered an opinion relative to any syllable throughout your whole performance.

You may depend on it that I will not show your inscription to any person whatever, and that I think myself highly obliged by your permission to read it before it be sent to Cambridge, a place which, in all probability, I shall never visit again. I remain, dear Sir, with repeated thanks, and the sincerest respect, your most faithful and obedient servant, GEO. STEEVENS.

Mr. R. Tickell, one of the authors of the Rolliad, had been acquainted with Parr at Harrow, and

continued his friend to the end of life. In 1788, when political circumstances seemed to open prospects of advancement to Parr, Mr. Tickell thus addressed him:

DEAR SIR,

There is a plan for a more extensive circulation than usual of pamphlets, and I am desired to request you will endeavour to obtain us some local information with this view. What we wish to have is, a list of the inns in Warwickshire where farmers resort to, and of such coffee-houses or hotels as are in your county. I hope you will easily find out some person who can give you this information, and specify the sign and name of the innkeeper. It is just possible that a Bishop elect will condescend to communicate this intelligence in a letter to me, unless his Lordship prefers Lord J. Townshend as a correspondent, to the exclusion of an older but inferior friend. Believe me, dear Sir, sincerely and faithfully yours, R. TICKELL.

DEAR SIR,

By a variety of mistakes, in most of which I have been principal, or violently accessory, Sheridan has conceived that your decision as to accepting or declining the care of his son's education could not be declared till February next; the period at which (as I meant to have informed him) you can actually receive him. This error has partly arisen from my having entrusted the explanation of your last letter to me on the subject, to Mrs. Tickell, who, in one to her sister, somehow mistook the point, or led to Sheridan's misconception of it. He has been absent from town ever since my return from Suffolk; so that no opportunity occurred to unravel the mistake by a few words, until within this week; when, on his coming to London, he discovered the error, and expressed the greatest regret at the apparent neglect with which you might imagine he had received your obliging and friendly acceptance of the trust. Under these circumstances, I felt it my duty to undertake the explanation of obscurities which my own want of precision had chiefly occasioned; and I hope

and beg that whatever degree of blame may be imputable to any of us, may all rest with me, on the ground of my entire penitence for the past, and my hearty intention to be more careful in future. Sheridan, who went to Bath a few days since, will, I believe, write to you from thence. He took his son with him, wishing to have him as much as possible, previously to his being placed under your direction. I hope every thing in your new situation may be settled perfectly to your wishes, till we can have you a good Whig Bishop, to shake Thurlow. I mean not the quiet brother, no—no—the champion of prerogative, the tyrant of the Woolsack himself. Farewell, dear Sir, and, with best wishes, believe me your most obliged and faithful servant,

RICHARD TICKELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *Stamp-office, 20 February.*

From some enquiries in your letter to Mrs. Sheridan, I believe you thought it was right to answer *the Political Review*. I mean the pamphlet which traduced the Prince of Wales and every one else except Hastings. I now send you the answer I gave it, because, as you thought it right it should be answered, you will excuse faults in a paper written in a hurry. There is another too of mine—"The Woollen-draper's Letter." I send you some other publications, and among them the Parliamentary Register containing S———'s speech. The news of to day is that a strong Petition will come from Yorkshire against the Commercial Treaty. The avarice of trade has hitherto stifled all general considerations of the Treaty; but now that the point is established, of the Portugal market being, if not lost, exposed to perdition, the speculation of new advantages ceases to blind the honest Yorkshiremen to the dangers of immediate and actual loss; and this precedent will, I really believe, be well followed, so that the Treaty will at least divide the nation; with this essential difference in the division, as connected with politics, that those who gain have no Parliamentary representation, those who lose almost the greatest and most extensive, which, looking forward as we must to a general election, is an important object.

I am in town for three months. Shall you come during that time? I hope to hear you are well and happy.

Pray tell Ascanius how much Achates was rejoiced at the success of Æneas,* and how entirely I confide in his treading in the steps of his father.

With best wishes for you and yours, I am, dear Sir, your faithful friend and servant, R. TICKELL.

John Tweddell, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, 14, *Southampton Buildings, Holborn, Jan.* 16.

You tell me, you hope I liked Oxford. I think the place grand, but the little I saw of the men, the senior part I mean, I do not like. I dined at Corpus in Hall, and drank wine and supped in the Common Room, one of the days I was there. One of the men I met in it was a man, compared with whom Burke is a whig, and Bishop Horsley a heretic. As an instance of his opinion in Church and State, he said, that the Revolution in France was the triumph of a mob, but rejoiced heartily in the virtuous insurrection of the Birmingham banditti, and the demolition of Doctor Priestley's property. Indignation constrained me to tell him, that I had heard it vaguely reported, that clergymen of the English Church had lost sight of every christian precept, so far as to express themselves in such intolerant language, but till that minute I had never been so unfortunate as with my own ears to hear such reprobate doctrines. Even Mr. Burgess's moderation was called forth, who seemed to shrink from the extent to which this profligate parson stretched his infamous principles. I do not recollect his name, which I lament, as I should have wished, as well to mention the infinite uncharitableness of his soul in all companies, as to shun his company in future. I had a deal of conversation with Mr. Burgess, enough to discover that he was a thorough Tory, at the same time that he expressed his opinions like a gentleman, a character which my other parson holds to be visionary. He (*i. e.* the latter) prayed for the victory of the diabolical crusade against the French. Bad news indeed, Sir, on that subject, very bad! I am afraid too authentic. A Captain, whose name I forget, wrote

* Alluding to Sheridan's fine speech, and to the hope that Tom would inherit the talents of his father.

this morning to Lord Derby, on a friend of his, (I know not which,) that an army in infantry and cavalry together, amounting to 30,000 men, were on their march to attack France by the way of Loraine. Of this there is, I fear, little doubt, as the officer himself was of the party, and I had my intelligence from a friend of Lord Derby's, whom he told it to. I shudder at the consequences. I should feel less if I were confident of the firmness of the National Assembly; but they are not so stout, nor so united, as they ought to be for the good of the French nation and of mankind.

I have strong hopes, notwithstanding, in the bold and enterprising spirit of Fayette. His death would be a blow indeed. I fear I shall not be able to call in Charlotte-street this week, on account of my business; if not, I shall look to the pleasure of a personal introduction to Mackintosh from you, as I suppose you will be in town next week. Excuse my haste and inaccuracies, and believe me, dear Sir, with compliments to Miss Parr, yours very gratefully and sincerely, J. TWEDDELL.

No. 2, Brick Court, Temple, Monday Morning, July 5, 1792.

DEAR SIR,

I agree with you perfectly that the conclusion of my exercise was rant. I was conscious of it at the time I made it; but I was hard pressed for time. I did not expect to have had any time to alter it. By sitting up, however, very late on the last night previous to its delivery, I made what I trust you will consider as an important improvement. Dele from "hæ tuæ sunt, libertas, &c. ad finem, and substitute "at scio, me hercule, hæc a Deo cuncta proficisci, et mortalia omnia, cùm illa quibus revera fruimur, tùm quæ procul, et quasi per nebulam cernimus, tenui filo pendere. Insomniorum instar, evanescere solent pulcherrimæ spes; nec opinata in dies contingunt; et homini quidem neque in secundis rebus neque in adversis datur scire quid sit ultimum. Fieri idcircò potest, ut frustrà sint preces illæ meæ, quas pro æquâ gentium omnium libertate, et nunc et alias religiosissimè tuli. [Fieri, inquam, potest; neque enim me latet, quanto cum robore vitiorum prius confligendum est.] Quòd si ita res tandem evenerit, non eos tamen pudor prosequetur,

quos de generis humani felicitate piè solicitos divinatio sua et ardor nimiùs fefellit. Iis tunc erit solatio, æqualitatem illam in terris pro virili vindicâsse, quam sursùm pauperes inter ac divites aliquando intercessuram aiunt, in cœlesti illo animarum imperio, quod nec tempore nec voluptate finietur."

The sentence between crochets is inserted since the delivery of the exercise. I now wait for the event with tolerable equanimity, though not without some anxiety;—in utrumque paratus. I have improved it a good deal by some other alterations and additions since you saw the pieces separately. I have not more than one copy, otherwise I should have wished you to have cast your eye over it when altogether connected. I have mentioned Henry the Fourth's Christian Republic, as recorded by Sully; and Julius Cæsar's intention of drawing up a code of laws. I wish you would write a letter to Mackintosh for the express purpose of advising him to write something immediately about our society. It is requisite that something be written, and he is the man most fit for the undertaking: but he is idle, very idle. You never told me what you thought of my intention, in the course of the next year, of writing a sketch of the last ten years. I do not see that I can be better employed. I wish to write something, and to improve my English style; to which, in future, I shall give great attention. All the grand facts I shall easily find in the two Registers; and all the lesser ones, that deserve but glancing at, from friends. I should wish to do Billy a good turn before I die, in gratitude for the obligations he has conferred on me as an individual of this nation. Grey set off on Saturday evening for Northumberland, in order that, should the people there be so ridiculous (as it is said they will) as to call a county meeting for the purpose of an address to Pitt, he may be ready to attend it. My father is not pleased with my being of the association, and in Northumberland they abuse us heartily. So let them. This is the constant rubbish with which those who are seated on high places find it convenient to pelt the heads of refractory innovators upon the sacred system of delusion. I have not received any Letter to the Dissenters of Birmingham. I thank you for having ordered me one.

What a miraculous event! The Libel Bill passed! The friends of the liberty of the press dine together on the last day of the

sitting of Parliament. Sheridan I have not seen since you were kind enough to mention me to him; nor shall I now, I suppose, till after the summer recess. Does his wife recover? I beg my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr, and that you will believe me to be, dear Sir, yours most sincerely, J. TWEDDELL.

I am in doubt, but I have some thoughts of residing at Cambridge, for the purpose of study, from commencement to fellowship time. The day of election is the 1st October. I must begin now to put my exercises in order for publication. They should be out by Christmas.

No. 2, Brick Court, Temple,
Nov. 22, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR;

I suppose you have received my exercises before this time, and that you are already sick of them. I should like to know with certainty the former circumstance; though I confess I could cheerfully dispense with the intelligence of the latter. You tell me that you cannot promise to finish them in a fortnight. If you cannot, I beg I may not be the means of putting you to any inconvenience, or of inducing you to neglect affairs which, if appertaining to yourself, must be of much greater consequence. I confess I should wish to begin to print them about Christmas; but would not incommode you upon any consideration. I will send you the last exercise before I go into the North, which I think of doing this day fortnight; but will write to you as soon as I can determine the precise time. As soon as they are corrected, that is, before you ship them from Hatton, I will thank you to acquaint me with their being finished, that I may tell you whether I would wish you to forward them to London or to Cambridge. I found your letter in my Chambers when I arrived. I have not yet seen Macklntosh. I mean to call in Charlotte-street to-morrow. I have had a cold since I came, which has prevented me from stirring much out, and, consequently, from hearing so much on the subject of politics and of London news as I might otherwise have done. I find people divided very much in their opinions as to Pitt's intentions. Some think he means to propose a reform, while others do not give him credit for so much assurance. Among these latter I confess

myself one, as I cannot possibly conceive with what face, or on what pretence, he can make such a proposition in these times of commotion, when he recollects that no longer ago than three months he dared to decry, with the most barefaced impudence, every such attempt, on the plea of the then danger of innovation. If that plea was at that time valid, it unquestionably is much more so now. For, since then, the public mind has made a considerable progress towards republicanism, and appears to me, at present, in a state of violent agitation. Government is certainly in a serious alarm; and their anxiety about domestic disturbances is not much alleviated by the accounts which almost every post brings them from Ireland. I am very much deceived if a storm is not brewing in that quarter. Scotland, also, has begun to assume a more imperious tone, and to speak a language of apparent firmness and decision. Time is, I think, in labour with events of no common magnitude. The clubs of gentlemen are, in my opinion, of much less importance; their hostility, I mean, is much less formidable to the governing powers than those combinations of the lower ranks which are increasing far and wide, and the murmurs of which are growing loud and awful. Conferunt injurias, et interpretando accendunt. I am really fearful that events are approaching which I, as an individual, could wish to see delayed to a later period, when new opinions shall be more mellowed, and when people of all parties might act less upon prejudice, and more upon conviction. So far from thinking that Pitt means to propose a reform *at present*, I believe that he means to oppose power against clamour, and exert the whole force of government to check, as far as he can, the increasing spirit of innovation. I am the rather induced to conceive such a plan is adopted, by Ashurst's foolish charge to the Jury the other day, and by the Attorney-general's appearing, in all the terrors of his office, against two pitiful wretches that had stuck up ridiculous placards on the walls of the King's Bench. Unless this was their intention, I think, moreover, that they would have dropped Paine's trial, when they had so fair an opportunity, by his leaving the kingdom. All these circumstances confirm me in the belief that Pitt is playing a foul and treacherous game, and that his aim is to increase the fermentation instead of appeasing it, that he may, at a convenient season,

head the mal-contents. It is my astonishment that, in spite of his reserves, which are manifestly insidious, he continues to possess the public confidence. He may certainly, without a demonstrable charge of deviation, walk off at which ever side of the stage he pleases, having left an opening each way. Many of the Aristocrats that frequent the Mount Coffee-house, their grand temple, look upon him as secretly a Democrat, while the Democrats consider him as an Aristocrat; and yet he is not a moderate man, nor is he either one or the other; but he is both, or either, or neither, as his own interest and his extravagant lust of the lowest popularity incline him. You would be shocked to hear a speech which a villain Aristocrat made there respecting Sheridan and Grey. I agree with you in wishing that the French King may not be destroyed; it can answer no good end. I have not much pity for him, because he has acted in my opinion basely; but I should lament at all times every useless exertion of severity. I beg you will let me hear from you when you have leisure, and that you will believe me to be, dear Sir, your much obliged and most sincere servant, J. TWEDDELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *Temple, June 7.*

Very many thanks for your kind letter. I am glad you approve of my design of travelling for a year through Italy. I only wish that my father was of the same sentiment. Unfortunately, however, that is not the case; and though I could equally leave England without his sanction, as far as respects my finances, yet, as he is a very good man, I cannot bring my mind to neglect his notions or prejudices upon the subject. I must, therefore, stay a little longer before I go. I think I shall be able to prevail with him to concur at the latter end of next spring, when some reasons that he now has will no longer exist. I am sure you will agree with me that this principle of deference is right, though I confess I should much like to leave England sooner. In the mean time, if you think well of it, I propose to undertake what I have more than once mentioned to you, and what has latterly occupied my thoughts a good deal, and that is, "A Review of the last Twelve Years," which comprehends Pitt's administration. I have talked a good deal about it to Whishaw and

Losh, who think that it would be a very good measure, as it would instruct me more accurately in a period especially important, improve my style, perhaps might do me credit (as I should certainly take great pains with it); and, what I consider chiefly, might undeceive the public as to certain great, and fundamental, and pernicious errors. I should employ myself during the vacation upon this subject, as I can easily get the Annual Register in the country, one great source of the requisite information. I should find myself at a loss only on two topics, the intricate calculations of the National Debt, about which Sheridan would give me some lights, and the India affairs, on which subject Tierney, and some others that I know, could copiously inform me. It is a wide field, viewed collectively, but not very difficult, in my apprehension, when considered separately in its different parts. The following topics just present themselves to me, as fit chiefly to be insisted upon, though I write them down in no order or arrangement, and even as hints very imperfectly. First, a review of things as they stood at the end of the American war—the merits of the peace—the *strong declarations* of the invariable propriety of pacific principles, expressed by Lord Shelburne's administration, of which Pitt formed a part—Pitt's mode of coming into power—his continuance in power contrary to the sense of Parliament—the hope and expectations of the nation, in consequence of Pitt's first conduct—his exertions in behalf of parliamentary reform and dissenters, by means of associations—their hopes how *verified*—contrast when he was in power—what his first steps—the progress of ambition and political vice—how he acquired his popularity—his severe character—the unpopularity of his opponents one cause of his popularity—that unpopularity whence—just or not—how Pitt came not to share in the unpopularity of the peace—affairs of India—the two India bills—declaratory bill—continuance of the Westminster scrutiny—commercial arrangements with Ireland—finance—excise, extension of—fortification scheme of *Toby*—extension of standing army—commercial treaty with France—flourishing state of the country, to what owing—the exertions of an individual, or natural causes—creation of peers—gradual infringement of liberty in Pitt's administration—his mode of taxation ever impolitic, as affecting manufactures—increase of national debt—

visionary reduction of—Dr. Price—Pitt's *candour* in confessing obligations—armaments against Holland, Spain, Russia—regency—Pitt's conduct, *to* Hastings, and *about* him—conduct of the Lords—Burke's ditto—avowal of a system of confidence—Rose prohibits inquiry into his own conduct—Pitt silent—Birmingham riots—slave trade—artifices to prevent the abolition—Pitt never sincere—plan of association—Reeve—friends of the people—nature of proclamations—Paris—Burke—French revolution—landing of Hessian troops—compulsory benevolences (you see I don't observe exact order at present)—war with France—negociation, and no negociation—secession of Portland and Windham, *one* great cause of our present calamities—base conduct of the Duke on the traitorous correspondence bill—the alien bill—system of continental alliances—conduct of Scotch Judges—building of barracks—the *reasons* for the dismission of Condorcet—the libel bill—suspension of Habeas Corpus. These, my good Sir, are some of the principal topics which now occur to me, but my mind is full of others; and I am in hopes that, in the course of an unremitted prosecution of such a work as this, I might really contribute to open the eyes of this wittol nation. I am sure that such a thing is much wanted, and every individual ought to contribute the utmost of his efforts in a time like this. Let me hear from you very soon upon this subject, at as much length as you can. The whole of Pitt's conduct, his views, his objects, and his means, have never been brought together, and till they are, there will be wanting one great means of changing the present system.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir, ever yours most truly and faithfully,

J. TWEDDELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *Hamburg, Hôtel de Londres, Nov.* 20.

If I had had any thing to say to you worth the postage of my letter, you should have heard from me before this time. Not that I have any thing worth communication at present; but, as it is a long time since you have had any tidings from me, I know you regard too well not to know that you will be glad to hear from me, though my letter should contain only an account of my health. I have been here six weeks, and I mean to continue a

month, longer. The town itself has no attractions, and the natives very few; but at present the politics of Europe have rendered Hamburg the residence of many very interesting characters, with many of whom I am so much connected, as to render the place both pleasant and useful to me. I have lived, since I came here, almost entirely with the French, and the Ministers of the different Courts who are settled here. There are some very pleasant French families settled in the neighbourhood. The Hamburghers understand little beyond Banco, and exchange, and usances, and agio. I am, however, indebted to your neighbour, Mr. Bolton, for one or two letters to principal merchants of the place, which I have found useful. I mean to be at Berlin on the 21st of next month, and to stay there about a month, and after that to divide my time in nearly equal proportions between Dresden and Vienna, which latter place I don't at present propose to quit before the end of June. Of course I take Leipsig in my way between Berlin and Dresden. I assure you I do not spend my time at all idly. I never was so diligent in my life. I rise invariably at six o'clock, and read history till eight; then breakfast, and dress for the morning. From nine till eleven I read German; from eleven till twelve I draw (having always had a great desire to know something of that art, and now more especially, before I visit Swisserland); from twelve till one I compose in French. After that I take my exercise, and make visits; and generally spend my evenings in society, and go to the French comedy. This has been my invariable practice since I came here; and, though I do not expect that I shall confine myself so much in the other towns that I shall visit (because there will be a great deal more to see), yet still I am fully resolved to devote a considerable portion of my mornings to study. Dr. Burgess gave to a friend of mine for me a letter of introduction to Heyne, in case I should have travelled through Gottingen; but I do not mean to do that, as it would entirely take me out of the course of a much more interesting tour. But it is possible that this letter may contain something which Mr. Heyne would wish to receive, or Mr. Burgess to convey, though its principal object was to introduce me to Heyne. In that case, I will inclose it to him. He does not understand a word of English, and I believe

very little French—at least he can hardly speak it; so that perhaps I ought to write in Latin. Now, in that case, I should fear to hazard my latinity, which is rather rusty, in addressing so redoubted a critic. Will you, therefore, have the goodness to waste half an hour in my service—just to say, that Dr. B. was so good as to furnish me with the means of an introduction to him, had I travelled that way; but my plans being otherwise arranged, I have thought it advisable to transmit to him the letter. I will send him, at the same time, a copy of my book, two of three of which I have with me. In that case, you will express for me what I ought to say upon the occasion.* There is time enough for your letter to arrive here before I leave Hamburg; but if you don't write immediately, address your letter to me at Berlin, *poste restante*. However, I hope to hear from you before I go. Let the address be *very legible*, and you must have the goodness to pay the inland postage, otherwise it will not leave England. Give me an account, I pray you, of my own country, and tell me what is passing there in every way. I am very anxious to have news from England, and more particularly to have it conveyed by you.

Your very sincere and obliged friend, JOHN TWEDDELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *Dresden, March* 22, 1796.

I owe you many thanks for your letter, which I found on my arrival at Berlin. I did not answer it immediately, because I was then very much occupied with engagements, which, though they did not prevent me from thinking of my friends, yet left me no time to write to them. Latterly I have deferred it, with the intention of communicating to you Heyne's answer to my letter.

* Dr. Parr complied with Mr. Tweddell's request, as appears by the letter next ensuing, and soon after Heyne thus wrote to Dr. Burgess: "Redditæ mihi his diebus sunt litteræ tuæ, missæ ex urbe Dresdæ, Saxoniæ, inclusæ litteris elegantissimis Joannis Tweddell, juvenis ornatissimi, cujus visendi et compellandi copiam mihi haud obtigisse vehementer doleo. Spirant litteræ ejus indolem ingenuam, ingenium venustum, mores amabiles et jucundos. Eruditionem autem ejus exquisitam ex *Prolusionibus* ejus *Juvenilibus* perspexi, quas litteris adjunxerat; una cum generoso libertatis sensu, quem cum ipsa libertate sibi eripi haud videtur pati velle."

However, I have not yet received it; but I have no reason to be impatient yet a while, as it is not very long since I wrote to him. Your kind attention was very grateful to me. I thank you. When I receive Heyne's letter, I will tell you what he says. My dear Doctor, what a metamorphose! For these last two months I have been a complete courtier; every week at court two or three times, whilst I was at Berlin. You may say with the song in honour of my friend Will. Pitt, "In such company, good Lord, how his morals must be mended!" I hope my morals have not suffered, though certainly morality is not in great request in such places. I do not say at Berlin κατ' ἐξόχην, because I believe these are other courts, which you and I have heard of, to which every kind of probity is as unheard of and as strange. I had two or three conversations with the king of the Borussi, who was very civil to me, and sent me frequent invitations to balls and to suppers. At these latter entertainments I endeavoured to eat out my share of the subsidy; and at one of the last balls, before I came away, I had the honour of dancing with the Princess Royal. You see how they venerate a spirit of liberty in Prussia, by the attention which they show to its advocates. I say nothing of political corruption—that is sacred—but with regard to the corruption of the Berlin ladies, I assure you the women of Charles the Second's court were prudes in comparison. With regard to the maids of honour in particular, the name has long survived its just application. Berlin is a most magnificent city. Perhaps it derives no small addition to its splendour from the sandy desert by which it is surrounded. You are astonished, after the long monotony of fir woods, sandy roads, and desolate heath, to find yourself environed all at once by the noblest monuments of pure architecture. Berlin is well worth the attention of every traveller, if it be only to obtain an adequate idea of Frederick the Great, which you can hardly form without seeing his capital, and contemplating his public works. Dresden is a much finer situation, but built in a style of very inferior merit; it is in the midst of a beautiful and picturesque country, in a cultivated plain, watered by a fine river, and surrounded by hills covered with wood. So far well; but there is such an air of tristesse pervading the whole city, and such an appearance of departed grandeur, that those ideas which are suggested by what

meets the eye, are of a very mingled nature. There is indeed one object highly deserving the curiosity of travellers, which I have visited every morning since my arrival, for two or three hours, and each time with additional interest and more exquisite delight. You guess that I mean the gallery. The collection is truly superb, and furnishes an inexhaustible source of amusement to one who has any taste for the arts. The elector constantly attends at mass, which is better worth frequenting than the theatre, for, though the deception is more gross, yet the music is better, and the pageantry more magnificent. Dresden is the shadow of a great name. When the electors were kings of Poland, and had the revenues of that country at their disposal, they lived in splendour, encouraged the arts and sciences, and attracted the most distinguished foreigners to their court. The Polish nobles all had hôtels here, and it was the Paris of the North. But now that they have lost that pre-eminence, Dresden has sunk to its old level. The Saxon nobles are poor, and the court is so exhausted by its ancient expences, that a most rigid economy is the order of the day. A few years since, both the picture-gallery and the trésor were mortgaged to their full value, though now they are redeemed by the parsimony of the present elector. No one knows what to think about peace. But this is certain, that the Austrians have yet prepared *no magazines*, and the roads near the Rhine are exactly in the same condition as before the armistice. Could this be possible, even on the part of those to whom every thing seems possible that is very mad and very desperate, were there not a secret negotiation, or something more than a negotiation? I have reason to believe that another subsidy was offered lately to the king of Prussia, and refused, though not without a division in the opinion of his Ministers. Where is all this to end? Ruin, is the answer, ruin, ruin. Periclitatur magnitudo principum. Who shall now presume to rake up the ashes of Robespierre, and disturb his repose by comparing him to Pitt?

Per magnos Brute, deos, &c. &c. cur non hunc *regem*? &c. &c.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Pray let me hear from you; and let me know that you are well, and tell me what you are doing. I hope all your family are well, and particularly that Catherine is quite recovered. Pray remember me to them all. I leave this

place on Monday, and hope to be at Vienna on Thursday. There I shall stay at least two months, and there I hope to receive intelligence of and from you. I shall spend the summer in Swisserland, and return in the autumn to the country of the Cæsars and the Scipios. I forgot to tell you that I came round from Hamburg to Berlin by Brunswick, and was introduced to the Duke, and dined and supped with him. His appearance is very noble, and his manners peculiarly agreeable; he has every thing handsome about him. I wished not to recollect that he had been guilty of THAT *manifest iniquity*. What is more, he wishes not to recollect it himself; so I was informed by a person well acquainted with his feelings. Adieu once more, and believe me to be ever, with sincere regard, your obliged and affectionate friend, J. TWEDDELL.

P. S.—I had a long letter from Grey the other day. How does * * * * go on? Is he a democrat or an aristocrat at present? atheist or devout? He is very *impartial* and indifferent. Address à Monsieur Monsieur T., poste restante, à Vienne.

W. Unthank, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Heigham, Feb.* 19, 1820.

Whether we shall be involved in a contest or not for the county, is, at the present moment, a matter of considerable doubt. Until the present day I expected the present members would have been quietly returned at the ensuing election; but a rumour is now afloat, for which I fear there is some foundation, that Sir Jacob Astley has declared himself a whig, and that he will support a candidate standing on whig principles. I have said I fear this rumour is well founded, because it will probably lead to an invitation to Sir Jacob to become a candidate for the county, and, in case of his declining the invitation, to the bringing forward of some other gentleman; and I entertain very strong doubts of success, even if Sir Jacob become the candidate; and I shall by no means be at my ease respecting our friend Mr. Coke, if the tories should find a gentleman to stand forward with Mr. Wodehouse. Hunt and Cobbett, and persons of that description, have done us, who are desirous of a moderate reform in the

representative part of our constitution, and a thorough reform of the abuses in the administration of our affairs, an infinite deal of mischief. It was impossible for us to refrain from expressing our abhorrence of the violence and bloodshed, of which the Manchester magistrates were the authors or abettors, although we could not justify or approve such meetings of the people as were held in the northern parts of the kingdom; and this expression of our sentiments has enabled the tories to identify us with the radicals, as they are called, in the minds of many weak and timid persons. They have thus, in my judgment, strengthened the hands of the ministers, and prevented us from obtaining our object, which the disorders of our finances would have afforded us a fair chance of doing. If we be involved in a contest, you may depend upon hearing from me again, and upon my obtaining all the information necessary to substantiate your vote.

I had heard of your malady only a few days ago from one of your neighbours, whom I met in the street, and with whom I became acquainted a few months ago, from having travelled with him in a mail-coach; he told me of your danger and of your recovery. I am, dear Sir, your sincere and affectionate friend,

WM. UNTHANK.

J. Whishaw, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 22, 1816.*

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 19th, received through Mr. Horner, and to assure you of my earnest desire to comply with your wishes, and to testify, as far as lies in my power, my respect for the memory of our excellent friend, J. Tweddell. There are some circumstances, however, with which it is not necessary to trouble you, which prevent me from taking quite so active and ostensible a part in the transactions relative to his papers, as it is my sincere wish to do. But I shall be most happy to see and talk with Mr. Robert Tweddell, to assist him with my advice and suggestions, and to see that he is accompanied by some proper and respectable person to Mr. Hamilton's office, when the examination of the papers takes place.

There is another subject, upon which I have for some time

had thoughts of writing to you. You had some acquaintance with the late Professor Tennant, who perished by an unfortunate accident on his return from France. His remains were interred at Boulogne, where a small monument is to be erected, and another, I believe, at Emmanuel College. Mr. Heys and I have been thinking for some time of an inscription for Boulogne; but we cannot satisfy ourselves, and though we mean that the epitaph should be short, feel great difficulties in the undertaking. It would be a great assistance and relief to us, if you would allow us to send what we have written, for your examination and correction. But the demands of this kind to which you are subject, are necessarily very numerous; and if a compliance with our request will interfere too much with other engagements, you will have the kindness to say so. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, J. WHISHAW.

John Wilde, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Edinburgh, Oct.* 1, 1793.

At the suggestion of our common friend Mr. Mackintosh, I have taken the liberty to send you, with this, a copy of my book; of which I beg your acceptance; and you will permit me to use the same occasion of declaring the very high respect I entertain of your character, of the qualities of your heart, and the powers of your understanding. I am entitled to judge of both; for even without any personal acquaintance, he must be of a weak and short-sighted moral vision, who should not see your worth as well as your genius. Neither is it, in my circumstances, presumptuous thus to express my feelings of these qualities. Public duties have required that I should set myself to some extent in opposition to you. Is it not also right, mixing duty with inclination, to declare the pride and pleasure I should take in being allowed to approach you in the intimacies of private friendship? Yet this is not (after all) a step I could have ventured on, without the encouragement of our friend. He assures me that you will not take offence; and even leads me to

think that you may show favours. I have followed his advice, and hope to prosper.

Our friend has probably spoken to you of me in terms much beyond my deservings. But I can at least say of myself with truth, that I am wholly open, and easily seen. I have no reservations in my declarations, either of enmity or friendship; and holding, with you also, that the one should be placable, and the other immortal. And I hope, likewise, that I do not differ from you, in not being deterred even by high veneration, from expressing what a conscience of truth and justice requires to be expressed. Of a great character of antiquity it was said, "Apud quosdam acerbius in conviciis narrabatur: ut bonis comis, ita adversus malos injucundus; ceterum ex iracundia nihil supererat; secretum et silentium ejus non timeres; honestius putabat offendere quam odisse." I should wish to adopt this rule in all cases of honest censure; and to follow its spirit even when I venture to blame where it is presumption in me even to praise.

Indeed, Sir, our friend will tell you that I speak simple and naked truth, when I declare my esteem of you to be as high as my mind is well capable of conceiving for any man; and I hold it among the best offices this friend ever did, or could do me, that he has given me this opportunity of in this manner declaring it.

I should do wrong to be longer on this first visit, or intrusion shall I call it? If I find that it has not been unacceptable, you may perhaps come to find me a troublesome guest. In all events I shall at all times, and most sincerely be, with sentiments of the utmost regard and respect, Reverend Sir, your most humble, faithful, and obedient servant, JOHN WILDE.

Rev. W. Agutter, to Dr. Parr.

St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford,

REV. SIR, *Jan.* 10, 1787.

I esteem myself honoured by your application to me, and should feel myself wanting in respect, if I delayed to inform you of the present state of Dr. Ury's affairs, and to request your further advice. About a month ago I warmly urged an imme-

diate subscription; but it was thought advisable by Professor White, Mr. Kett, &c. to delay it a little, for Dr. Stinton had been with the Dean of Christ Church, who expressed himself very well disposed towards Ury, offered to mention him to the Archbishop of York, and wished that his friends would not exert themselves at present, but to see whether the delegates would find any employment for him, which he said they ought to do. It was likewise suggested that poor Dr. Ury should be put on a College Establishment, as was done in the case of J. Gagnier, a native of France, and an Oriental scholar, who threw himself on the mercy of the University, in coming to this place uninvited. Every college allowed him annually two or three guineas, for which he was to instruct any young men, whom they recommended to him, in the Oriental Languages. The delay, I hope, will be ultimately favourable to Ury. The tide of popularity runs high in his favour, and a professor and a librarian have no public esteem to squander away. To-morrow Dr. Ury receives his last payment, and expects his final dismission from the board. By the assistance of our excellent friend, Mr. Routh, I have drawn up a simple statement of his case, in form of a petition. It was rather difficult so to relate the truth of the fact, as to avoid reflection; but I believe that no manner of exception can be taken against it. I am ready to apply in person to all the Delegates, Heads of Houses, &c. yet I am doubtful whether we ought to wait for the Dean of Christ Church's return from London, or to seize the present critical moment of his actual dismission: I will thank you, Sir, for your sentiments on this point. Did you mean £400, beside the hundred in the Vice-Chancellor's hands, or was that included?

Dr. Stinton subscribes two guineas per annum. This, perhaps, may be the best method, if a permanency could be secured; but the University is a fluctuating body, and the benevolence of young men soon cooled or easily diverted to some other object. Gratefully shall I receive in any form; I shall not esteem any trouble too much, while I can serve this benevolent and injured scholar; and as for the odium which I may incur from his enemies, that may easily be neglected, while I am supported by the approbation and assistance of the good and great; among which, your encouragement, Sir, is held in the highest esteem, by your obedient humble servant, W. AGUTTER.

Rev. Cleaver Banks, to Dr. Parr.

West Wickham, near Croydon,
Surrey, May 20, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have reluctantly withdrawn myself from the perusal of your book to return you my warmest thanks for so flattering a token of your remembrance. Your letter was conveyed to me last week when I was in London, and your book reached me last night at a late hour; I am, therefore, as yet unfit to enter into a detail of its merit, and must consequently content myself with expressing the general satisfaction and pleasure that I feel in contemplating its candour, moderation, and judgment, as a politician, and its eloquence as a critic. It would be an impeachment of that candour which I profess to admire, were I to suppose that you could be displeased at my present fondness for liberty. I trust, however, that it has, in common with that of Mackintosh, the qualities of "sternness without acrimony, and ardour without impetuosity." It may, perhaps, be owing to the excess of this passion, that I doubt whether "a principle of virtuous action has already been excited by hereditary distinctions; and that I consider them as incapable of becoming instruments of public good." I can, however, qualify the democratic tendency of this opinion, by coinciding with Charles Fox, who, if I recollect with accuracy the particulars of his speech on the Canada bill, distinguished between their necessity in an infant or rather nascent commonwealth, and their continuance as an ancient institution. But to return to the general subject of your book. I consider it as a proper subject of congratulation to every intelligent and peaceable citizen, who, in these perilous times, may reflect on the actual situation of public opinion. Surely there never was a period in which there was greater need of virtue and talents in the members of administration; but I am sorry to say we have daily proofs of their depravity, by which they seem disposed not only to sanction, but to accumulate and perpetuate abuses in Church and State. The "Friends of the People" seem to have adopted a very judicious and interesting plan. It is of such a nature, that I would willingly and zealously have supported it, had I not been restrained by the fear of displeasing my family.

It is indeed a concession which is attended with self condemnation; but, however eager may be my hopes and wishes, the domestic comforts of life are objects too dear and interesting not to give me pause; yet I have still hopes that when the senseless clamour subsides, which has been industriously raised by the Burkites, I may be allowed "et sentire quæ velim et quæ sentiam dicere." To-morrow I am engaged to go with Porson, to hear the debates on Whitbread's motion, relative to the riots at Birmingham. I have been told that the Dissenters have taken great pains in procuring evidence, and in endeavouring to develope that mysterious scene of iniquity. I am ashamed to acquaint you, that your book is not to be found. The Bishop of Chester wrote to me, and has charged me with it. My memory is not so clear about the matter as to enable me to contradict him; though I am strongly inclined to suspect his accuracy. He says, (to use his own words,) that "he returned it to me in hopes Mr. Porson would have an opportunity to return it to Dr. Parr, when he went from my house to Hatton, in the Summer of 1790." I have been with Porson, who seems just as much in the dark as myself; and in consequence of his advice I have written to a friend at Oxford, desiring him to inquire whether it was left in my house; and I have since heard that it cannot be found. I am exceedingly concerned that I have been the occasion of so irreparable a loss; but think the Bishop of Chester is at least intitled to half the blame. Had I been the Bishop of Chester, after having been "guilty" of accepting the book, I would have "permitted" Dr. Parr, to have dined with me, and might perhaps have "condescended" to thank him. But Bishops are Bishops, and we are inferior Clergy. I hope, Sir, you think that our Church Establishment would not be the worse for a little Republicanism. I remain, dear Sir, with my compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr, your faithful and affectionate, humble servant,

JOHN CLEAVER BANKS.

P.S. May I be allowed to ask when you come to London? Have you got Perizonius's edition of Sanctius's Minerva?

Monday, June 26, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR, *5, Park Row, Knightsbridge, London.*

Mr. Dobree, of Trinity Coll. Cambridge, having undertaken

the publication of Photius, with Porson's restorations, applied to me for my transcript, which upon examination I found imperfect. It occurred to me that the leaves which you desired me to send to you at Mr. Montagu's, in Newman-street, might have been mislaid. My total want of recollection at this distance of time will I hope excuse the liberty I take in requesting you to acquaint me whether you returned them to me at the time, or left them to be delivered when I called or sent for them. Now, my dear Sir, I hope you will pardon the trouble I am giving you, as it may prove the means of abridging Mr. Dobree's labours, a service which the state of his eyes seems to require. He was with me yesterday; and expressed much anxiety to go to press immediately. To assist his views I engaged to state the matter, and to report your answer, which I entreat you to send me at your first leisure. Mr. Kett has been with me some months, and will I hope continue with me some time longer. His health and spirits are neither of them in a satisfactory state. I hope the ceremony in August may give your friends in the metropolis a chance of seeing you. True and staunch Foxites are, alas! in these times reduced to very small numbers. I hear much of Whigs and of opposition, but see little of our immortal leader's character in their conduct, taken as a party. There are however, thank God! splendid exceptions, which I shall hold it a duty to value in proportion to their rarity. I shall be rejoiced to hear that you enjoy both health and spirits; and am, my dear Sir, with great esteem and regard, your faithful humble servant,

J. C. BANKS.

Rev. Charles Barker, Student of Christ Church, Oxford (for some time engaged to Miss Parr), to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Christ Church, Aug.* 13, 1792.

I should have thought myself very unfortunate if any connection whatever had bound me in the contest for the Chancellorship to any other side than yours; nothing less, indeed, than the strong pressure of college obligation could possibly weigh with me in opposition even to the slightest of your wishes.

Judge, therefore, what pleasure I must feel in telling you that the Duke of Portland is supported by the whole force of Christ-Church; he was nominated by the Dean. His committee, of which I am a member, assemble here. We are full of hope—I had almost said, of confidence; never have we had an opportunity of making so wise, so virtuous, and so dignified a choice; we are ideots if we sacrifice this opportunity. I will only add, that not a day has passed since the commencement of the contest in which I have not lamented that it was impossible to summon you personally to our aid, nor have *I alone* lamented the impossibility. Yet, one word more; if the letter which I have this moment received from you had been less powerfully recommended to my attention than it was, by *your name* and by my attachment to your family; nay, had I been your enemy, I must yet have acknowledged, with much thankfulness, the honest regard which it implied for my interest, and the very delicate manner in which it suggested your wishes for the Duke of Portland.

I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and obedient servant,

CHARLES BARKER.

DEAR SIR, *Lichfield, Aug.* 31, 1793.

I need not say how warmly I wish you success in your new scheme (repairing Hatton church), and how much better a thing I think it to ornament churches than to burn conventicles.

I love the war because it is against the French; I hate it because it is too much for the King of Prussia and the Emperor; but upon the whole I love it more a great deal than I hate it; and it is the only war in *my* days in which I have felt a personal detestation of the enemy. I think it to a high degree on *our* part a virtuous war, and I have hardly ever heard of a virtuous war before. Pray who is Jasper Wilson? is he a sham or a real personage? You have read his pamphlet, I take for granted.

The rejected copy of verses was, indeed, a charming one; but every thing is charming that falls from the pen of Crowe. Adieu, dear Sir; I am hastening into Lincolnshire, and may be found at Wanlip, near Leicester, for three weeks to come, and afterwards for a fortnight at Lord Wentworth's. Your affectionate servant,

CHARLES BARKER.

Rev. Mr. Batten, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Baly's Lodgings, Leamington, March* 31, 1823.

I thank you for your remarks on the passage in Plautus: I was fully aware of the possibility of deriving the word summano from summus manium; but I thought the spirit of Plautus would be more evident could we give that verb a different meaning and derivation, and I am still disposed to think that the verb *manare*, to flow, is the true derivation. There would be something very natural in the rogue's account of his fine name, derived from a habit so ludicrous; and you, I am sure, can supply me with numberless instances of the verb mano used actively; I should therefore construe the passage thus: "They call me Summanus because I *water* the clothes wherever I have slept after hard drinking." I have not a Plautus here, but I remember finding a great many instances of a similar hiatus, and therefore I should be unwilling to read obdormivit without overwhelming manuscript authority. Mr. Cunningham joins me in thanking you for your inscription, but we as yet find it beyond our power of unravelling. I should like to hear what you think of my conjecture with regard to the derivation of summano, from sub and mano. Does it not seem a little forced to give the meaning of rapio to a verb because its derivation is from Summanus qui omnia devorat? But I write this with all deference. Mrs. Batten begs her respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful servant,

S. E. BATTEN.

Rev. T. Belsham, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Essex-street, March* 11, 1819.

Many thanks for your very kind letter of the 6th inst. You really make me quite proud by your flattering approbation of my humble performances; but I check myself with the consideration that the greatest candour always accompanies, and sometimes to a degree, warps the judgment of the strongest minds, and the

most splendid talents. I am much obliged by your gentle animadversions. I am sorry that Dr. Howley's name was introduced. By "spiritual Babylon" I meant nothing more than the thraldom felt by a serious Unitarian when he feels himself compelled to use a liturgy which his conscience disapproves: I did not advert to its being understood in a more general and offensive sense. I will be more cautious in the use of the word *march*, and the word *spread*, which is a word that I abhor, shall be banished from my vocabulary. I did not, indeed, recollect that it had found a place in my book. I have delivered your message to Dr. Rees, who rather shrinks from the title you have given him, and wishes to remain safe and snug under the appellation of Arian or Unitarian, as suits his convenience, rather than assume the new and startling epithet of a Prousian. Dr. Lindsay I have not seen.

As to Dr. Wallis's "Considerations on the explications of the doctrine of the Trinity," printed in 1693, which is, I presume, the book which you refer to, I fear that all inquiry after it will be in vain. Mr. Lindsey had it, but I cannot get possession of it. I have Dr. Sherlock's modest "Examination of the Oxford Degree," 1696; and Dr. Wallis's, and other answers to the Dean in the same year. From Dr. Wallis's answer, the second edition of which is dated January 3, 1695-6, I made an extract in the note, p. 29, in my Reply to Moysey.

And now, dear, Sir, with the ardent wish for the long continued health and increasing happiness of yourself and Mrs. Parr, I remain, most sincerely and respectfully, yours,

T. BELSHAM.

DEAR SIR, *Essex-street, March* 23, 1819.

It is very remarkable that Unitarianism, or rather Socinianism, after having made so conspicuous a figure in the latter half of the 17th century should have become totally silent for the first half of the 18th century; but for this I think two reasons may be assigned: one is that, after the explanation of the Trinity given by Dr. Wallis, South, &c. and countenanced by the University of Oxford, the Socinians avowedly joined the Established Church, assuming this explanation of the doctrine in question

as coincident with their own. The second reason is, that Dr. Clarke, Mr. Emlyn, Mr. Whiston, and other learned men, at the commencement of the 18th century, so powerfully advocated the doctrine of Arianism, that for a time it put every other hypothesis out of countenance. And when I first began to inquire, fifty years ago, an advocate for the proper Unitarian doctrine was hardly to be found. Dr. Lardner, indeed, who appeared to have been an early and a pure Unitarian, whose well-known maxim it was, that "the pride of Arianism would have a fall," and who wrote his treatise on the Logos as far back as the year 1730, did not venture to publish his book till 30 years after it was written. So that, when genuine Unitarianism came to be revived, avowed and defended by Mr. Lindsey, Dr. Priestley, and others, it excited as great astonishment and horror as if it had never been heard of before. And, indeed, in the simple form in which they professed it, it differed almost as much from Socinianism as it did from Athanasianism itself.

I read to Dr. Rees yesterday the message which you sent him upon the subject of *Prousianism*; he laughed, and said he should soon write to you, and give you his opinion about it. Our venerable friend complains of internal weakness and suffering; but it seems to be in a great measure dissipated, at least for a time, by good company and a glass of Madeira.

I will intrude no further than by offering my best wishes for the health and happiness of yourself and Mrs. Parr, and subscribing myself with the greatest respect, dear Sir, your obedient and obliged servant, T. BELSHAM.

DEAR SIR, *Essex-street, Oct.* 10, 1822.

You may perchance have heard that I have had the vanity to publish an Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul; and knowing, as I do, that you are profoundly skilled in the Scriptures, as well as in every branch of classical erudition, you will not wonder that I have the further vanity to hope that the work may not be deemed utterly unworthy of a place in Dr. Parr's splendid library. And as the kindness of my friends has left me in possession of a few copies of the quarto edition, which are not to be had at the bookseller's, I shall take it as a great favour if you will accept of

a copy, which I will order my bookseller to send to you as soon as I know that you will do me the honour to take it in. But I was unwilling to obtrude it till I knew whether you would esteem it worthy of your acceptance.

I have the honour to be, with the highest respect and esteem, dear Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. BELSHAM.

Rev. S. T. Bloomfield, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *New-year's Day*, 1819.

I cannot let slip this opportunity, not merely of offering you the compliments of the season, but of expressing to you my most fervent wishes that the year 1819 may prove altogether propitious to you. Many, very many years, may the Almighty preserve you for your friends and an admiring public. Long, very long, may it be ere the last great luminary of the 18th century be quenched in darkness!

As to myself I have little to communicate, but whatever concerns me your friendship causes to think interesting. You will, therefore, be pleased when I tell you that I am in tolerably good health, much better than when you saw me last. Mrs. Bloomfield, too, and the dear children, are very well, and desire to be remembered to the great and the good Dr. Parr.

Some weeks ago I received a polite letter from Mr. Nichols, accompanying a very handsome present of a learned book, value £2. 12*s*. 6*d*., which he was pleased to send me as a memorial of our friendship and the golden days we spent together at Gumley. I returned such an answer as I think you would have approved, and I shall cultivate the friendship of so respectable a man as Mr. Nichols.

Our friends at Gumley are, I believe, quite well. Apthorpe was to have paid me a visit last month; but as yet, I have seen nothing of him.

Since I saw you I have been much occupied in the transaction of important worldly business; but I have not been unmindful of your admonition to examine, with close attention, Gail, Benedict, and Poppo. I have weighed them in the balance, and found

them wanting. In fact, I have been grievously disappointed in them all. They are mere pigmies in classical erudition. Mr. Professor Gail is a sad coxcomb, too superficial a Grecian to edite even Æsop, much less Thucydides. Most parts of Benedict's book are sad stuff. Poppo's work has more of criticism, but it is too often the cant of criticism. If I were to express my opinion of the calibre of his critical powers, I should not describe him as a 60-pounder, but a pop-gun. He seems to have little judgment and no acumen. He appears to have no apparatus. Such as is indispensible to one who ventures to write critical commentaries on Thucydides. To form such an apparatus has cost me the labour of a period nearly as much as that of the siege of Troy; and yet I often find myself ill enough provided. But more of this when we meet. For believe me, dear Doctor, I often anticipate the gratification of again visiting Hatton in the spring, according to our plan when last we met. But I fear it cannot be before May. In the mean time I beg my best remembrances to your very respectable and worthy band of friends.

My neighbour Bright desires his best compliments. Pray let me hear from you shortly; and make my very respectful and kind regards to your excellent lady, in which Mrs. Bloomfield desires to unite, as also in best remembrances to yourself.

Believe me, dear Doctor, with every sentiment of esteem, your most obliged and sincere friend, S. T. Bloomfield.

Were you kind enough to negociate the business which you planned to promote the circulation of my sermon, with Dr. S. Butler, &c.? pray inform me in your next.

DEAR DR. PARR, *Parsonage, Tugby, Jan.* 24, 1824.

Unless the usual fate of letters from this *Ultima Thule* should attend this, it will arrive together with those numerous congratulations, both epistolary and personal, which always greet you on the twenty-sixth of January. At all events you will accept the faithful tribute of respect and attachment which it conveys. For be assured, my revered friend, that by no one of your faithful band will the *multos ac felices* be on that day pronounced with a more heartfelt and sincere feeling. It will, as usual, be a gala-day in my family; my children reckon of it long before.

I have not for some time been able to learn any thing respecting you; indeed I have been little from home during the last six weeks. I presume, however, that you are in the enjoyment of your usual good health and exuberant spirits; still I should wish to have a confirmation of this from your own hand. I shall anticipate the pleasure of an early communicating such particulars as you may suppose interesting. Pray inform me how your catalogue proceeds, and whether it is far advanced in the press. Public curiosity is much excited, and I hope will be soon gratified. Of course you bear in mind the promise which I made on last leaving you; namely, that if you should, during the unavoidable absence of Mr. Eyre at Cambridge in the winter, need any assistance, that you might at any time put my services in requisition. Whenever any letter of summons shall reach Leicester on Saturday morning, I can be with you on Monday at four o'clock; for at this time of the year there is no danger of missing a place in the coach. I proceed assiduously, and I hope successfully in my literary labours. To my Biblical Work (as you think it should first appear), I am devoting my chief attention. I trust it will be ready for the press in the spring, at which time I mean to visit London, and negociate for its publication. On that occasion I hope much from the kind aid of Mr. Nichols, offered through the medium of my valued friend Mr. Cradock, who is on the point of setting out for London to spend six months, and form arrangements for the publication of his two literary works. He has assured me, that I may depend upon his best exertions to serve me in the important business which will bring me to town. I have been lately spending a couple of days with him. He desires me to convey to you his most kind remembrances.

With every sentiment of affectionate esteem, I remain, dear Doctor, your attached friend, S. T. BLOOMFIELD.

Rev. Mr. Brass ("a good scholar and pupil of Tate"), to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Richmond, June* 8, 1815.

To have my name mentioned at all by a gentleman of Dr. Parr's well-earned celebrity, is an honour which I rather hoped

for than expected to see realized; but the perusal of your letter last Saturday morning, addressed to the trustees of Leeds school, excites my warmest gratitude, and demands my most sincere thanks. It is a trite, but at the same time very true observation, that the praise which proceeds from men distinguished by great talent and great virtue, supplies one of the strongest incentives to honourable exertion. The favourable sentiments which you expressed of Mr. Tate about twelve years ago, I have often heard him remark, produced the most happy effect upon his endeavours to distinguish himself as a schoolmaster and scholar, and his success in both capacities has kept pace with his endeavours.

He desires me to thank you most sincerely, in his name, for the flattering manner in which you have expressed yourself respecting him, in your letter to the trustees of Leeds School.

For myself, I beg leave to say that, whatever success may attend my present application at Leeds, I shall ever remember, with the most heartfelt gratitude, the kindness of those who by their recommendation evinced their desire to promote my welfare; and, though I am convinced that my qualifications are not commensurate with the flattering manner in which they are described by the partiality of my friends, yet this very circumstance will operate as an inducement to labour in order to deserve them.

With the sincerest prayers for your health and happiness, believe me, dear Sir, your highly obliged and very grateful humble servant,

J. BRASS.

Rev. G. A. Browne, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Evesham, Aug.* 24, 1805.

I felt extremely gratified by the very kind and obliging letter you sent me in return for the late Mr. Tucker's pamphlet; and I hoped to have expressed my thanks in person long since, as you gave me reason to expect that you would favour us with your company at Cambridge during the Commencement. As, however, I have been disappointed in that pleasure, I will no longer delay my thanks for the advice you have given and promised me. I saw Sir H. Mildmay as I passed through town, and

did not forget your compliments to him. I have another pamphlet of Mr. Tucker's, "Vocal Sounds;" but, as I believe it is not very scarce, and most probably already in your possession, I did not send it. You did me great honour in giving my name the sanction of your approbation with regard to the Charterhouse; and I shall feel the value of any train of critical and classical reading which you would communicate. I was induced to offer myself to the notice of the governors, in the event of Dr. Raine's success, at the request of some friends, and partly from a wish not to pass through the world ἀχρεῖος καὶ ἄγνωστος; but, as the Governors have lately endeavoured to atone for their ill-usage of Dr. R. by adopting the alterations he desired, I hope the school will long continue to flourish, as it does, under his auspices; and, for myself, I am thoroughly contented to return into my former insignificance and retirement. I parted from our friend Dr. Clarke, about three weeks since, in London. He told me that he had received a letter from you, but added with a smile, that the Egyptian hieroglyphics were less puzzling to decypher than your characters. He had not the letter with him, or I should have endeavoured to explain the writing, as your kindness had made me a little conversant with it. I read a long attack upon his "Tomb of Alexander," in the Critical Review, but not a very formidable one. The critic seems to have fallen into a strange mistake, in the passage he produces from St. Chrysostom as decisive of the point in question, "Ποῦ γάρ, εἰπέ μοι, τὸ σῆμα Ἀλεξάνδρου;" here he considers σῆμα as the sarcophagus, when in fact it was the edifice; it was such a building as St. Peter's church, as the tomb of St. Boromeo, of the kings of Sardinia, &c. St. Chrysostom alludes to the destruction of the pagan temple, not of the σορὸς. Even supposing σῆμα to refer to the very coffin, it was only to show its degraded state. The critic might as well urge, that because in the next sentence Chrysostom asks, "Εἰπέ μοι τὴν ἡμέραν καθ' ἣν ἐτελεύτησε," that there was no one who could reply, that he died on the 28th of the Macedonian month Dæsius. I think that Dr. Clarke has brought together a great number of concurrent probabilities, nor was it in his power to do more; as, in the summation of an infinite series, we are enabled only to approximate, so it must also be in discussions of this nature. It is far from im-

probable that, in the course of a fortnight I may in my rambles pass through Warwick, and it would give me great pleasure, were chance to bring me in your way; but I am not acquainted with the situation of Hatton, whether it lies in the road to Coventry or not. It gave me inexpressible concern to read in the papers the death of my valued friend Mr. Dixon Hoste, at whose rooms I had the pleasure of meeting you last summer. The mild and amiable qualities he possessed endeared him to us all, nor was there a better and more respectable member in the College. I have now to entreat your patience for this idle scrawl; and with the hope of meeting you once more at Trinity, believe me to be, my dear Sir, with great respect, yours most truly,

G. A. Browne.

MY DEAR SIR, *Trin. Coll. March* 26, 1807.

In compliance with your request, I wrote immediately to Sir H. Mildmay, and informed him of your wishes in regard to Mr. Tucker's pamphlet. This morning I received his answer, and I shall beg leave to give you his own words: "I shall beg the favour of you to express to Dr. Parr my fullest concurrence in the publication of the tract in question. I have always felt, and shall always feel, the highest sense of respect, and, I must add, of gratitude, for the terms of approbation in which he has been pleased at all times to speak of the works of a person whose memory is so justly dear to me. Such testimonies of merit from one who occupies so large a share of the public deference, and who stands so high in literary, as well as moral character, cannot fail to have the greatest weight in giving a stamp to the works of Mr. Tucker. I beg you further to say, that any assistance which it may be in my power to afford Dr. Parr in the prosecution of the work, I shall be most happy to give him. I have several copies of the tract by me, and I shall be extremely happy to furnish Dr. Parr with two or three more, in case they should be required. I have also among his original MSS. a pamphlet, which I have adverted to in his life, entitled, "The Advice of a Country Gentleman to his Son, on the subject of Party Clubs." I shall be happy to show this little tract to Dr. Parr, but, as it does not add to the reputation of Mr. T., the substance of it

having been furnished by his friend Mr. Shapely, it would not be desirable to give it to the world." Such, my dear Sir, is Sir Henry's letter, and I should have been deficient in respect to him, if I had not given it to you almost entire. I mentioned to Mr. Jones what you said, and probably by this time you will have heard from him. I need hardly say how grieved I feel at reading the list of Ministry which this morning's paper presents. Are we then doomed never to be free from the shackles of corruption? I trust you have enjoyed your health since I had the pleasure of seeing you. Dr. Davy is here, and very well. Smyth, I am happy to say, had his patent made out before this inauspicious change. Adieu, my dear Sir; believe me very faithfully yours,

GEORGE ADAM BROWNE.

Rev. G. Caldwell, "a very learned man, and finely bred gentleman," to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Jesus Coll. April* 19, 1812.

I send you the particulars respecting Professor Porson, with which you desired me to furnish you, excepting one which I have not yet been able to ascertain, but which I shall get from the Registrar when I can meet with him.

Porson was *chosen* Fellow of Trin. Oct. 1, 1782.
Vacated his Fellowship, June 21, ... 1792.
Elected Greek Professor, Nov. —, ... 1792.
Died Sept. 25, ... 1808.
Born Christmas day ..... 1759.

The *day* of the month on which he was elected Professor I have not been able to learn. The Vice-Chancellor is not here, in whose book the entry is made; but I will try to make it out from the Registrar's, and keep my letter open till post-time for the purpose of subjoining it, if possible. Pray remember me kindly to Basil and Mrs. Montagu. Davy goes to town to-morrow. I am, my dear Sir, your very faithful and obliged friend and servant,

G. CALDWELL.

P. S. Elected Professor on the 1st of Nov. 1792.

Rev. S. Clapham, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Yarm, Dec. 24, 1791.*

I shall have an opportunity, perhaps, of sending to London the first week in January the sermons you were so obliging as to lend me; if they are taken by a gentleman, I will direct them to be left at Mr. Fowler's rooms in the Temple, Fig-tree-court; if I am disappointed, and have to send them in a parcel, it will be the safest, I believe, to direct them to the care of Mr. Goldsmith, Warwick-court, Newgate-street. But, as I cannot learn at present, for I must get them sent from Stockton, I am under the necessity of giving you the trouble, if you do not find them at the one place, to send to the other. You will be pleased to accept my best thanks for your kindness; and if you will confer upon me a still greater by employing me to transcribe, and to correct the press for you, *whatever may be the subject*, if you will esteem readiness in undertaking, care in superintending, and fidelity in discharging the trust reposed in me as a testimony of acknowledgment of my sense of obligation, you shall never have reason to accuse me of ingratitude nor yourself of misplaced confidence. I do not attempt to express the pleasure your sermons afford me: they unite what I never discovered in any other, deep thinking and nervous eloquence; for the whole attention of authors is, I think, directed singly to the matter or to the style. The more I read them, the more anxious I feel that you should publish a set of discourses. To increase or extend your literary fame is superfluous; but it would certainly afford the world inexpressible pleasure to be in possession of the most important truths so clearly conveyed, so ably enforced, and so powerfully recommended.

Permit me to suggest, that when, by a change of administration, you will be unanimously called to adorn one of the highest stations in the church, the whole kingdom will applaud and rejoice in the measure. For as your sermons, if I mistake not, will be in every body's hand, the people at large, from the improvement you will have diffused, will anticipate the intentions of Government, and will augur prosperity and success to national religion.

I wrote to my friend, Mr. Binns of Leeds, to inquire the expence of paper and of printing an octavo volume, the same number of sheets as the second edition of Dr. White's Bampton Lectures; he answered, from 2*s.* to 2*s.* 3*d.* each copy, which I believe is cheaper by a third than in London or Cambridge.

Should you be disposed to publish sermons, or should you have any literary or political, &c. work preparing for the press, I shall be happy to be so much in your confidence as to fill the place of your late worthy friend, and what I want in learning, I will endeavour to supply by diligence. I am very highly flattered by the opinion you are pleased to express of me; but as it is necessary for my satisfaction, as well as your safety, that you should make proper inquires concerning me, so I shall assuredly deter myself by an oath from keeping for my own use an expression or a sentiment borrowed from your writings. This, indeed, would be unnecessary were it *certain* you would publish them the moment they are transcribed; but though such will be your intention, yet, as you cannot foresee what circumstances may intervene to prevent their immediate publication, I should not think myself warranted in having in my power the temptation to enrich myself with a treasure, compared with which your purse is trash.

I take the liberty of requesting that you will be so good when you have received the sermons as to acquaint me, and that you will mention at the same time what number of copies of each was sold; because I expect in the course of the summer to be called on to preach at a visitation, and I can easily adapt the Christmas-day Sermon to that purpose, and also for the benefit of a charity-school.

I am, Reverend Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obliged and devoted servant,

SAMUEL CLAPHAM.

Yarm, Dec. 3, 1794.

MY DEAR AND MOST RESPECTED FRIEND,

After many and long delays we are arrived all safe at Yarm. Mrs. Clapham and the children have been seven weeks with her friends, and I have been five. We have taken a house at Knaresbro', to which we go at Lady-day, as I have in the

neighbourhood two chapels which I shall serve. The person whom the Archbishop has collated to Yarm. is on every account held in detestation: about which his Grace will be totally indifferent.

I am now, my dear Sir, to return you my most sincere thanks for your kindness respecting my sermon; it seems to meet with very high approbation. The Bishop of Lincoln and the Archbishop of York have not acknowledged the receipt of it.

I have just seen a new review, in which is a critique on my Sunday-school sermon. A long quotation is given, and it is the very best part of the sermon. Their observation upon the sermon is short. "In this well-written discourse the intelligent preacher pleads the cause of Sunday-schools in a very forcible and interesting manner."

Your critique on my Shipton sermon is not a mere rise of character—it is a source of profit; for my other sermons, which before encumbered the ware-room, are now in consequence selling rapidly.

Permit me to flatter myself, that you are convinced I did not mean in the last sermon I have published to shew any dereliction of principle. I shall best explain myself by relating to you the conversation that passed between Dr. Tripp, the rich rector of Spofforth, and myself on the occasion. He is a personal friend of Fox's, and is provided for by the Earl of Egremont.

"Notwithstanding, Clapham, your high applause of this measure of volunteering, I presume you have not so far deserted those principles which you always openly professed in every company, as to think it can be justified any other than as it may tend to suppress the sedition which is now so universally prevalent; and as to the Portland's party deserting Mr. Fox, though it was allowable in a dedication to one of the party to say that it was a disinterested measure, I can scarce think you an honest man, if it meets your entire approbation."

The reply I made was,

"I no further approve volunteering than as I believe, if such measure had not been adopted, the manufacturing part of the country would have been in arms, and the church would have been nearly at this time overthrown. As the mea-

sure has quelled that seditious spirit, it has my warmest approbation; but as soon as this accursed war is over, I hope the uniforms will be immediately worn out, the arms delivered up, and the volunteers will imperceptibly become undistinguished citizens. As to the other subject, I believe Mr. Burke to be the cause of the whole infatuation. The whole party thought their possessions in danger; but here, I think, is their error. They should have supported Mr. *Pitt* negatively, by not giving direct opposition. Before the commencement of the next campaign, the whole kingdom with one voice would have demanded Mr. Pitt's resignation, and that of all his friends, of those places they had so unworthily and so dishonourably filled; and before the next June a new administration would have been settled." The Doctor's observation was, "You have discovered more sense and judgment in that short speech than the Duke of P. on the one hand, or Mr. Fox on the other, in their whole conduct."

Your approbation, my dear Sir, without which I cannot expect your friendship, will always be the object of my highest ambition. Auspice Teucro nil desperandum est. Having recourse to the solidity of your judgment, accompanied, if possible, with still greater goodness of heart, I find a solace in every evil and every disappointment. Many of your friends whom you have honoured with your confidence and assisted by your talents, have treacherously abused the one aad ungratefully undervalued the other. With such conduct I shall never have to reproach myself, because both principle, and gratitude, and attachment, will always make me feel and subscribe myself, my dear Sir, with the highest respect and affection, your most obliged and devoted servant,

SAMUEL CLAPHAM.

Rev. Mr. Cogan, to Dr. Parr.

REV. SIR, *Higham Hill, Walthamstow, Sept. 5, 1821.*

The passages in Herodotus in which the tmesis occurs, of which I was speaking yesterday, are the following. Lib. ii. c. 39. οἱδε φεροντες ες την αγορην απ' ὠν εδοντο. c. 40. την δ' ὠν μεγιστην τε δαιμονα ἡγηνται ειναι, και μεγιστην οἱ ὁρτην αναγουσι, ταυτην ερχομαι ερεων· επην προνηστευσωσι τῃ Ισι, και

επην κατεύξωνται, θυούσι τον βουν· και αποδειράντες, κοιλίην μεν εκεινην πασαν εξ ών ειλον. c. 49. Υν δε Αιγυπτιοι μιαρον ηγηνται θηριον ειναι, και τουτο μεν, ην τις ψαυσῃ αυτων παριων υος, αυτοισι ιματιοισι απ' ών εβαψε εωυτον. Θυσιη δε ηδε των υων τῃ Σεληνῃ ποιεεται· επεαν θυσῃ, την ουρην ακρην, και τον σπληνα, και τον επιπλοον συνθεις δμου, κατ' ών εκαλυψε πασῃ του κτηνεος τῃ πιμελῃ. κ. τ. λ. c. 70. επεαν δε εξελκυσθῃ ες γην, πρωτον απαντων ο θηρευτης κατ' ών επλασε αυτου τους οφθαλμους. c. 86. μετα δε, λιθῳ Αιθιοπικῳ οξεϊ παραυχισαντες παρα την λαπαρην εξ ών είλον την κοιλιην πασαν. c. 87. επεαν τους κλυστηρας πλησωνται του απο του κεδρου αλειφατος γινομενου, εν ών επλησαν του νεκρου την κοιλιην. Επεαν δε ταυτα ποιησωσι, απ' ών εδωκαν ουτω τον νεκρον. c. 96. νομευσι δε ουδεν χρωνται· εσωθεν δε τας αρμονιας εν ών επακτωσαν τῃ βυβλῳ. c. 122. φαρος δε αυτημερον εξυφηναντες οι ιρεες κατ' ών εδησαν ενος αυτων μιτρῃ τους οφθαλμους. Lib. iii. c. 82. εκ δε αυτωνδε θωυμαζεται ουτος δη υπο του δημου θωυμαζομενος δε αν ων εφαινη μουναρχος εων. Lib. iv. 60. πιπτοντος δε του ιρηιου, επικαλεει τον θεον τῳ αν θυῃ, και επειτα βροχῳ περι ών εβαλε τον αυχενα. c. 196. ην δε μη εη αξιος, εσβαντες οπισω ες τα πλοια κατεαται, οι δε προσελθοντες αλλον προς ον εθηκαν χρυσον, ες ον αν πειθωσι. Lib. vii. c. 10. επεαν σφι ο θεος φθονησας φοβον εμβαλῃ η βροντην, δι' ών εφθαρησαν αναξιως εωυτων.

This last passage was, *I believe*, first rightly understood by Reiske.

Herodotus, if I am not mistaken, does not employ this tmesis in any other instance than those, which have been now produced; and, I think, that upon examination you will find all these to be of the same kind, and that the aorist is used for the present in them all. How little Wesseling was apprised of this peculiarity appears from a conjecture which he has given, Lib. iv. c. 146. ες ών ελθειν, which is decidedly approved by Larcher.

I have desired Mr. Mawman to send to our friend Cotton a copy of the two volumes of sermons which I printed four years ago, and request that you will do me the favour to accept them. This I should not have presumed to do, did I conceive that I should hereby impose upon you the task of reading them. I have only meant to make some small acknowledgment for the

cordial reception, with which I was honoured upon being personally introduced to you. I had half intended, when I published them, to order a copy to be sent to you as a token of gratitude for the wish which you was so obliging as to express, that I would pay you a visit at Hatton. But I was withheld by a certain feeling which seemed to whisper to me, that I should thereby thrust myself too forwardly upon one, to whose notice I was unconscious of having any claim. But your courtesy has emboldened me to do now what I had not confidence to do then. If your eye should now and then glance over the pages of those volumes, you will, I fear, with other defects of style, observe certain inaccuracies of expression, against which I have never been sufficiently anxious to guard. When studying Greek and Latin, I have ever endeavoured to be as accurate as I could; but I have always written my own language negligently.

I am, Reverend Sir, yours most respectfully,

E. COGAN.

Rev. Mr. Colton, to Dr. Parr.

Westminster Library, Jermyn-street,

Aug. 22,

MOST RESPECTED SIR,

The pleasure I received from the contents of your letter you may imagine, but I cannot express.

It requires more magnanimity to praise than to censure, but your appreciation of my humble efforts is such, that I fear your well-known benevolence has, on *this* occasion, interfered a little with your judgment. Setting aside the candid opinions of a few private literary friends, the only proof that my trifling lucubrations may have some small pretensions to merit, is the host of calumniators which Lacon appears to have raised up against me. I have philosophy enough to smile at these things, but I shall no longer want *her* assistance, since I can *now* confront the ribaldry of Sciolists with such a letter as that to which I have now the honour of replying, and from such a man. "Laudari a laudato,"

> "That glowing page with double lustre shines,
> Where Parr approves, and Leigh Hunt damns the lines."

When dunces call us fools, without proving us to be so, we can only retort, by proving them to be fools, without condescending to call them so. But I am teaching Hannibal the art of war; you, Sir, must have had your full share of calumny, since that article is invariably meted out to us in the selfsame vessel wherewith our talent has been allotted.

You are so very condescending as to hint that my acquaintance would not have been unacceptable to you. I can assure you, Sir, that, with the better and the immortal part of you, I have long kept up an intimate acquaintance. The very first sermon I ever preached was taken from your most eloquent and almost inspired exposé of Atheism and Infidelity; I have also sate at the feet of Gamaliel, having enjoyed the pleasure of hearing you, more than once, at St. Mary's. I should further hope, that no man, who has the slightest pretentions to erudition, is a stranger to any thing that proceeds from the pen of him, who wrote the preface to Bellendenus; and I was refreshed to hear, very lately, from Mr. Cyrus-Pudding, that the literary world will shortly be gratified with something more from your pen, which I fear is too fastidious with respect to quantity, and somewhat too severe to itself, while it is too indulgent to others.

I am not surprised that you should have heard but little about me, either in the literary or the fashionable world. I am as partial to retirement as I am averse to solitude; and in my preference of this "semita vitæ," I have consulted my ease much more than my philosophy. I am not so arrogant as to exclaim "meâ virtute me involvo," and have always found my own follies quite as ridiculous as those of others. But a social kind of seclusion has been adopted by me, from the conviction that enjoyment is far more feasible than ostentation, and that to be happy, is much less troublesome than to appear so. I should not have ventured to have said thus much of myself, if I did not think, from the kind tenor of your letter, that you felt some little interest in my affairs. It was, indeed, not without a struggle, that I presumed to take so great a liberty as to hand the copy of Lacon to you. A fifth edition is now preparing for the press, which I hope will be far more worthy your acceptance, both from what I shall add, and still more from what I shall take away. I thought Lacon might amuse a leisure moment, if Dr.

Parr can have any such; but that it should have met with the approbation with which it has been honoured, was very far beyond the horizon of my hopes. Poor Bellamy has just been with me, and begs his most sincere respects. My vanity could not resist the temptation of reading him your letter. In his answer to Whitaker, he has himself spoken of Lacon in terms much too sanguine. He is engaged in a most arduous task, as thankless, as it will be (to him at least) unprofitable. Dignified Mumpsimus will ever beat the Sumpsimus of an Αὐτόδιδακτος out of the field. There is a friend of mine at Birmingham, a Mr. Samuel Dunsford, who, I believe, has sometimes been honoured with your company. I have envied him nothing so much as those "Noctes Cœnæque Deûm, which I think he has the sense to profit by, and the taste to appreciate. Sincerity is so generally the companion of genius, that should my good fortune ever lead me into Warwickshire, Hatton, "dulcique senex vicinus Hymetto," will be the principal object of attraction. I think you must have some faint recollection of my father; he was of Eton, and also of King's College; and Dr. Daniel Gaches of Warwickshire. The present Sir James Mansfield and my father were inseparables. I do not quite like my Greek motto in the title page of Lacon; if, in your profound and extensive reading, any thing should suggest itself more appropriate, I shall think myself highly honoured by its adoption. Thinking persons give you credit for having come to the capital in the best of all characters, that of a peacemaker; but I fear we have too many in office, who will not condescend to feel *for* the people, until they are obliged to feel *with* the people, and then it will be too late. Some few I know there are, that see and deprecate the consequences of this question, under the conviction that either horn of the dilemma will be equally dangerous; "delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi."

That, in the shade of an honourable and dignified retirement, you may long continue, "viridi senectâ," in the full enjoyment of the admiration of the wise, and the approbation of the good, is the sincere wish and earnest prayer of, Sir, your obliged, and profoundly respectful servant,

C. C. COLTON.

Rev. Thos. Cormouls, (who endeavoured to destroy the Newtonian system,) to Dr. Parr.

EVER HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

Herewith you will receive a pamphlet, accompanied with a few others, which I beg the favour of you to dispose of, (if you can conscientiously accord with the reasonings, and approve the subject,) amongst such of your literary friends as they would most like to be congenial to, and whose power and influence could best advance the subject proposed. I shall not be wanting to myself. I shall move the academic, the scientific, the literary, and the active world. But if I base my endeavours on your support, I know my artillery (metaphorically less than truly speaking) will have a tenfold effect.

My dear Sir, relieve reason, art, and I may say, religion, from the ignis fatuus lights, but real darkness; supposed enlargement, but real confinement; of Geometric errors, and Geometric pretensions. I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you, and remain, your ever devoted, most attached servant,

THOS. CORMOULS.

Rev. John Corrie, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Woodville, Jan.* 22, 1809.

The title of the Theological book I mentioned to you, is "Institutiones Theologiæ Christianæ dogmaticæ: scripsit Jul. Aug. Lud. Wegscheider. Halæ, 1817. Ed. Altera."

In the preface the author thus expresses himself: "In tantâ judiciorum discrepantiâ et opinionum dissentione operæ pretium nos facturos esse, simulque, nisi omnibus, quod fieri non potest, certe plurimis et æquissimis harum rerum arbitris consilium nostrum probatum iri speravimus, si primum quidem universam locorum theologicorum seriem, ab opinione religionis vi supernaturali constitutæ Suspensam, sive systema superationalismi quem dicunt ad formulam Lutheranam accommodate exponeremus, dejnde vero, perpetuâ singularum dogmatum historiâ, atque censurâ subjectâ, puriorem etiam religionis doctrinæ typum exhibe-

remus omnino sibi constantem, et ex iis potissimum scripturæ sacræ effatis, quæ rationis humanæ legibus, a numine ipso menti nostræ insitis, optime conveniunt, erutum; quod Rationalisimi systema dicimus."

A little further on is the following paragraph, which I beg to transcribe, as I do not remember ever to have seen such a remark, except, perhaps, in some writing against Christianity:

"Dolendum quidem est, non de omnibus, quæ in Evangeliis Jesu Christi tribuuntur, effatis, satis constare an recte in eum collata sint; *nonnulla enim aperte inter se pugnantia*, facile suspicionem movent, ea non ab uno eodemque auctore perfecta esse. Nihilominus inter dicta Jesu ipsi tributa satis multa exstant, e quibus verior divini hujus doctoris doctrina cognosci, ideæque æternum valituræ universales ad purioris ejus doctrinæ systema aliquod concinnandum repeti possunt, quod separatim olim edere nobis propositum est."

I hope you will be able to procure the book, and I shall feel very earnestly desirous to know whether you think the view it contains of Modern German Theology, it such as deserves to be laid before the English public in an English dress.

I am, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,

JOHN CORRIE.

Rev. "George Crabbe, a real Poet," is written on the inclosure of the following letter to Dr. Parr:

"REV. SIR, *Muston, Grantham, Oct.* 10, 1807.

Let me beg your acceptance of a small volume of attempts at Poetry, which my publisher will send to you. There needs not your sagacity to discern a multitude of faults, and I would be glad to be assured that it needed not your good nature to trace some merit. Be this as it may, I venture to ask your perusal of the work, if so it may be denominated; and though I cannot ask you to approve what you must condemn, I will entreat for some lenity in your criticisms, where you might be severe; that you will speak of me as favourably as possible, I will assure myself, since it is impossible for me to mistake the traces of un-

affected good nature, which I beheld when I had first the satisfaction of meeting Dr. Parr, to whom I am with every good wish, the obedient and humble servant, GEORGE CRABBE.

"I honour the learning, the taste, and the magnanimity of Henry Drury," says Parr, to whom Mr. D. thus writes:

MY DEAR SIR, *Harrow, March* 17, 1807.

I blame myself in not having thanked you before this time, for your recommendation to me of Mr. Roscoe's ward, Lowndes; and I feel myself more particularly called on to do so now, as his attainments are so considerable, and his application so surprising, that I am convinced he will reflect the highest credit on his instructors. Mr. Roscoe, I believe, was rather an ἀψίμαθης of Classical Literature: at least his printed admiration of various ungrammatical and unmetrical extracts in his appendices prove that he never enjoyed a thorough seasoning. Lowndes seems aware of this; he came here with little acquaintance with Gradus, and has now made himself as correct a scholar in verse composition, as we have in the school. His mode of thinking, and illustration in his themes, is superior to that of any boy I can remember at Eton or Harrow. But his chief excellence is in the method of his mind, and his attachment to solid and critical learning. He has been studying by himself, unassisted, Viger, Dawes, Scheller de Stylo, &c. Plato, Demosthenes, and Max. Tyrius, and, from questions I have asked him, I am convinced that he thoroughly digests and understands what he reads with such avidity.

I ought perhaps now to apologize to you, for troubling you with the improvements of boys; but I console myself in feeling that I have discharged the gratitude I owe to your preference.

Our friend Dr. Butler is released from his cares this evening. Indeed he wants repose and physic; if he is not a little less active, his zeal will wear him out. He begs his best regards to you and will shortly write. The Spring, I hope, will invite you

to pay another visit to Harrow,—though the Goths have sadly disfigured it.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours faithfully and affectionately,

HENRY DRURY.

Rev. Sam. N. Evans, his contemporary at Harrow, to Dr. Parr.

MY VERY WORTHY, HONEST, AND MUCH RESPECTED OLD FRIEND, *Harrow, April* 28, 1814.

It is with great pleasure I take up my pen in obedience to your old flame Martha's dread and stern command, to acknowlege the receipt of your kind letter, which on many accounts has afforded her the highest gratification. As complimentary on her nephew's success to the provostship, it highly expresses your veneration for her father's memory, and she begs to return you a thousand thanks; and as coming from Dr. Parr, I'll venture to affirm it is a relic she will ever preserve, in memory of your former youthful and innocent pastimes. Your remembrance of myself is highly flattering, and your compliments to those mentioned in your letter shall be duly delivered. You may recollect that, when you last left Harrow, I requested to know your address; it was my intention at that time, to have expressed to you, as an old friend, my indignation at the treatment (so fraught with duplicity and meanness) which, after a period of 43 years, I have received at this place; but it is now passed by like the wind, and I am positively happy in my contempt of the parties and their conduct.

If you have not very lately heard from poor Dr. Butler, I am sorry to acquaint you of his distress. The William Pitt, extra Indiaman, of which his brother was Captain, bound to Batavia, is said to be lost, and all on board perished, and I am sorry to add, we have too much reason to give credit to the melancholy tale. What do you think? the boys say, Harry Drury removes to Eton. The worthy family at the Grove are well, and beg to return their kindest compliments. There I lately met Sir Francis Millman,

M.D. who kindly expresses his inclinations to be acquainted with you; I told him it was more than probable you might take a turn to Harrow in the course of the Summer, and that I should be happy to introduce you to each other, over a shoulder of mutton, and a suet pudding, at my little hut. Though, from a natural shyness, and a just sense of my own inferiority, I am not much given to quotation, yet on such an occasion, I would risk old Homer with emendations, and say, "su men, nun *fume* kathemenos aith' *Oronoco*," and I'll get you some of the best. Sir Francis says we must dine with him at Pinner Marsh. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards propose soon going to Paris, and to be absent for one month only. The interview between the Prince Regent, Louis XVIII. and the French Nobility at Stanmore, was certainly grand and interesting. And lest I should tire you with my report of the occurrences of this place, here I must conclude, adding only the assurance of my being, with Martha's love, and Miss Thackeray's kindest compliments, dear Sir, your most assured and sincere friend, &c. SAM. N. EVANS.

From Mr. Feachem, of St. John's, Cambridge, once Curate of Kenilworth. He is an ingenious man, and he gave me the scarce tract of Abraham Tucker, "Man in Quest of Himself."

Dorking, Jan. 22nd, 1801.

DEAR AND REV. AND LEARNED SIR,

I hardly know how to address so valuable a friend. A suit in the Exchequer, against a stubborn knot of farmers, will at once account and apologize for my long silence and apparent neglect. I say apparent neglect, because, though the silence unquestionably be long, I can truly declare that not a single day, perhaps, has passed, but more than a cursory thought has been cast towards Hatton. In this neighbourhood, alas, little information is to be obtained about literary men, and literary topics, and little more is known and remembered here of Abraham Tucker, than of the obscurest individual his contemporary, who lived and

died, and was buried in the parish. About a fortnight ago, I said to a young divine, (a friend of Porson's) who preached for me, that I would rather be on intimate terms with you, and the professor, than with all the East India Directors, and the whole body of Bankers in London. This is hardly an hyperbolical, and for me, who am so fond of good living, no insignificant compliment. As to the particular subject of your enquiry, I can only remark at present, that the name of Abraham Tucker does not occur in the printed list of Cambridge graduates. I asked in vain at several shops for the Oxford catalogue. I am not without hopes of procuring, very shortly, his rare tract, on personal Identity, from his grandson, Sir H. St. John Mildmay, through the intervention of Mr. Peters, who has promised to apply for one of the many copies which he knows to be in Sir Harry's possession.

I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, with the greatest respect, your most obliged and obedient servant,

GEORGE FEACHEM.

DEAR SIR, *Dorking, Jan.* 14, 1814.

I venture to send even to you, whose eye has often glistened, and tongue faltered in my presence, at mention of "the book," a Latin translation of the Lord's Prayer.

I add nothing more, but my sincere wishes for your health and happiness, and the assurance that I remain, dear Sir, with the truest respect, your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

GEORGE FEACHEM.

My wife, who is very well, expects to add a seventh child to our family early in the Spring.

The Rev. Daniel Gaches, formerly Tutor of King's College, Cambridge, was Dr. Parr's neighbour in the country, his friend, and his correspondent. The

powers of both were so great, that they seldom met without some good-humoured contest, and Parr has left a memorial of unfeigned respect for him as a scholar and a man. Of Mr. Gaches, who was my friend, I could report many interesting anecdotes. He was indeed a singular person, in every respect; singular for the dignity of his demeanour, his undaunted and independent spirit, his profound and varied learning. The following letter of Mr. Roderick, relates what was very characteristic:

DEAR SIR, *Choulsbury, Sept.* 15, 1827.

At Sherborne his Lordship put into my hands, 'Hypocrisy,' a Satire, written by the Rev. C. Colton, M.A. Fellow of King's College. Like the Pursuits of Literature, it abounds more in notes than verses. In one of the notes it is said that when Dr. Parr came to reside in Warwickshire, he paid a visit to Mr. Gaches a distinguished Greek scholar. In this long protracted interview Gaches perceived that he was no match for Parr, and as some apology for his inferiority said that, after coming to that country where he had no very learned men to converse with, he was become Βαρβαρος μετα βαρβαρων. On this, Parr, without the slightest hesitation, or a moment's pause, replied, Ενγε Βαρβαρος; ἐιθεν γενοιμην ἀυτος οὐτος βαρβαρος. As this was, it is supposed, a quotation from the fragments of Menander, Colton observes that it showed Parr's extensive share of whatever was written in Greek, and the adroitness with which he could turn it to account. Of Gaches, Dr. Sumner, who had probably been his contemporary at Eton and King's, used to relate a number of stories. In a dissertation on Divinity, at Cambridge, Gaches supported his argument by some text which the professor would not admit, as the interpretation put by him upon it militated against a text of St. Paul; to this Gaches replied, not by reconciling the two texts, but by turning to the professor and saying, *Tibi* agitur cum divo Paulo. Another story of him was, that somebody of the college had turned back one of the sheets of his bed, so that, on getting into it, he could not force his feet to-

wards the bottom of the bed, on which he exclaimed, that he did not understand the ratio of that. To you his character was possibly personally known. With all gratitude to you and Mrs. Johnstone, and my best regards and good wishes to the young ladies and Mr. Soden, I am, dear Sir, your most obliged servant,

D. Roderick.

"The reputation of Gaches was established at Cambridge by the verses which he wrote on the peace of 1763, and which excited great attention within the University and without it, by the unusual vigour of the composition, and the characteristic boldness of the writer in his politics. I committed them to memory in my youth, and when I recited them to Gaches he was delighted. It has now and then surprised me that the men of Eton, whose treasures are so abundant and so precious in Latin verses, written by Etonians, seem almost to have forgotten a composition which, in my days, was so much celebrated."

I wish the space allotted me admitted the introduction of Mr. Gaches' verses and Dr. Parr's criticisms; they will probably appear in another place. To the end of three score years and ten, he retained all his intellectual faculties in their fullest vigour. And as few of the compositions of Mr. Gaches have been given to the public, some of his letters will be a valuable acquisition.

Rev. Daniel Gaches, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Wootton, Feb.* 26, 1794.

I feel highly flattered by your favour of yesterday, not so much because it approves and confirms my conjecture by invincible arguments, as because you tell me in it that you spent an agreeable day at Wootton; which gives me hopes you will have

no objection to spending another there, whenever your useful engagements shall give you leave. Assure yourself it will be very gratifying to me to lose, in your instructive conversation, the painful sense of present scenes, and to turn back to former ones, that we may talk of with freedom and security. With Jerom himself I have very little acquaintance; the rancour of his zeal so corrupts his wit and eloquence in my eyes, that I had rather smoke a pipe with Vigilantius; but I see in his Greges and Armenta nouns of multitude, the general principle of abundance; and in..... and Papillas its sure consequence, a delicate selection. Horace's fastidiosa copia happily expresses both cause and effect; the epithet being as philosophically as poetically applied. In Northumberland I was surprised to find a somewhat similar practice at this day among the descendants of these very Attacotti; who, by the bye, were they now in Gaul, *quàm magnificè et basilicè* might they feast on human carrion! There lay on the beach vast numbers of great coarse fish they called haddocks, parte abscissa which the neighbouring inhabitants solam in deliciis habent, the rest lay rotting like so many naufraga corpora, to the terror of our horses, and sore offence of their riders. Give me leave to point out to you another unnoticed mistake of Gibbon's, who, vol. iii. p. 70, seems to me to draw a foolish conclusion, with an affectation of depth and sagacity, (for he goes out of the way to make the remark) from a plain line in Homer that he has unaccountably construed. But I will no longer trespass on your time and patience than just to ask your opinion in a trifling dispute between Provost Cooke and me: he applied the following quotation to Bryant without recollecting the author.

Abdidit, or condidit, } ——tuo se pectore cuncta Voluptas
et major collectis viribus exit.

Does pure Latinity require one of these in exclusion or preference of the other, or may they be indifferently used? Excuse this impertinence, and believe me to be, with true regard, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, D. GACHES.

DEAR SIR, *Wootton, March* 2, 1794.

You never write what I am unwilling, but sometimes what I

am unable to read, for my eyes, like your hand, are none of the best. My negligence, in one instance, and my caution in another have equally misled you, and occasioned you much trouble, for which I ought to beg your pardon. But, by indirection, by my carelessness in referring you to the third volume instead of the fourth, I have found directions out, and am indebted for much learned information to my mistake, though I am by no means satisfied that Gibbon is wrong in his remark. Feithius, as you observe, does not justify it, and Eustathius contradicts it, but they are not competent evidence to convict him of error; nothing can do but a clear passage from Homer. I lay but little stress on the loose generality of veterum sententia, or the uncertainty of a capricious derivation. With regard to Claudian, I must confess I have no such tritas aures as you have, for when the Provost, who quoted it *tuo* se pectore tota vetustas abdidit, asked me where the passage was, and desired me when I met with it to let him know, I rashly answered, in presumptuous reliance on my memory, that it was not from any classics, but some modern; suspecting the Provost himself to be the author. But a little while ago, happening to pop upon it in Claudian, I sent it him marked as you see, adding, as I thought civilly, that the alteration was without any disadvantage to the expression or the sense. He sneeringly replies, "dear Memorialist and Critic;" tells me he has long been in possession of the author, but that it was impossible he should, as I say, have cited abdidit from the absurdity of contrasting it with exit. Now that absurdity (if there be any, which I deny) did not strike him, I guess, till he had seen the context. And I therefore proposed the question so uncircumstantially to you, that I might have your unbiassed opinion, which your recollection has in some measure prevented, though I agree with you that condidit in the place it stands is the better word, and never myself had a moment's doubt upon the subject. Yet I do not think the impropriety, primâ facie, in the detached sentence, so very glaring as to warrant the imputation of his own blunder to me, merely because it was too absurd for a quondam master of Eton to commit. My lares will rejoice to see you, as will their protegée. Your obliged and most obedient humble servant,

D. GACHES.

DEAR SIR, *Wootton, March 7, 1794.*

When I was a coursing last October at Marlborough, the President of the Meeting (a Mr. Hunt, whom his Majesty took so much notice of at Cheltenham), said to me, "We must have your name upon the record:" meaning the printed, advertised list, of their matches and exploits. "I have no objection," says I, "to being recorded, if Mansfield (who always supplies me with greyhounds, and with whom my immediate business at that time was to pick one) will give me Fame," which happened to be the name of his best bitch; to which Hunt bluntly and truly replied, "I am sure if ever you have any it must be given you, for you will never acquire it by your own merit." Now, to be incidentally mentioned in any of your writings, would verify his prediction, gratify my ambition, and be an honour of which, I frankly confess, I should be proud; dulcis sine pulvere Palma. So much for your kind and friendly postscript. "See Feithius," I am willing to consider as a candid reference only, not citing a testimony, but directing to a discussion of the subject. But that Eustathius, himself a modern, with respect to Homer and the Trojan times, was better informed, or had better means of information, as to the practices of antiquity, than later critics, seems a position that may be reasonably doubted. You have sanctioned my opinion of the other note; for what you cannot understand I shall not easily believe has any meaning. In making this strange remark he certainly goes further out of his way, and with less reason than Paris did, in going to Cyprus and Phœnicia to avoid pursuit, where Dictys Cretensis makes him surprise the Prince of the country, and carry off his servants and treasures, of which these very veils, for ought I know, might be a part. But I bring them, neither from Ægypt, nor even Sidon, but suppose them to have been wrought at Troy by these Sidonian captives, who there taught the mystery, and gave rise to the Phrygiones we so often meet with in the ancients. Trifling as these disquisitions are, are they not preferable to serious altercations, with insignificant people, on subjects of but little importance? That preposterous kind of ambition which desires magnis inimicitiis clarescere, men of real genius should be careful to disappoint. With how few can you contend on equal terms? Whatever be the merits or issue of the contest, your adversaries are sure to be

raised above their natural level into notice, but to crush millions of pismires adds nothing to the grandeur of the elephant. I am aware that I am taking a liberty, but trust you will have the goodness to excuse it, when I assure you that it proceeds from a sincere regard to your person and character in, dear Sir, your obliged, and most obedient humble servant, D. GACHES.

DEAR SIR, *Wootton, Sept. 6*, 1795.

Having no amanuensis, and being too lazy to use my own pen, I have sent you the verses in Dr. Norbury's hand, who was so good as to copy them for me from the original *penes* Dr. George Heath. So that pickled salmon, you see, is in fine preservation and high repute at Eton; how deservedly, every one's own taste must decide. As a boy's exercise produced on the occasion, I think them laudable, without any partiality to my pupil; but their principal value with me is not so much from the intrinsic merit of the verses, as from their being a cotemporary and authentic evidence of a little anecdote in the life of a great man. The writer describes only what he saw; not a circumstance is added poeticè, but the whole narrative is ad historiæ veritatem exacta. When one of your gentlemen have transcribed it, please to let me have the Doctor's autograph again. To prevent your stumbling at the threshold, it may be proper to tell you, that the Christian name of the Warden of Merton is Scroop. I long to alter the theme, and to substitute instead of it,

Vidi crudeles dantem Salmonea pœnas,

which, as men are apt to be pleased with their own conceits, I am willing to think a happy application, but can allow you to be of a different opinion. If the enclosed, however, from which I detain you too long, gives you a moment's entertainment, it will be a great pleasure to, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, D. GACHES.

DEAR SIR,

Assure yourself that you are not merely before the last, but that you hold the very first place in my estimation, and that if I could make you a prebendary, a magistrate, or even a bishop, I would most gladly do it for the benefit of the Church and of the State. But I should never have thought of making you a com-

missioner, *if it had been in my power,* because it is an office that is attended with neither honour, profit, or pleasure; but only with odium, trouble, and expense. There was at one time, indeed, an idea of making a new appointment, and I was applied to, to give in some names, but upon finding that almost every qualified person in the country was already nominated, it was given up, and the old one retained. A list so very comprehensive, though I had no part in forming it, I took for granted included your name; but as it is not quite so entertaining as the catalogue either of Homer or Virgil, I never read it, though I have it and consult it on occasion. The grounds of your kind reproach being satisfactorily, I trust, done away, I proceed to the substantial part of your letter, premising only a wish, that my talents were in the same degree of comparison to those of Sulpicius and Trebatius, that yours are to those of Cicero and Horace; the former of whom, so far from consulting Sulpicius, clearly intimates a contempt of him, or at least of his profession, and boldly declares, that if he provoked him he would set up against him in three days; the latter, indeed, represents himself as consulting Trebatius, but it is only to laugh at him, and perhaps to show, that the stiff formal old lawyer can readily take a hint, and become a pliant courtier in a moment. Such answers, however, as I can give, for it is most unreasonable to demand clear and precise ones, when even the Gibbs's and the Mansfield's do but opine, are as follow.

You may legally and conscientiously (for you must swear), &c. &c.

Rev. George Glasse, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR,

I will begin a letter to you, though I know not exactly when it will reach you.

How shall I ever express my sense of your goodness to me? Silence and admiration are all that I can offer.

When you have finished Samson, be pleased to send it by the post, under cover to John Palmer, Esq. Comptroller of the Post-office, London, with a note desiring that gentleman to forward it to Charles Medows, Esq. Harrow, Middlesex. It will then reach me safely.

I fear that the manly excellence of your verses, when mingled with the too great softness of mine, will betray me. But no matter, when that discovery would of itself reflect the highest honour on me.

I have put down a few loose hints, by way of preface, on the plan you recommend.

I shall make you smile about my authority for *ἀιγλῆεν κακὸν*, which yet I am half loth to expunge: it is no other than Pope's Homer, where, speaking of Helen, he makes Hector wish that Apollo

"Had shot the *shining mischief* to the heart."

May it not be admitted?

And now, Sir, let me say, that I think some of the lines you have sent me are equal, if not superior, to the first and greatest of Sophocles or Æschylus. Yours are indeed victrices lauri.

Whatever be the event of my performance, I must ever rejoice that it has brought me acquainted with such a patron as Dr. Parr, of whom I am the unfeigned admirer and ever obliged servant, G. H. Glasse.

P. S.—I have thrown out a distant advertisement in the Gentleman's Magazine for this month. Perhaps, dear Sir, you can write something for me in that miscellany.

I have but one objection to *καμόντων*, as applied to dead *Samson*, whom we are to suppose to be happy, and resting from his labours: the line will stand as well with *θανόντων*.

The favour of your letter is just received, with the kind alterations to the end of the dialogue. I have been very busily employed to-day about the prolegomena, which I will send you when finished, according to your obliging permission.

I will introduce *all* your alterations, and follow *all* your obliging suggestions.

Κωκύτοισιν ἁρπαλίξετε is in Æschylus, S. ad T. Dr. Poyntz, who is now with me, the friend of my childhood, youth, and riper years, and your very sincere admirer, begs me to present you his best respects.

Rev. Edward Hamley to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *New College, March* 30, 1795.

When I had the pleasure of meeting you at New College, and he conversation turned upon Dr. Horsley, I mentioned to you my having formerly seen in some review a passage from a work of his, which struck me at the time as worthy of notice. I have since found it in the Critical Review of Nov. 1767, p. 392. The work is "the Power of God," &c., and the following is the passage alluded to, prefaced with an observation of the reviewer. 'In fact, we find, upon examining the author a little further, that he is no better christian than philosopher; "and, says he, though the *faith of Miracles* is of no small use, and indeed necessary to the bulk of mankind (because they can have little other) yet, with the highest sense of the value of that great and general blessing, I shall not scruple to pronounce, that the *faith of Philosophy*, as far as it goes, and where it can be obtained, is far superior to it, as it approaches many degrees nearer to knowledge." Whether this passage of Horsley the Philosopher, be quite of a piece with the flaming orthodoxy of Horsley the Bishop, I leave to your superior judgment to decide.

Instead of making an apology for troubling you with this letter (which I fear may be useless, as not improbably you possess the book in question), I shall conclude with a wish, that all worldly hypocrites may be unmasked, and the honours and rewards of the church, may belong to the friends of civil and religious freedom.

I am, dear Sir, with the profoundest respect, your very obedient servant, E. HAMLEY.

Your friend Phil. Smyth is well.

The two prevailing subjects of conversation are the advancement of the σκοτεινος Doctor and the Life of Warburton!

Rev. Henry Hetley, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR PARR, *Coll. St. John's, Dec.* 5, 1767.

This acknowledges the receipt of both your friendly letters, and would have born a much earlier date, had not ill-health

prevented it. I think myself greatly obliged to you for your readiness to assist me, if you had an opportunity. Since I wrote, I have collected about a hundred manuscripts, some of which, I may venture to preach, as they belong to Kent, the editor of Lucian; but the rest will require some alteration, before they are offered to the polite audience at Staines. I expect to be there in a very little time, and though Harrow is not in my road to Staines from Peterborough, as you mentioned in one of your letters, yet rest assured, dear Parr, that I cannot be long there before I wait on my good friend, a nearness to whom is a great addition to my happiness. As I have told you of the stock I have got in hand, and the necessary alterations to be made, you will no longer imagine that this air has brought on me a thirst after the studies peculiar to this place; but will rather conclude that the study of Theology is at present my favourite employment, which is more agreeable to me, as it becomes my present situation in life, and as it is strongly recommended by one whose advice I would always wish to follow.

I hope the air at Staines will agree with me better; this place does not agree with me. I have been ill the greater part of my time here: Dr. Glynn has attended me, and I hope, has removed the cause of my illness. Bennet, Quin, Colston, Joddrell, and Balguy are all well, and have been very kind to me, since I have kept up. Balguy has no more reason to complain of my not visiting him than the rest of my friends. I am very well acquainted with his merits, and could be glad to have had more time to have enjoyed his conversation, but other more material business has called me off from discharging this office of friendship. Beadon of our college, and Gaches of King's, are canvassing for the public oratorship, which will be vacant in January. Beadon, they say, is most likely to succeed.

I am, dear Parr, yours sincerely, H. Hetley.

DEAR PARR, *Chapel Street, Curzon Street, Saturday.*

I sincerely hope and wish you may succeed in your present plan, and doubt not, but that the experience of the world, with your good sense, will make this a very profitable as well as a very comfortable situation. It is not very far from your Norfolk

friends, and let me tell you, without a compliment, it is a blessing to a county at a distance from town, to have a person so well qualified for the right instruction of young minds, as yourself. Now I am upon the subject, let me request of you in this new world, not to suffer your honest zeal for Theology or Politics to express itself before men, whose understandings and whose hearts are not like yours; who have not sense to see the force of your arguments, and if they had, they have not honesty enough to represent them, for the purpose they were intended. My heart yearns for your good and welfare, and therefore you will excuse my earnestness in pressing home to you, what I know has been of disservice to you. Your ideas are great, and soar above the contemptible things and men that are here, but you must not forget that your situation in life is not independent; therefore you must sometimes suppress your feelings, where you have to do with minds very unequal to your own; and if those feelings were not suppressed, you would not be likely to gain from this inequality what were the most earnest wishes of your heart. Put yourself under the guidance of your worthy, sensible, vigilant, and careful wife; in affairs of the world, she will conduct you, so as to gain the approbation of your new neighbourhood. You have all the intrinsic worth one would wish you to have, and a parent is a happy man when he places his child under your care. But, my dear friend, appearances also will go a great way, and many trivial things are not to be neglected in your walk of life. Will you then attend to your dress, and never appear before your boys but as a gentleman? Imitate your wife in this instance also. If I could make you once sensible of the probable good effects of such a thing, you would never appear otherwise. I know what has been said in praise of other persons. The external half of the world have only the opportunities of seeing, and from that they judge unfairly enough, but we must take things as they are, not according to what they ought to be. In this letter I have said nothing but strictest truth, and I could produce instances of each particular, where you have been the sufferer. I speak plainly, because I love and esteem you, and I pray, that my good endeavours towards you thus expressed, may have their wished for effects. My most affectionate wishes will ever attend you and Mrs. Parr. God bless you both. Yours,

H. Hetley.

I hope I shall be able to assist Roderick, and shall have pleasure in assisting so worthy a man.

I have the pleasure of telling you that I meet with repeated civilities from Lord Pelham, &c. and am now going on with the 2nd son, my former pupil, who is just come from a military academy, is in the guards, and is now eighteen, one whose behaviour and whose sentiments would please you. The Bishop of Ely had a private ordination lately for the Bishop of Durham, and I was the examiner. Lord P. has begun to visit the Bishop of Ely this year; put all these things together, and they may amount to—0000.

DEAR PARR, *Headington Hill, Oxford, June* 16, 1824.

I wish to know how you are, and how your age sits upon you, for you are in your 78th year, and I am in my 80th, and I shall be made happy by hearing that you bear the infirmities of so advanced a period of life as comfortably as I do; indeed I have no reason to do otherwise, and I hope I am thankful for the blessings I am receiving and enjoying. Mrs. Hetley is in a tolerable state of health, my sons both advantageously and happily married; one lives in Wilton, the other not far from it; and these comforts shed a lustre on declining age, than which nothing can be more satisfactory, and nothing demands greater gratitude to the Disposer of all events. I know not how it is with your contemporaries; but, alas! I know and feel the loss of many, if not most of mine, many younger than me, some older. The only Johnian left of my standing is John Carr, who lives in Derbyshire, and of whom I occasionally hear. The Dean of Norwich, of my year, is the only one living in the University. You and I had a severe loss in the truly amiable and learned Bishop of Cloyne; he exceeded every one whom I ever knew or heard of in every thing that is great or good. In the winter I scarcely go any where but to my sons; omit no exercise, such as I can take, every day the weather will admit, either in a close or an open carriage, both of which I indulge myself in, though expensive as it is, and that I have no reason to attend to, for I am in possession of nine hundred a year, temporal and spiritual; and though not a great dignitary, I have four prebends

bestowed upon me by Lord Pembroke, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, (two by L. P. belonging to Wilton Abbey,) Bishop Douglass, and Dean Ekin; and to have been so distinguished is a great gratification to one in so private a walk in life. About the end of May I veer towards my living, to see how things go on. You remember it is in Berkshire, where you more than once threatened to disturb me with the fumes of your pipe or pipes, and to have come to me from Oxford, but, alas! you never did me that favour. When I have seen what is going on, then Mrs. Hetley and I come on here to an old lady, and spend a few days, and then return to Wilton, which will be on Monday, when I hope to receive soon a good account of you, than which nothing will be more pleasant to me; but pray, my old friend, let it be in the hand-writing of some friend, for, I am sure, you cannot now be improved at all in that matter. You will ever have a distinguished place in my memory, dum spiritus hos reget artus; and thus concludes your old *learned* College friend,

HARRY HETLEY.

P. S.—Is Roderick living? Wadeson died at the age of 89.

Rev. John Horseman, to Dr. Parr.

Heydon, Royston, Monday night,
Aug. 20, 1821.

REVEREND SIR,

In a shameful and shameless newspaper, misnamed *John Bull*, there appeared, last Monday, a miserable attack upon a character held in the highest estimation by the wisest and best of mankind. From a Tory acquaintance of mine this infamous paper reached me last Saturday; and to-day I happened to go to Royston, where I desired the agent at that place for the Cambridge Independent-press Newspaper, to forward to the proprietor, for insertion in his next paper, what, upon the spur of the occasion, I hit off as I drove in the shape of an answer. I take the liberty of sending you both these trifles for your amusement. It would afford me far greater pleasure had I the ability and opportunity to express in a better way, and more worthy of the very accomplished and distinguished personage so grossly and wretch-

edly libelled, my sincere admiration of his acute genius, his deep learning, his sound piety, and his unaffected virtue. I paid a delightful visit, last November, to your most excellent friend Mr. Coke; and hope again to accept the kindly-proffered hospitality of Holkham; when, it would add very considerably to my gratification, were I to have the good fortune to be honoured with an introduction to Dr. Parr, whom I have seen only at Oxford, and at Cambridge, with whose learned and liberal publications I am familiar, and of whose personal character I know enough to be anxious to know more. Should you think proper to notice the receipt of this rather free unceremonious communication, I shall be much flattered by a letter, directed to the Reverend John Horseman, Heydon, Royston. I have the honour to be, Reverend Sir, with the profoundest esteem, your most obedient, and very humble servant, J. HORSEMAN.

"Recipe for compounding a political radical Doctor of Divinity, A. S. S. &c. &c."

"To half of Busby's *skill* in mood and tense
Add Bentley's *pedantry* without his *sense*,
From Warburton take all the *spleen* you find,
But leave his *genius* and his *wit* behind,
Squeeze Churchill's *rancour* from the verse it flows in,
And knead it stiff with Johnson's turgid prosing,
Add all the *piety* of Saint Voltaire,
Mix the gross compound, *fiat* Dr. Parr.

Q. in a Corner."

John Bull, Monday, Aug. 13, 1821.

An Answer, or another Recipe.

To more than Busby's skill in mood and tense
Add Bentley's learning, and his sterling sense,
From Warburton take all the wit you find,
But leave his grossness and his whims behind,
Mix Churchill's vigour, as in verse it flows,
And knead it well with Johnson's manly prose,
Sprinkle the whole with pepper from Voltaire,
Strain off the scum, and *fiat* Dr. Parr. J. H.

DEAR SIR, *Heydon, Royston, Tuesday, Feb.* 8, 1825.

With deep concern I heard of your serious indisposition; from which I anxiously hope that, if not quite recovered, you are, at least, in a state of advanced convalescence. Otherwise, it would be extremely improper in me to trespass, for a moment, upon your attention; and it will afford me sincere pleasure to be assured that my hope and wish are not unfounded. The complimentary answer to my letter and verses, with which you honoured me, was indeed very gratifying to my feelings; and of your kind invitation to Hatton I should be most ready to avail myself but I know not when it may be in my power. Once, since I received it, I passed by your dwelling, while travelling by a stage-coach; but was so pressed for time, that I could not stop to pay my respects to you. Nor have I been able to visit Holkham since Mr. Coke's marriage; but, in a late letter from that excellent patriot and good man, I was happy to find, that he, and Lady Anne, and their two sons, were well. I was, also, glad to learn from Mr. Coke, that his friend, the amiable Bishop of Norwich, whom I have personally known and loved from my earliest boyhood, was better than he was last year, and likely to live, and continue an ornament to his order some years longer. Occasionally I go to Cambridge, where I have a few friends, and many acquaintances; and where I have hoped, hitherto in vain, to have met you. Would you duly inform me of your next visit to your University, I would make a point of waiting upon you there; and could I presume so far, or could I offer any sufficient inducement, I would attempt to prevail upon you to come to Heydon; of which village your respected schoolmaster, Dr. Thackeray, Master of Harrow School, and Archdeacon of Surrey, was formerly Rector; and I now hold the same living, in exchange for the Vicarage of West Hendred, in Berkshire, given to me, as a Fellow, by Corpus Christi College, Oxford. This letter of inquiry I shall transmit to you, through my friend Lord Dacre; who, in his private, and in his public character, is equally estimable. And am I liable to be thought unreasonably vain in numbering such men as Mr. Coke, Bishop Bathurst, and Lord Dacre, among my political and personal friends; or too ambitious in my desire to add to the list the highly and justly venerated name of Doctor Parr? Believe me to be, dear Sir,

with unfeigned esteem and regard, your obliged and faithful servant, J. HORSEMAN.

Rev. Thomas Howes, " the very learned, and most acute," to Dr. Parr.

SIR,

As the examples, which you alluded to concerning the sense of πιστις came to my knowledge too late to be inserted in the note on that subject, I can subjoin them in a postscript, if you think it proper. I am satisfied that the sense you give to the words of Eusebius is the right one; but so far as I am able to decypher your writing in the letter you favoured me with, you do not seem to be convinced that the second class of Ebionites admitted the divinity of Jesus after Baptism, like the first class. Now, I think it follows very clearly from the words of Eusebius, above-mentioned, and to which I refer in my note. It does not, indeed, necessarily follow, from the second Ebionites allowing Jesus to be born of Mary by the Holy Spirit, that the produce of that conception was divine and not human, neither have I entered any where into this fact, whether they did or did not allow any divinity to him in consequence of the operation of the Holy Spirit, although they possibly might, for I have met with no sufficient proof to the contrary. But I have not disputed the fact of his being mere man from Mary only, and the Holy Spirit, at his incarnation, notwithstanding that strong expression of Eusebius: *absurdam priorum sententiam refugientes.* But the subsequent passage in Eusebius, *ου μην εθ' ὁμοιως*, &c. does by no means assert that the second class disallowed the pre-existence of *the Christ*, but only that they disallowed (like the first class) the pre-existence of *Jesus* (before that incarnation) as a divinity. *Christum*, in the preceding sentence, is used by Eusebius in our sense of *Christ*, as synonimous with *Jesus*, and not in the sense of the Ebionites, as the name of their intermediate divinity, or *the Christ*. That this must be the meaning of Eusebius, and that he did not mean to assert that the *second* class of Ebionites denied the pre-existence of the intermediate divinity, *the Christ*, is plain from hence; for then he would equally assert that the *first* class denied the pre-existence of *the Christ*, which

it is evident, from Epiphanius, that they did not. And, moreover, it is equally plain from Epiphanius, that the second class allowed the pre-existence of *the Christ*; and this, although I have only quoted the first sentence concerning that second class; for when he says "Ebionitæ—in cœlo virtutem ex Deo obtinuisse Filium asserunt," he admits them to hold the pre-existence of the *Filium, the Christ*, before the incarnation of Jesus by that Holy Spirit, or *Virtus ex Deo*, and even before the creation of the first man Adam.

Since then, it is clear that the second class of Ebionites held the pre-existence of *the Christ*, though not that he was the λογος, or σοφια of God himself, and equal to the Father in divinity, they must still allow to him some degree of divinity: and whatever it was, whether much or little, yet when united to the manhood of Jesus at Baptism, the Christ still preserved the *same degree* of divinity as before. I think, then, that I am warranted in asserting (not inferring) *that all who held the pre-existence of the Christ, must of necessity suppose him to be divine in some degree*, and that the second Ebionites did not, in this, differ from the first class. What any man can mean by a super-angelic being, *dominantem super omnia*, and existing *in cœlo*, even before Jesus or Adam, and yet not allow him to be in some degree divine, even notwithstanding that he was supposed to be *created* by the Father, I must confess is to me incomprehensible, more than any thing in the Athanasian Creed.

I perceive, however, that in the first line of my note, at p. 17, I have expressed myself more positively than I intended about an article of no concern to the main question, which I shall therefore correct in an errata. It should stand thus:

They maintained "That the Christ had descended, and became united with Adam, and with several others; and that by means of the Holy Spirit of God, divinity was united, in some degree, possibly with Jesus also at his incarnation, but certainly at his baptism, when he became united with *the Christ*."

Who was Edward, Bishop of Lichfield, &c., who wrote a "Defence of Christianity" against Collins?*

Yours, &c. T. Howes.

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* Chandler.

DEAR SIR, *Norwich, Sunday, July 5.*

I cannot but think that you hold in too high esteem Robertson's objections to the Parian marble. I think them to be not only precarious and unsolid, but often as unfair and unfaithful, as in the following example, which I mentioned to you, but did not point out the whole of its delusive nature, as I will now.

On the marble Selden could read only these seven names,

Αφ' ου....[1]....αν Εφεσον, Ερυθρας, Κλαζομενας, Πριηνην, Κολοφων..[2]..Μυοννητα....[3]....Σαμον.....[4].....

This part of the marble is now lost, and Selden never marks with any accuracy the quantity of the obliterated spaces contained between the letters then visible to him; a doubt then arises concerning which of the other five names occurred in the *four* several spaces of obliterated letters. Prideaux supposes the first, ...αν, to be the final letters of εκτισαν, but they might be the final letters of Φωκαιαν. Yet, supposing they were not, he places *Miletus* in the *first* obliterated interval, *Teos*, *Lebedus* in the *second*, *Phocæa* in the *third*, and *Chius* in the *fourth*. But this is all mere conjecture, without the least evidence to conduct him. However, if this was the *real order* in the marble, Robertson's objection could have no force, as we shall see.

But Chandler afterwards preferred to insert those five names in a little *different* order, in which he, perhaps scrupulously, followed the order in which they occur in Ælian; yet still Miletus is in the first space, Lebedus and Teos in the second, Phocæa in the third, and Chius in the fourth. So that Prideaux's order of arrangement stood thus:

Miletus,[1] Ephesus, Erythræ, Clazomeme, Priene, Colophon, *Teos*,[2] *Lebedus*, Myus, *Phocæa*,[3] Samos, *Chius*.[4]

But Chandler's order thus:

Miletus,[1] Ephesus, Erythræ, Clazomeme, Priene, [*Lebedos*,[2] *Teos*,] Colophon, Myus, *Phocæa*,[3] Samos, *Chius*.[4]

The names names in italic are those *supplied* by the editors. Now, after Chandler comes Robertson, and objects to the antiquity of the marble, because it follows the order of so late an author as Ælian, though different from more early authors. Yet it must have been evident to him, that this order does not appear

in the marble itself, but only in the *last* editor's arrangement of his own conjectures, and this in contradiction to the former arrangement of Prideaux, who, however, had not the least better foundation for his own, than Chandler had; that is to say, they both dealt in conjectural romances, and Robertson unfairly builds up an objection upon the mere suppositions of one editor in preference to the other. Robertson even undertakes to calculate the chances, that those twelve names would not, by accident, be disposed in the same manner by two different persons; therefore, that the marble must have copied Ælian, or Ælian the marble; yet, in fact, it was only Chandler who copied Ælian, and, in order to do this, he transposed the names *Teos* and *Lebedos*, and *Colophon*. But there is another circumstance, which shews the negligence of Chandler as well as Robertson, and demonstrably proves, that Chandler's and Ælian's order of arranging the names *never did* subsist in the marble, for he places Lebedos and Teos *before* Colophon, whereas there is *no* totally obliterated interval in the marble between *Priene* and *Colophon*; which two names certainly followed each other in the marble, and this Robertson must have known when he made the objection, as it only requires his eyes to be directed to Selden's copy of it, and to Chandler's also on the adjoining leaf. How Chandler came to forsake that copy of Selden is surprising.

My compliments to the ladies, and to Mr. Godwyn, and I am, your obedient servant, T. Howes.

P. S. I have just read a "Dissertation on the Pagan Mysteries," in defence of Warburton against Leland, which I bought as I came home. I am persuaded by the phraseology that it was writ by Hurd, who mentions it in his Life of Warburton, without acknowledging himself the author.

Rev. T. S. Hughes, to Dr. Parr.

Chesterton, near Cambridge, August 15, 1823.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

It has long been my intention to write to you upon a subject which the Master of Emanuel communicated to me this morning on my return to Cambridge, after an absence of four months.

I think he informed you that the society of Emanuel had given me permission to publish a MS. for which they were indebted to your generosity.

My principal reasons for this undertaking were, first, a wish to render as complete as possible the works of the great Sir Matthew Hale. Under these circumstances the permission given me of editing Sir M. Hale's MS. became a matter of serious imimportance, and I determined, before the commencement of my editorial office, to endeavour to enhance the value of the publication by humbly soliciting your permission to add to it the notes which you had yourself prepared, either in whole or in part.

But from what I can collect from the worthy Master of Emanuel I am afraid you may have some objection against publishing the MS. at all. If this should be the case, although I have agreed with Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall for the work, I shall think myself bound to pay implicit deference to your decision, and shall be ready to forego any advantages that I may expect from my labours, rather than disoblige a gentleman for whom I have so great a respect as yourself. I shall consider it as a great favour if you would give me as early an answer as you conveniently can to this letter, as I intend leaving this place in about a week's time. With sincere respect and esteem, I am, Rev. and dear Sir, your most obedient servant, T. S. Hughes.

Rev. Henry Huntingford, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Gloucester, Sept.* 11, 1813.

I am very much obliged and flattered by your repeated invitations to Hatton. When I visit you, Sir, I shall, I have no doubt, reap great advantage by adding to my present stock of knowledge, which I need not tell you is a mere nothing, a very γρῦ, if I may use the expression. However, knowing very well that you follow the precept observed by all the great heroes of antiquity, *Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,* I shall approach the learned shades of Hatton with the greatest confidence; for I am never afraid of those who know a vast deal more than myself, being well aware that, as "knowledge is power," so also it inspires in noble and generous minds sentiments of compassion for the more ignorant, and a desire of

making allowance for their comparative blindness of intellect; remembering also what Pindar says, τὸ διδάξασθαι δέ τοι, εἰδότι ῥαίτερον; and it is only the crude severity of ignorant, and, because they are ignorant, of unmerciful judges, which inspires me with horror while, like the fox in the fable, I am even willing to kiss the rod which is wielded by a vastly superior arm: σὺ μὲν μάστιγα καὶ ἡνία δέξαι, and I shall submit patiently, and not attempt καταστρηνιᾷν. This puts me in mind of a new edition of Pindar, in which I am engaged, but to which I have not presumed as yet to call your attention. The general outline of the work is, to comprise in one volume 8vo. of about 600 pages, the text and notes of Heyne; the paraphrase and some of the notes of Benedict, and the Pindaric Lexicon of Damm, separated from his entire Lexicon, and arranged in alphabetical order. Thus, in a volume of moderate size and expence, schools will be able to avail themselves of some of the best illustrations of one of the most sublime and most moral of poets. I hope this undertaking, Sir, will meet with your approbation: when I tell you, that one great motive to its execution is the desire of being useful, and of making my handful, or rather grain, κόκκος σινάπεως, of powers serviceable to the public, I feel confident that I shall meet with encouragement from your no less generous than learned mind.

I was much gratified and instructed by your luminous illustrations of Νεφελαι, l. 32, which Mr. Willes was so good as to send me.

Be so kind as to present my compliments to Mr. Barker, and to wish him success from me in his arduous undertaking; and believe me, Sir, to remain, with great respect, your most obedient humble servant, HENRY HUNTINGFORD.

P. S. My uncle desires me to present his best respects to you, and to say he is much obliged to you for your letter, which he will answer when he has any leisure from official business.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Henry Huntingford.

DEAR SIR, *March 6*, 1814.

Last night, on returning from Birmingham, I received from Dr. Keate a polite letter, which I shall enclose for your perusal,

and from which you will perceive that he answers my questions about the death and parochial preferment of Dr. Barford; that he mentions a tripos, of which I was before ignorant, but is less acquainted than I am with Barford's other compositions both in verse and prose. I remember the English sermon preached before the House of Commons, and I entreat you to notice it, and to inquire for it among the sermon-collectors at Winchester. I think that it could not escape such men as the late Mr. Lowth and Dr. Balguy; and if you had heard as much as I have heard, or had seen even as little as I saw of Dr. Barford, you would pick up every crumb, and glean every straw, in which he had any property. Now I must with my usual plain dealing set before you the very words, from which Dr. Keate inferred that the Pindar will be published under my auspices:

"A learned friend of mine, who is preparing an edition of Pindar for the use of schools, and who by my advice will republish Dr. Barford's Dissertation upon the first Pyth., wishes for information upon the following particulars."

I shall clear up matters to Dr. Keate, and you will have the goodness to furnish me with such an account of your views, as it will be creditable to you to lay before such an admirable scholar as Dr. Keate. In the mean time I shall do what cannot be disagreeable to yourself, the Bishop of Gloucester, and Dr. Gabell, by writing to you as follows. Long before I went to Cambridge I had heard of Barford's fame, and read some of his verses, and the Dissertation upon Pindar. While I was at Emanuel, Barford was public orator, and drew much attention from studious lads. After I became Assistant at Harrow school, I was told many stories about him by Robert Sumner, who was an equal scholar, and even a better writer of Latin prose, but inferior to Barford in Latin verse. When I was at St. Mary's, Barford preached an English sermon on the day for the commemoration of founders. There was no dignity in his manner; there was a nasal twang in his voice, and his English style appeared to me far less excellent than his Latin. However, my veneration for him as a scholar made me distrust my own judgment, and I fancied that his bad manner might have darkened some better qualities in his diction. Some years afterwards, when Chaplain of the House of Commons, he officially preached and published

an English discourse. I seized it eagerly, and the very faults, which had formerly wounded my ear, presented themselves to my eye. I saw clearly that he had not acquired the habit of writing in his vernacular language, that in every sentence there was effort, that one sentence did not lead to another, that ponere totum nesciverit, and that a critic might say of Barford's style what Caligula said of Seneca's—it was *arena sine calce*. This, Mr. Huntingford, is treasured up in my memory as an instance of my general opinion, that the men of Winchester were better writers of English than the men of Eton. Well, I find from Dr. Keate that Barford was three times our moderator, and I remember many pleasant stories of his cowardice and terror in the schools during that year when Ross of St. John's, his colleague and afterwards Bishop of Exeter, combated the petulance of the Bachelors of Arts, who resisted the Duke of Newcastle our Chancellor's regulation for them to keep exercises. Then it was that Anstey made his witty, but saucy speech in the hearing of Ross, and was suspended from his degree. From my learned tutor, Harry Hubbard, and other grave men, I have heard that Barford sometimes puzzled, and sometimes amused his audience, by substituting classical terms of science instead of the barbarous ones which were in use; and that, upon finding himself unable to avoid some uncouth word, he was accustomed προεπιπλήσσειν with a *quodammodo*, or an *ut ita dicam*, or a *venia vestra, Academici, dixerim*. You must know that the King's men thought him a wonderful mathematician; that he really thought himself so, and sought out for the office of moderator; and that the men of St. John's, and other mathematical societies indulged him in his humour for the purpose of having his superficial knowledge, and the ostentatious display of it, contrasted with the more profound knowledge of moderators belonging to other colleges. Barford, with much good-nature, carried with him all the weaknesses of vanity, and they became almost ridiculous from his affectation of diffidence. If you complimented him upon his erudition, or his Latinity, he would say, "Sir, you are very good, indeed, in thus speaking of me, but you praise me too much; I have, indeed, endeavoured to know something of the classic writers, but my great aim was to understand mathematics, and I hope, Sir, not to be condemned for

saying my mind was peculiarly formed for these severer studies, and that by my diligence I hope to have made some proficiency in them." These little traits of character, in which so much vanity, affectation, and, indeed, hypocrisy were mixed, could not fail to be entertaining to men of sense, who at the same time justly estimated and highly admired his numerous and real excellencies. Barford's range of reading was very extensive. His taste was exquisite; and from Daniel Gaches, a rigorous and censorious, but most sagacious Aristarchus, I have heard that he thought Barford the most ready and the most exact man he ever knew in stating from memory both the sense and the words of the ancient writers.

In 1774, when I was visiting Dr. George Berkeley, a prebendary of Canterbury, I first met Barford in the Chapter-house, and we afterwards were together in other places. I found in him all the powers, which I expected to find in his memory, judgment, taste. I saw also some of the peculiarities which had been ascribed to him by keen observers. He always failed when he put his mind upon the stretch to say something *dictum ore alio*. He was always successful when, after a little hesitation, he was content to take the first words which offered themselves. Those words, indeed, were not splendid, nor animated, nor energetic; but they were clear, they were correct, and they well conveyed the very good sense of the speaker. He was quite at home in the best writers of verse and prose, both Greek and Latin. Our conversation turned a good deal upon Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and Demetrius Phalereus, and the Pseudo-Longinus, and the poetics of Aristotle. But I was surpris'd and delighted to find him so ready in the Rhetoric and the Ethics of Aristotle. He was a noble fellow, I assure you. It must be owned that his appearance was laughable and his address inimitably awkward. He once went up with a Cambridge deputation to some foreign ambassador, and as orator read a Latin speech before his Excellency. The Ambassador, considering Barford as the public officer of a learned University, and hearing that he was a great Latinist, insisted by his interpreter in French (which Barford could not speak, nor perhaps understand,) upon returning the visit personally. Barford, with confusion of face and in broken sentences, and with innumer-

able professions of respect, and admiration, and reverence, and duty, declined the honour. The Ambassador persevered. The interpreter at last inquired, by command, where his Excellency might have the honour of waiting upon the orator, and whispered in his ear that he must comply. "Gracious heaven," exclaimed Barford: "well, then, if so great a personage will condescend to visit so obscure and humble an academic as myself, if it is my bounden duty to accept his gracious offer; why, Sir, you may tell his Excellency, Sir, pray have the goodness to tell him, pray, Sir, make my apologies when you tell him, that I came up, Sir, in the stage coach from Cambridge, and that my abode, Sir, is at the White Horse, Fetter-lane." Καὶ ταῦτα μὲν δὴ ταῦτα.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

S. PARR.

Rev. Edward Irving, to Dr. Parr.

7, Middleton Terrace, Pentonville, March 4, 1824.

REVEREND SIR,

I take the liberty, through Mr. Montagu's introduction, of addressing these few lines to you, in order to explain to you how this essay, and the note which accompanies it, come to be transmitted through me.

The writer, Mr. Donaldson, is my personal friend, and a few years ago was my assistant in teaching an academy; and his steadiness and attainments in learning have now advanced him to be a candidate for one of the masterships in the new academy they are establishing in Edinburgh. This essay of his was in the hands of Dr. Crombie, the author of the Gymnasium; and the author wishing it to come into yours, sent me the inclosed note, and gave me the commission of conveying them to you. But so deserving a young man being in the question, and having heard from my friends in Bedford, &c. of your facility in all cases where merit was in question, I could not be content with barely fulfilling his modest request of passing it on to you, and therefore have felt it my duty to say that he is one of the most deserving, and I think one of the most hopeful scholars I know in my native country; and that if you take the trouble of

perusing his paper, you will do a service to one who is not unworthy, and will not prove himself ungrateful. I am sorry that so little time is left, for he writes me that if he receives a favourable opinion from you by the 15th of March, it may be of use to him in his canvass, but not after that. But these and other things I doubt not he has explained in his note.

For taking these liberties with one of whose acquaintance I have not the honour, and whose great reputation should deter impertinent intrusion, I have only the apology, that I was moved to it out of no constraint of interest or of friendship, but from the desire of doing an unsought kindness to one who truly deserves it of me, and of all who delight to help worthy people; among whom I have long been wont to rank Dr. Parr from all that I have heard of his worth and kindness from my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Montagu.

I am, Reverend Sir, yours, with much respect,

EDWARD IRVING.

The Rev. Thomas C. Johnstone,* to Dr. Parr.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Elcot, Sept.* 5, 1793.

While I was considering of the circumstances proper to be laid before you respecting Bewdley Charity Schools, I received a letter yesterday, from my brother, Dr. Edward, stating some of the particulars you wish to know, and desiring me to add every thing relating to the subject.

The schools were instituted in the year 1784. The object is to teach children to read, and to habituate them to a regular attendance upon divine service; girls are also taught to knit and to sew. Seventy children are daily instructed, and annually cloathed, (usually about 40 boys and 30 girls,) and all other children who attend on Sundays are instructed in reading and the catechism; but the number of these has been inconsiderable and their attendance irregular. The poor children employed in

* Second son of Dr. Johnstone of Worcester. He died in 1799, Rector of Botterels Aston and Vicar of Worfield in Shropshire.

a woollen manufactory lately established in the town, have been the most constant Sunday scholars.

What was said against this Institution, when it was first proposed, came rather in the form of doubts than objections. The policy of enlarging the minds of the poor was questioned by some, while others doubted of our effecting any essential reformation among the children, so long as they continue in any degree under the controul of their parents. But whatever doubts or objections might then exist, they are now either silenced or overcome, and I am happy to add that, however they might differ in religious or political opinions, all of the more wealthy inhabitants have from the beginning concurred in giving this charity their support, which support is continued to the present time. Many other respectable inhabitants, whose names do not appear in the list of subscribers, are punctual in their attendance upon the charity sermon, and in contributing upon that occasion.

The usefulness of the Institution appears in its drawing the higher and lower orders of the town into a closer band of alliance, connected by a mutuality of patronage and of gratitude, and it is gradually introducing a confidence in each other, which a few years ago was so greatly wanting, as to give just occasion for the following remark. "To all the inhabitants, one argument for the promotion of this Institution will arise from the ruinous policy which long prevailed here, of preferring strangers in your domestic, as well as your more confidential services. A policy founded on the supposed, or the known depravity of the natives. Thus, instead of aiming at their reformation, they were treated as aliens in their own land; and, as they felt no obligations from the kindness, they little regarded the wishes, of their superiors." Some improvement has already been effected, for I am persuaded that a much greater proportion of poor children, born upon the spot, are now employed as servants in warehouses, in shops, and in respectable families, than it was customary so to employ previous to the establishment of this charity. This growing confidence is still more evident with regard to the girls who have all along been very much benefited by a supply of work in the schools, and by various other attentions bestowed upon them by the ladies of Bewdley, who are also benefited in their turn

by bringing up their female servants under their own inspection, whereby they have at once the praise and the reward of benevolence.

The subscriptions which have been withdrawn from the year 1784 to the present time, do not, I believe, amount to more than forty shillings. But death has made dreadful havock, especially of late, among the more considerable subscribers. Some new supporters have indeed come forward; these, however, do little more than half supply the places of those whom we have lost.

I beg leave to refer you to the 8th and 15th rules, whereby you will see that the schools are open to all denominations, but the scholars must attend Bewdley Chapel in the morning and evening of every Sunday.

The day appointed for the Charity Sermon,* is the 29th of this month, being the Sunday following the election, &c. of the Bailiff, who is attended to divine service on that day by the resident members of the Corporation, and sometimes by their representative, Steward (Lord Westcote), and others connected with the Borough. There is only one service, which begins at twelve o'clock.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your most obedient, humble, servant,

T. C. JOHNSTONE.

I have already copied one of Mr. Jones's letters, "the eminent, wise, and learned tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge," as he is styled by Parr; and I now add two others, as the sentiments of such a mind on every subject must be valuable and instructive.

REV. SIR, *Trin. Coll. June* 19, 1793.

I was not in college when your letter arrived; upon my return I admitted Mr. Parry a pensioner, agreeably to your instructions. Dr. Postlethwaite had been desired by his father to admit him a fellow commoner; in this uncertainty I preferred

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* The noble discourse on "the beneficial effects of labour," printed in vol. VI. was preached on this occasion.

the mode which, if it be wrong, is the more easily rectified. The Lectures will begin on the 21st of October.

It will be impossible for me to find terms which will adequately express the satisfaction and the consolation I received from the perusal of your very kind letter. That I should dare to oppose the proceedings against Mr. Frend, that I should refuse to join in the outcry against his book, has excited the surprise of some persons, and the indignation of others—the heads are shocked, and the Bishops exclaim. No allowance is made for our friendship, which commenced above 14 years ago, by his becoming my private pupil, and has continued to this time without the least interruption; it is deemed but little excuse that I really believe him to be as honest a man, as virtuous a character, and as sincere a believer in Christianity, as any in existence. My anxiety that you should clearly understand my reasons for not shrinking from the support of Mr. Frend, is the only apology which I can offer for troubling you further upon this subject. In the first place, I never saw a line of the pamphlet before it was published. I never attempted to justify the offensive passages, and I prevailed upon him to cancel the postscripts. On the other hand being fully persuaded that he had no evil intent, and observing that the offensive passages were few in number, that they had no immediate connection with the object of the book, but were merely incidental, and at the same time detesting the persecution that was commenced against him, I thought it my duty to promise him my assistance and support. To me it appeared an indispensable duty to protect an intimate acquaintance against the furious attack of a formidable confederacy; and more especially to oppose the infamous attempts which are now made to revive in the University a system of persecution. What opinion will you form of the undertaking, the humanity, and the justice of these men, who, to crush an obnoxious individual, would readily sacrifice the right of free inquiry; who, although for the same offence he has already incurred from his own society a severe and unwarrantable punishment, vociferate loudly, "he has not been punished enough;" and some of whom scruple not to avow that they voted for the present delegates, from a persuasion that their principles were such as would induce them to confirm the sentence? The delegates are Sir W. Wynne, Dr. Hey, Dr. Seale, W. Lane, of Queen's, and Professor Christian. It is expected

that they will hear the appeal on Friday and Saturday, the 28th, and 29th inst.

I was very sorry that I had been obliged to leave London at a very short notice. I was lately deprived of the opportunity of paying my respects to Dr. Bancroft. I am anxious to hear that he has relinquished his design of publishing an account of..... expulsion. The restoration of Mr. Tweddell's health, gives me great pleasure; he must take his degree at the commencement. Your request that I would send you a copy of my sermon, does me very great honour. I shall certainly fulfil it without hesitation; but not entirely without reluctance. I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir, your most obliged and humble servant,

T. JONES.

MY DEAR SIR, *Trin. Coll. Dec.* 8, 1804.

Permit me to assure you that I am exceedingly gratified by your kindness in sending me a copy of your incomparable philippic. I am astonished at the energy of its style, and curious to know the effect which it must have produced upon Lord W.

Be pleased to accept my best thanks for the pleasure which I have received from reading Balguy's "Rationale;" although I have not yet had time to read it with due attention. It is an extraordinary work, and displays great acuteness and reasoning. I am surprised at the confidence with which he lays down *à priori* the principles upon which the Supreme Being must create and govern, a system containing a succession of moral agents. There is a strange mixture of orthodoxy and heresy. He believes in the personality of the Devil, but rejects the Atonement.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. T. JONES.

The Rev. T. Jones, to Dr. Raine (enclosed in a letter of Dr. Raine, to Mr. Akers†).

DEAR SIR, *Charter-House, Nov. 15th*, 1800.

In consequence of the call with which you favoured me a few days ago, I thought it advisable to write to Mr. Jones respecting

† Joseph Gerrald's Guardian.

Gerrald's admission, and mentioned my surprise that you had received no communication on the subject. Yesterday's post brought me an answer, of which the following is a copy:

"I am sorry that I have appeared so inattentive to your commission to admit Mr. Joseph Gerrald. Upon the receipt of your letter—(my letter containing the usual form of certificate)—I called upon the Master, and explained to him the peculiar circumstances of this young man. He desired time to consider of the propriety of admitting him; after several disappointments I found him at home this morning; he seems desirous that, previous to the admission, he might be assured that young Gerrald did not entertain the political opinions of his father; at least that he is not distinguished by any zealous attachment to the sentiments which subjected his father to so severe a sentence. Dr. Mansel acknowledged the difficulty of describing precisely what is requisite; but I suppose that the opinion which you must have been enabled to form from your own observation, will sufficiently obviate the scruples of the Master. Foreseeing these difficulties, I wrote to you, requesting that you would favour me with a peculiar certificate. This letter seems to have been lost. Assure yourself that, upon the receipt of your answer, the admission shall be completed. Signed, T. Jones.

"P S. Should these difficulties determine Mr. Akers to admit Mr. Gerrald of any other College, he may command my services."

The Master of Trinity has imposed upon me a task which I have no data to perform. How can I certify in regard to the political principles of a boy who ought as yet to have none, and who, if he had any, must have them of his own seeking? Such principles forming no part of the education of this school.

But I should imagine that, perhaps, the scruples of Dr. Mansel may create a doubt in your mind as to the propriety of following up this admission at Trinity, where the Master of the College meets the young man with harsh suspicion. I shall take no further steps without communication with you, and am, dear Sir, your obliged and very obedient servant,

Matthew Raine.

This communication was made known to Dr. Parr, who immediately wrote to the Rev. Mr. Jones, then Tutor of Trinity College, in the following forcible terms:

MY DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 21, *Friday evening.*

This afternoon I have received from Mr. Akers the substance of your important letter to Dr. Raine, together with the judidious observations of Dr. Raine upon it. With feelings very different from those of mere surprise, I found what has been passing in your College, and in due time I will take such measures as will produce feelings very different from those of exultation, to the persons who may be concerned in prejudging the innocent, and afflicting the fatherless. Habent durissima regna—Fingunt castigantque dolos. In the mean while, dear Sir, I earnestly request that you would be pleased to wait upon Dr. M. but not to let him read the letter which I am now writing to you upon any account, or any other person. To me it is a matter of utter indifference what offence, or degree of offence, I give to such a being in the shape of a man, and with the name of a head of a house; and with you, for reporting the contents of my letter, he ought not to be displeased, because you do so by my desire, and for the sake of an unoffending and unfortunate young man. Dr. M. has my permission to notice this letter, so far as his own discretion may direct him, and it rests with his discretion to pronounce the word ..... as a plea for silence. I reverence your wisdom, Mr. Jones; I love your virtues, I can confide in your friendship; but I dare not trust a young man for whose happiness I am interested, and of whose general demeanour I approve, in a situation where that wisdom, those virtues, that friendship might be insufficient to protect him from unfounded suspicion, illiberal affronts, and injurious persecution. As to Joseph Gerrald the father, I know that his opinions were extravagant, that his actions were indefensible, and that my earnest and reiterated endeavours to correct those opinions, and to prevent one action, were fruitless; but I also know that many of his errors, and many of his sins, were the result of untoward circumstances, under which wiser men might have sinned. I

know that he lost his liberty, and eventually his life, under a sentence quite unwarranted by the ancient customs and laws of the country in which he was condemned to transportation. I know that in variety of learning, in exactness of taste, in splendour of eloquence, and in loftiness of spirit, he might have challenged any equal among his enemies, and a superior among his friends. Oh! my dear Sir, in the records of heaven are registered the sighs I have heaved for him, the counsels I have given to him, and the promises which repeatedly and solemnly I made him, to be the guide, so far as I could, the protector of his beloved and injured boy. Yes, per meam fidem et ejus solitudinem, the father, in the anguish of his soul, besought me to take care of his son, and in the sight of heaven and my God, accepi, et acceptum servabo. In regard to Gerrald the younger, he has found in Mr. Akers a faithful manager of his property, and a most wise and affectionate counsellor in his secular affairs. The business of his education, however, has been very much left with me; and with the manner in which it has been regulated he can have no reason to be dissatisfied. By my advice, while his father was in England, but did not see him, Joseph Gerrald was placed under the tuition of the eminently learned Dr. Charles Burney. With my approbation he was afterwards removed to the Charter-house, where his conduct, as you know, has been satisfactory to that sound scholar and honourable man, Dr. Matthew Raine. Partly by my suggestion, and entirely with my consent, he was to have been entered at Trinity College, because that College abounds with men of science and erudition, whose minds have been formed, not, as I ever heard, by Dr. M. but by Mr. Jones, Mr. Sheepshanks, and other most respectable tutors; secondly, because it was understood by Mr. Akers and myself that, by the constitution of that College, industry and regularity might procure for him a fellowship; and thirdly, because it would have been a most precious advantage to be instructed by your advice, and animated to all the noble pursuits of academical life by your well-meant and well-directed encouragement.

True it is that Joseph does, and a reproach to him it were if he did not, look up with admiration to the literary attainments and the intellectual powers of his late father. No less true is it,

that he has long been acquainted with the misfortunes of that father; that he reflects, with sorrow indeed, but without approbation, upon his faults; and that, in the view neither of Dr. Raine his master, or of Mr. Akers his guardian, nor of myself his friend, he has yet shown the smallest sign of any disposition to adopt his father's tenets, to imitate his extravagances, or even to avenge, what a child may be pardoned for supposing, his wrongs.

The talents and learning of the boy are not of the first magnitude; but he understands, and he feels too, the peculiar difficulties of his situation; he is aware how many base prejudices, and how many cruel suspicions, he is doomed to encounter—he is sensible that the only methods of vanquishing those prejudices, and those suspicions, are moderation in his politics, diligence in his studies, and propriety in his behaviour. With exquisite sensibility he unites discernment enough to distinguish between those who condemn the violence of his father, and those who insult his memory. Even with his scanty experience in the affairs of the world, he can discriminate between prudery and integrity—between noisy buffoonery and genuine wit—between modern servility and constitutional loyalty—between discipline unaccompanied by example, and virtue assisted by discipline—between a theatrical declaimer in the drawing-room at St. James's, and a sincere worshipper of the Almighty.

Such, dear Sir, is the testimony which I bear most unfeignedly and most undauntedly to the merits of Joseph Gerrald; and if I had conceived it possible for him to disgrace such a tutor as Mr. Jones, or such a College as Trinity, by licentiousness in opinion or practice, be assured that I would not have abused your kindness, or hazarded my own character by recommending him to your favour.

This letter is so far official, that I entreat you to read it to Dr. M., and so far confidential, that for the present I wish you to communicate the contents of it to no other person whatsoever; but I beg of you to communicate it very carefully, because the possession of it by myself may be necessary to serve some future and important purpose. I depend, therefore, upon your precision in this matter, and your discretion in all others. Present my compliments to Dr. M. May heaven preserve his children

and my own, from suffering indignity or wrong for the faults of their fathers! I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with, &c. &c.

S. PARR.

The following letter of Mr. Jones was the satisfactory reply:

DEAR SIR, *Trinity College, Nov.* 26, 1800.

I am favoured with your letter of the 21st instant. Being sensible that you did me great honour in selecting me to be the tutor of Joseph Gerrald, in whose welfare you take so lively an interest, I was mortified extremely that any difficulty should arise to alter your determinations. Having great reason to suppose that the opinion which the Master expressed with respect to the admission had been misconceived, I beg leave, in justice to Dr. M., to state to you, as correctly as I can, what passed upon that subject. He observed that the young man was placed in very peculiar circumstances, but added expressly, that, although he condemned the political principles of his father, he would by no means visit the sins of the father upon the son; but lest it should appear that the young man might think it his duty to cherish an attachment to the cause in which his father had suffered, and thus become an unacceptable member of the society, he desired the admission might be deferred until he should be assured that J. Gerrald was not distinguished by the violence of his political sentiments. To this I readily assented; and so far was I at that time from conceiving that the delay would be fatal to the admission, that I left Dr. Raine's certificate in Dr. M.'s hands, hoping that the return of the post would furnish me with the opinion of Dr. R., which, I was confident, would be satisfactory to Dr. M., who did not appear to be desirous of preventing the admission, but on the contrary ready to accept any assurance or testimony in the young man's favour. Accordingly, I am now authorized to say, that Dr. M. understanding that the boy had little or no opportunity of imbibing from his father political opinions, will consent to his admission. Those difficulties being removed, the choice of a College is now left to you and Mr. Akers. I should be sorry to prevent your young friend from being bene-

fitted by the instruction of our learned friend Dr. Davy; but if a Fellowship be an object to him, it is necessary to apprize you that, not being a native of either Suffolk or Norfolk, he cannot be elected into a foundation fellowship of Caius College. Permit me to add that, in whatever College he is placed, he will not, in my opinion, be in danger of receiving the least imaginable insult on account of the conduct or the fate of his father. Besides, he cannot become a candidate for a fellowship (in Trinity College) in less than seven years, when, probably, the important question about the relative excellence of monarchial and representative governments will cease to agitate the public mind.

The master has seen and approved what I have already written, and has desired me to add, that he requires no declaration whatever from the young man. The acquiescing temper in which I found Dr. M. will, I trust, justify me in your estimation for not reading to him your incomparably energetic letter.

P. S. I am beyond measure sorry that an immediate answer was not retured to your letter; it was written, and I kept it back in hopes of being able to inform you that Gerrald was admitted. Pray allow me to send, as proof that I was not inattentive to your obliging letter, the answer written at that time. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the most profound respect, your obliged and faithful humble servant, T. JONES.

Rev. Henry Kett, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Trin. Coll. Oxford, May* 29.

As I am informed, from good authority, that you are made acquainted with the steps which your friends are taking to render your situation more easy, I wish to break through the reserve which, although painful, has been necessary; and say something to you upon the subject. It was my original intention to observe the most guarded silence, till the whole plan was completed; but now the secret *is* out, why should I deprive myself of the satisfaction of declaring, that I am made quite happy to find that the business to which I allude meets with your approbation?

For several years of our acquaintance I have noticed, with very great concern, the neglect which you have experienced from your political friends. And very frequent and very earnest has been the regret which Maltby and I have expressed upon the subject whenever we have met. One year has passed away after another, and we have watched the progress of events, and the appointments to preferment, without that distinction being paid to you, which we think so eminently due to your virtues and your talents. At last, quite tired out, we resolved to pursue our present plan. The moment I suggested it to Maltby he embraced it, and has pursued it with all that enthusiasm of friendship, which so much distinguishes his regard for you. In Mr. Greene we have found a most able, zealous, and active coadjutor; and by our united efforts I have no doubt of bringing our plan to a happy, and, I believe, not a distant termination. It is, I believe, our united wish that you may not have the least personal trouble or concern upon the occasion. And that every thing shall continue to be done with zeal and activity on our part, and in a manner perfectly consistent with the dignity of your name and character, you may, dear Sir, rest perfectly, most perfectly assured.

I remain, with the sincerest regard, dear Sir, your faithful friend and servant, HENRY KETT.

Temple Coffee-house, London, Oct. 28.

MY DEAR SIR,

I requested Maltby to convey to you my hearty congratulations on your obtaining your new preferment. I have little doubt of his having done so in terms more expressive of my great regard for you, and joy on so pleasing an event, than any I could have conveyed. I heard the news first at Cambridge, and joined heartily in the general satisfaction expressed by the Wilkins's, Dr. Davy, &c. &c. I hastened to Graffham, and was, I must confess, disappointed on finding the place so solitary, the roads so bad, and the parsonage so uninhabitable in its present state. Considering *all* circumstances, dear Sir, I think it will be a subject for your very deliberate reflection, whether you ought to go and reside there; provided, I mean, you have it in

your power to continue at Hatton—a place where you seem to me to have all accommodations, *ready* for your use, an excellent room for your books, a good neighbourhood, good roads, &c. without that additional expence which you must incur if you removed. And will you have additional comforts if you quit Hatton for Graffham? With respect to the annuities, Maltby and myself have had much conversation upon the subject, and you may depend on it I shall be happy to take any trouble, consistently with propriety, to insure to you every advantage from them. In regard to any accounts between you and Mr. Greene, they must be adjusted by yourselves; and I am much inclined to think, or I ought rather to say, from the noble zeal with which he entered into our plan of subscription, I am fully persuaded, that he will clear up every thing to your satisfaction. In order to make you more fully acquainted with the subject, I inclose you a copy of the subscription accounts, taken by myself this morning from the books of Messrs. Hoare and Company. You will there see that as Mr. G. drew out the sum of £200. so he had previously paid in the sum of £540. And I really do not think that it would be so proper or so delicate for any one to ask him the particulars respecting those sums, as yourself.

Please to observe that the SECURITIES for *both* the annuities are lodged at Messrs. Hoares'; that the Duke of Norfolk does business at that house, and that you or any friend may have the money half-yearly there, by giving a proper receipt. The Duke of Bedford keeps his account at Messrs. Childs', and your London bankers properly instructed by you may receive the Duke's annuity there.

Had I not been desirous that a complete explanation should take place between you and Mr. Greene, I should not for obvious reasons have wished you to see any particular names of your friends. Those who associated with Maltby and myself in your cause, are in many instances, I trust, only conjectured to have concurred with us. The little we were able to do, inadequate as we all considered it to your great deserts, we wished should be concealed.

Happy shall I be, dear Sir, to hear from you. I am going to return to my usual drudgery in Oxford on Saturday. I beg to

be remembered to Mrs. and Miss Parr, and with the sincerest wishes for the continuation of your health, remain, as ever, yours,

HENRY KETT.

Rev. Thomas Kidd, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND AND DEAR DOCTOR,

Accept, I beseech you, my grateful acknowledgments for the honour of your letter, and permit me to hope that the cough with which you were afflicted is quite removed. The "homo suavis" in the Auctarium is *Mr. Hayley*; your inquiry reminded me of Dr. Robertson:—"By the bye, who is this Mr. Hayley? His poetry has more merit than that of most of his contemporaries; but his Whiggism is so bigotted, and his Christianity so fierce, that he almost disgusts one with two very good things." Dr. Robertson to Mr. Gibbon, I. 556.—After depreciating the researches of the great Bentley in his prefatory remarks to the third volume of his Life of Cowper, Mr. H. renews the attack in his supplementary pages to the same life, and threatens "to pay his respects to him (Dr. B.) again, if heaven allows him life and leisure to write such a preface as he wishes to prefix to the Milton of Cowper." This edition of Milton, which B. should not have undertaken, excited no inconsiderable share of dull ridicule and solemn confutation: something, however, may be gleaned even from this inauspicious work; the wight who, under the name of *Semicolon*, exposed in an exquisite vein of humour some of the alterations of Milton's text, has failed, I humbly apprehend, in the following: P. L. VI. 236. *The ridges of grim War.*] "I presume the author gave it, The BRIDGES of grim War,—from his master Homer, Πολέμοιο γεφύρας."—BENTLEY. Now *ridges* and *bridges*, I humbly suspect, were originally the same word, B being sometimes used by our ancestors as the corresponding character in Greek was by the Lacedemonians; as, *βαδὺς, βέδος, βισχὺς*, Ruhnk. Ep. Cr. ii. 244. in auct. ad Hesych. *βαρυθυμήσαντες*. ad Tim. p. 96. Hemsterh. ad Hesych. *v. θαβακόν*. Valck. ad Adon. pp. 272, 317. Τὸ Β τῷ ρ προσνέμεται; ὅταν τῷ ῥ ἐπιφέρηται κ ἢ τ ἢ δ, οἷον βρυτὴρ βράκος βρόδον.

MS. Harl.—Again, the merciless Mr. H. will not, I hope, give countenance to the gratuitous assertion of Bishop Newton in his preface to the P. L. I am tender of Bishop N.'s honour, and I revere his piety; but am I to believe, without the least authentic evidence and support, that B. is indebted to Mr. Heylin for his emendations upon Milton? In what work has Mr. H. given specimens of emendatory criticism? The good Bishop, indeed, does not appear conscious of having been imposed upon; when, however, a writer of credit seriously and positively makes such a charge, he ought to make it good by direct and unequivocal proof. I have not ceased to inquire after Heylin's copy of P. L., during the space of seventeen years, but, with pain I relate it, without effect; I have frequently applied to Mr. Todd for additional evidence on this point, but to no purpose. In a word, B.'s literary character will gain by discussion, merses profundo, pulcrior evenit; while his correspondence with Grævius, printed by Dr. Burney, abundantly proves that he was "not deplorably deficient in those accomplishments which ought ever to accompany great learning, good manners, good language, and good nature." But why should I presume to vindicate Dr. B. to his ablest advocate? Tyrwhitt's *translations in verse* are extremely rare. I will procure for you a copy of the observations upon Shakspeare. In the *dissert. de Babrio*,—is the fragment in Schol. ad Aristop. Pac. 152. taken from Babrius, and may it be digested in the following manner?

——καὶ
ὅπως ἔχῃ τι βουκόλημα τῆς λύπης
ἀνέθηκε [τοῖς] τοίχοις ποικίλας γραφὰς ζώων.

The conjectures upon Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes will not surely be withheld much longer; they have been printed off these six years. The curæ posteriores in Tusculanas were printed and published at Oxford during the last year. I will, with your permission, request Mackinlay to send you a copy. Siebenkees's impression of the Scholia upon Plato is not uncommon; this scholar had disregarded the doctrine of accentuation, which would have assisted him materially in decyphering MSS. In p. 40. he has transcribed φημενόν (thus) for the proper name φημονόη· I have, however, copied as faithfully as I could, all

those singularities. At first I looked upon παλίαι as a typographical error: I could not, however, account for it. I then conjectured that Saxius's copy might be imperfect. I return you, Dear Doctor, my best thanks for the reference to γάμοι, which has put an end to my blunders; do you think it probable that Ruhnkenius had written "viri docti bene ad Hesych, v. γάμοι, in —" and that the transcriber of Saxius's copy had omitted the reference? It would not, perhaps, be proper to decide on this point, without consulting Vaassen's tract, which has not been imported by any of the London booksellers. I will use every effort to procure for you Santen's specimen of his intended edition of Terent. Maurus. I shall not, Dear Doctor, attempt to dissemble, though I cannot give utterance to, those feelings of delight, which have been excited in my mind by your very kind letter, and am anxious not to diminish sentiments so flattering to me. I am very proud of your autograph, and earnestly beg that you will give me an opportunity of qualifying myself to read your valuable communications with more facility, by honouring me occasionally with a long epistle.

Permit me, dear Doctor, to state a foul attempt lately made to extort from me the COKIAN MS. On the sixteenth instant, at four o'clock in the afternoon, a fellow knocked at our door—called himself a messenger from Mr. Coke, and said that he had been sent for the book lent to me, and that he must not return without it; here he produced a paper. Mrs. Kidd assured him that I never left the house without placing it under a lock, that no other person in the family had access to it; and that it was my intention to return it, at the time appointed, in person. The fellow quitted the premises with seeming reluctance. On my return at about five o'clock, I immediately set out for Park-place with the MS., left with it a note expressive of my deep sense of Mr. Coke's signal kindness to me, and humbly entreating a renewal of the loan for three weeks, on Mr. C.'s return to town in the winter season. To my great mortification I found the whole to be an atrocious fabrication: that no messenger had been sent. O shade of Dr. Rawlinson! exclaimed I; DEUS FIDEI SACER ESTO. I did not, however, think it prudent in me to take back the MS. from Park-place, until I had had an

interview with its generous and excellent proprietor. I shall do myself the honour to wait upon Mr. Coke to-morrow.

I am, Reverend and dear Doctor, with sincere regard, your very grateful, and most obedient, humble servant, T. KIDD.

P.S. I have been much afflicted with apprehensions for the safety of my dear friend and tutor, Mr. Jones, Senior Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, but I rejoice to hear from authority that he is in a state of convalescence.

May 9, 1816, *Croxton Rectory,*

REVEREND AND DEAR DOCTOR, *Cambridgeshire.*

In your very friendly letter to me, dated Dec. 24, 1815, you wish to be informed from what source I derived Porson's emendation of Æn. iii. 702. Immanisque Gela FLUVIO cognomine dicta. In a letter from Doctor Goodall, Provost of Eton, (March, 1813) the following passage occurs: "Much do I regret that I have lost a paper on which I had marked a very few of poor Porson's earliest corrections. Fluvio cognomine, Æn. iii. 702., and Πᾶ τοκ' ἄρ' ἦσθ', Theocr. Idyll. i. [66] "he mentioned to me in 1779, when we were Undergraduates at Cambridge." I never talked over with Doctor Burney any passage in Virgil or in Horace. In turning over a No. of the Monthly Review, for May, 1811, if I recollect aright, I found, with great surprise, the same emendation suggested in the correspondence. I can now easily collect from what quarter it came. Your opinion concerning this line is in my mind decisive. If it had been communicated with me at an earlier period, and in the shape of a note, I should, with your permission, have been proud to print it amongst the miscellaneous criticisms.

By the work, which I have lately published, I have not earned a fraction. The singular humanity of the Syndics of the Cambridge-press has enabled me to re-print Dawes' Misc. Crit.; of which the preface, the first and second sections, and the appendix, are out of the press. This, I fear, is a very ungainful speculation. My good friends, the Rev. Dr. Davy, Master of Caius College, Dr. Kaye, Vice-chancellor, Dr. Maltby of Buckden,

and Mr. Dobree, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, lately circulated proposals for a new edition of Dr. Bentley's Dissertation upon Phalaris, &c., and his Answer to Boyle combined; and sanguine hopes were entertained that a sum might have been raised, by means of a subscription to this work, which would relieve me from my embarrassments. After weeks of effort and of painful suspense, this literary project, after it has been prepared for the press, must be relinquished. The want of encouragement is owing, it is supposed, to the unpromising state of the country at this period. I have been, for many years, occasionally engaged about Homer; but I have been lately in a state of dismay, which unfits me for every pursuit.

Thus situated, my dear Sir, thus pleading, not for honours, not for distinction, I know I shall be pardoned by your goodness in stating my perilous situation. In doing this I have been influenced solely by the utmost anxiety to preserve your good opinion of me, and humbly to solicit you to exert your powerful influence amongst a few friends to aid me in this season of affliction. I am, with sincere respect, reverend and dear Doctor, yours most gratefully, T. Kipp.

Rev. Alexander Nicoll, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Oxford, Dec.* 17, 1818.

I am much obliged to you for your kind invitation to visit you at Christmas, and would certainly have written to you before, had it not been for the uncertainty I was in, whether or not I should accept your invitation. I have a curacy in Oxford, and am very seldom required to do duty, excepting the weekly and occasional, but unfortunately I am obliged to preach two sermons on Christmas day. It is extremely difficult to procure a substitute at this season of the year, when so very few remain in the University, and those few are otherwise engaged. You will see then that such an engagement will not allow me to avail myself of your kindness on this occasion, although nothing could give me greater pleasure than to see you at home, and

enjoy a little of your learned conversation. Mr. Scott informed me that you have in your possession the preface which Uri intended to prefix to his catalogue. No one would be more pleased to read that than myself, as I have taken a great interest in every thing concerning him, and it would now be more particularly interesting to me, as I have begun a continuation of his work, though on a plan quite different. If he says any thing of the plan which he followed, his manner of selecting the manuscripts, or gives any particulars concerning the execution of the work, it might probably be useful to me. Nothing is to be learned of that nature from the present preface, which is very jejune. I have now advanced as far as the tenth sheet of the continuation. The first fasciculus, which will comprehend all the Arabic manuscripts not described by Uri, will, I think, occupy thirty sheets in all.

I heard from Scott yesterday from Benton. He will not be in Oxford till the beginning of February. I hope I shall some time or other have the pleasure of seeing you at Hatton, and frequently at Oxford, which I hope you will not fail to honour with a visit as usual. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your most obedient and obliged servant, ALEXANDER NICOLL.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. R. Odell.

DEAR MR. ODELL, *January* 31, 1817.

Better late than never, says the English Proverb, when we have to discharge what by Pindar is called *βαθὺ χρέος*. I am sure that your congratulations are sincere, and therefore I, with equal sincerity, thank you for them. I am delighted to hear of the honour done to me by the accomplished and amiable Ladies of Holkham on my wedding-day, and I wish that you could have met the enlightened friends who assembled upon my birth-day, and cordially quaffed a bumper to the health of Mr. Coke, whose noble present of game adorned our banquet. I think that with my directions you will have little difficulty in finding the Lexicon of Roman names. For this copy, I shall swap one which ought

to be in the Holkham Library, because it once belonged to a scholar and antiquary of no inconsiderable celebrity, and is sprinkled here and there with references in his hand writing. I shall employ some learned scribe in prefixing that historical matter, which probably will interest you, and will assist every reader in calculating the value of the copy as compared with other copies. Pray tell Lady Anson that I wish to have some instructions about conveying the book to her Ladyship at Shugborough, and that I desired her to take charge of the copy, which is to be exchanged and delivered for me at the house of Dr. John Johnstone, Temple-row, Birmingham. I hope that George Blackwell received from me a paper in which I endeavoured to preserve him from one of the numerous and atrocious violations of quantity to which the Westminster lads are exposed, and from which Etonians and Wykehamists are fortunately exempt. George has very good talents, and I trust that his academical education will be so conducted as to make him a scholar. I thank you for your intelligence about the Archdeacon, and in me he will find the aid, both of precept and example, to set Reviewers at defiance.

Say many kind and respectful things for me to the Archdeacon. Tell him that Archbishop Tillotson received more than a thousand anonymous letters of abuse, that he always read them calmly, and preserved them in huge bundles, which he now and then opened for the amusement of his friends.

For many years I have been assailed by anonymous letters, petty pamphlets, saucy circulars, and critiques in Reviews and Magazines. But I am invulnerable. This very day I am going to write to the most persevering, the most fierce, and the most ingenious of all my assailants. He is now acquainted with me personally, and though he knows me to retain political and theological opinions directly opposite to his own, he finds that I am not utterly destitute of such moral and intellectual properties as mitigate his antipathy, extort his approbation, and almost conciliate his esteem. Present my best respects and best wishes to Mr. Coke, to Lady Anson, Miss Coke, Mrs. Blackwell, and her daughters. I am, dear Sir, most truly your well wisher, and humble obedient servant,

S. Parr.

I tell you, and you may tell the ladies, that on the 26th of January I completed my seventieth year; that I had reached the age of discretion (as they do not) long before, that I am in good health and good spirits, and that all the friends who have seen my wife approve of my choice.

Rev. R. Odell, to Dr. Parr.

Burnham Overy, Norfolk,
July 21, 1817.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

The pleasure and instruction which I derived from your society at Norwich, as well as your goodness in introducing me to your old friend Mr. Unthank, will long be remembered by me. I never knew your lightnings more vivid, your thunders more awful and sublime. Our agricultural fete went off with unusual spirit, and upwards of two thousand persons were entertained on the three days of the clip: does not this surpass the ancient Coke of Agrigentum, the celebrated Gellius, whose house was called

Ξενων αιδοιοι λιμενες, κακοτητος απειροι?

Some addresses have been presented to Mr. Coke on the subject of the outrage, which was offered to him on the Saturday previous to the election, and in refutation of those calumnies by which his exertions as an agriculturist have been depreciated and misrepresented. In the Cathedral of St. Paul you have witnessed with silent veneration the colossal statues of Dr. Johnson and Mr. Howard. The intellect of the former was gigantic, the philanthrophy of the latter was colossal. On a plain pillar these few words record the greatness of the genius of Wren: "Lector, si quæris monumentum, circumspice." In the same manner it may briefly be said to the inquiring traveller who visits Norfolk, and canvasses the merits of Mr. Coke, "view the garden of Norfolk; his fairest eulogy is written in the page of nature."

Mr. Canning of Foxcote spoke at the sheepshearing in a manly manner, and Mr. Coke was much gratified by his visit.

Your obliged and faithful friend, R. ODELL.

Dr. Parr, to Rev. R. Odell.

DEAR MR. ODELL, *Hatton, Jan.* 7, 1823.

I was very happy to hear from you, and yet I must confess to you that I continue to be rather displeased with you for not coming over to my parsonage, where you must have been sure of meeting a welcome when you last visited New College. The late election of a warden is a triumph of learning over pedantry, and of constitutional principles over sacerdotal intolerance. I foresaw the defeat of Mr. Scarlett, at Cambridge, and with a wounded spirit I found in the poll, the unexpected and inglorious apostacy of several ecclesiasties, who in many previous contests had fought in the rank of the Whigs. I did not descry one convert to our cause, and knowing the power of prejudice, of insolence from recent success, and of hope and fear in those who look to the ministry, and to the court, I think that Whiggism has met with a death-blow in my University. The spirit of High-Churchism was never more widely prevalent, nor more arrogantly violent than at the present moment. All the great public schools are fraught with Tory instructors. Both the Universities are deeply and incurably tainted with Toryism. The majority of the country gentlemen are actuated by the same spirit of domination and selfishness, and while the sources of education are thus polluted, and the influence of government is so extensive and so baneful, what have we to expect? I almost trembled when I read what passed at the county meeting. With one exception I approved of the resolutions. But the times require something more, and more than that more was suggested by Cobbett. The plain fact is, that Radicalism will, ere long, be the general feeling. Oh Mr. Odell! I have no patience with court parsons, country parsons, and the degenerate crew of country squires. But my head will soon be under the sod. I am glad that you are pleased with my toast in behalf of the Lion of Old England, opposed to Russian Bears, and French Baboons. But there is a race of English vermin more dangerous than ei-

ther. As my birthday falls on the twenty-sixth of January, a Sunday, I shall, for the convenience of my clerical friends, celebrate the birthday feast on the Monday. I have dictated to my grand-daughter a series of toasts, not one of which could be displeasing to you. I have written a short letter to Mary Bloom. Pray, remember me to Mr. Glover, and to Mr. and Mrs. Tickell. I cannot send any message to Dr. ————, because I have little reliance on his politics, and in plain truth he has a larger share of priestianity than of christianity. We shall not forget the young male heir of Holkham. I was very much pleased with the marriage of Mrs. Stanhope. What a heavenly minded woman is Lady Anson!

I remain, dear Sir, truly your well-wisher, and obedient, humble servant, S. PARR.

Rev. R. Odell, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR, *Barnham Overy, Norfolk, Dec. 2nd*, 1823.

Many, many thanks for your very kind letter. I am very sensible of, and grateful for the honours you have conferred on me, within and without your most acceptable epistle. I must endeavour more and more to merit such titles. I have too much reason to regret your not having visited Holkham this Autumn; where "te duce et auspice" a most animated battle must have taken place within the ring fence of the library. I could not have aspired beyond the ambition of being bag-holder on such an occasion. The Duke of Sussex took his station every morning in the Upper Library, attended sometimes by that terror of the Tories, Archdeacon Glover, and sometimes by an accomplished exiled Neapolitan Patriot, Prince Cimitelli. In their keen pursuit and investigation of the principes editiones, they reminded me of the remark of Politiano: "Porro ipsos *venaticos canes* dixisses, ita odorabantur omnia et pervestigabant, ut ubi quidque rarum esset, aliquâ ratione invenirent, atque compararent." In the MSS. Library Mr. Roscoe presided; after he has published

his life and edition of Pope, he intends to put his catalogue of the Holkham MSS. in the press. Mr. R. still maintains his antipathy to rods, and is very averse to the Winchester motto of "Manet sors tertia cædi." Some think the acute and intelligent Archdeacon..... is in transitu to Toryism. He resembles the monthly mutations of the moon; sometimes he wanders with diminished light, in the darker night of Toryism; sometimes he shines in the full splendour of Whiggism, his mind is octagonal. I was delighted with the society of your most distinguished pupil, Dr. Maltby. Mr. Coke is very partial to him. The rage of the High-Church party, at the appointment of Archdeacon Glover, is said to be very great. They cannot bear to pronounce his name, unless it be to tell him how they hate his beams. You would like Mr. Stanhope* very much, he is an accomplished gentleman, of a most amiable disposition, has read and travelled a great deal, and published a work illustrative of the typography of Platæa, and the Asopus, proving the translators of Herodotus on this subject to be blunderers. Mr. Coke is very sensible of the treasure he has acquired in such a son-in-law. Mr. C. was much diverted by the flagellations you inflicted on the opponents of Archdeacon Glover, in your last epistle. Your picture by Opie, at Holkham, is thought to be very superior to that of Lonsdale: the countenance is more argumentative, and reminds me of you, when you laid Langton prostrate with a thunder bolt. Miss Bloom is full of sense and vivacity, and entertains a warm regard for you. I shall always esteem a line or two from you as more precious than the "aurea carmina."

Believe me, my dear Doctor Parr, with every sentiment of respect and gratitude, yours, RICHARD ODELL.

Mr. Potter of Scarning, Translator of Æschylus and Euripides, sought Parr's acquaintance soon after his removal to Colchester. The correspondence I shall now introduce will show Mr. Potter's high opinion

of Parr's scholarship—the assistance he obtained from him—and alas! will exhibit both in no very peaceful attitude; yet even their expostulatory or angry letters must be held in high estimation, as they freely expose the sentiments these considerable scholars entertained of each other.

Rev. R. Potter, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Scarning, East Dereham, March* 13, 1778.

I flatter myself that you will not only forgive the liberty I take in troubling you, but that you will also oblige me in the request I am making to you. At the desire of some persons, of such rank that their requests have the force of commands, I am engaged in writing notes to the English Æschylus: this is much against my own judgment, as I think, with Mr. Gray, that notes are an affront to the reader's understanding, and I am sure that every one knows, or ought to know, whatever I know. You mentioned to me something of Mr. Heath, something of Dr. Burton; I beg the favour of you to give me the titles of these books, and of any other that occur to you as useful to my design; the books I shall be supplied with, when I know what to ask for. I am not conscious to myself of a total obscurity in any passage of Æschylus, except one; will you do me the favour to turn to the Agamemnon, l. 983, ed. Pauw.

'Οταν δε τευχῃ Ζευς απ' ομφακος πικρας
Οινον, τοτ' ηδη ψυχος εν δομοις πελει, &c.

With regard to this allusion, I am totally in the dark; if you can throw in one ray of light, you will oblige me and serve me greatly. You cannot imagine how often I wish you with me, when want of precision in Euripides perplexes me. I hope that you have received your Leland, with the two Georgics, &c. I trust to your good nature to excuse this troublesome application; your immediate answer will greatly oblige, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant, R. POTTER.

DEAR SIR, *Scarning, 14th May,* 1778.

I now thank you for your book, and your very friendly letter

of 7th April, which I was willing to keep unanswered, till I had in its course got over the blundered passage in the Agamemnon. I now wonder how I could be so dull, but taking Ζευς τευχη οινον literally, and by that, making nonsense of the place, it became of course, unintelligible; instead of descanting further upon it, I will send you the note.

"P. 269. l. 4. The translator readily acknowledges that he mistook the sense of his author in this passage, and wishes that it may be the only passage in which he has mistaken it. The context is clearly this: 'whilst the root remains (meaning the husband) the branches reach to the house, and spread a friendly shade over it, against the heat of the dog-star.' There is an image of this nature in Mr. Mason's 'Caractacus,' but far superior to this of Æschylus. She goes on, 'When thou art present at thy domestic hearth, thou givest a warmth even in the winter; and in the hottest season the husband's presence gives a refreshing coolness to the house:' the first image is of protection, the other two of agreeableness, like this of Ovid—

Solibus hibernis, æstivâ gratior umbrâ;

the expression in the original is highly metaphorical, 'when Jupiter forms the wine from the unripe grape;' which occasioned the mistake, though it means no more than to denote the autumnal heat, it being no uncommon thing, for an original rusticity of conception to be turned into parade and ornament: the translation then ought to stand thus,

But when the hot sun in the unripe grape,
Matures the wine, the husband's perfect virtues
Spread a refreshing coolness, Thou, O Jove, &c.

"And now, having mentioned her husband under the usual epithet of *the perfect* (see Stanley on the Supp. v. 82. and the word προτελειος passim), she artfully addresses Jupiter, the source of perfection, to perfect her intent: this play on the word, is the ebullition of her heated imagination, impatient to execute her horrid purpose, as the opportunity was not arrived; and is another instance of that ambiguity, with which this artful and determined woman took a pride in concealing her thoughts under the very words that express them."

I hope, Sir, that every thing is now right, and consonant to your idea; only if by Ζευς is meant the air, by οινον nothing can

be meant but the ripening juice of the grape, and there is no occasion for further inquiry. You see that I have been careful to preserve the air of the original in τελειου, &c. If the passage is not yet satisfactory to you, I beg you to give me your further animadversions on it; and wherever you find me blundering in any other passages, you will do me the greatest favour by pointing them out to me. You will see by this that I very readily acknowledge my mistakes when I discover them, and take a pleasure in correcting them. I write notes most furiously, but they are chiefly in the style of the ingenious and praiseworthy Mr. Newberry, for masters and misses: some few must necessarily be critical; such as they are they shall be printed in quarto, and presented to the subscribers before the second edition is published, to avoid the common complaint against authorism and booksellerism. I have often been called upon to give an edition of Æschylus, but I know myself too well to attempt it: may I not announce to the world your intention of doing this? Burton's Pentalogia is out of print, and not to be got in London; I am therefore obliged to beg the favour of you to send me yours immediately; it shall be returned with Heath, in whom I am greatly disappointed; his silly enmity to Pauw frequently leads him into egregious errors. I shall be obliged to take notice of some of these, but I spare him, not willing to give offence to his son. He may be very accurate in settling a particle and weighing a syllable, and as such be useful to an editor, but it is not in the talents of a Minutius Felix to throw such a light on Æschylus as will guide a translator.

I am, Sir, your very obliged humble servant, R. Potter.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Potter.

DEAR SIR,

I have received your notes; I have read and approved the greater part of them; and I am happy to find that you perform the less task with propriety as well as the greater with dignity, and that your labour as a commentator will not disgrace your reputation as a translator. I speak the language of my serious and most fixed conviction, when I say that the soundness of your

understanding, the delicacy of your taste, and the brilliancy of your imagination, are strongly marked in every page of your annotations: they unite elegance with perspicuity, they illustrate the beauties as well as explain the obscurities of your author, and they are happily calculated at once for the information of the unlearned reader and the entertainment of the most learned. But for your sake, Sir, and for the sake of truth, I feel the most mortifying concern from the splendid and exaggerated compliments which you have lavishly bestowed on the head pedant of Berners street. I might claim, though I would not condescend to boast, of a longer and more intimate acquaintance with a character, so distinguished as not to require the heightenings even of your pencil.

I know that your praises, however they may injure you, cannot dignify their object; that your judgment will be almost distrusted by those who know his general character, and that your sincerity will be half suspected by those who compare the annotator with his associate. I presume not to pry into the motives which induced you to permit this crazy bark to sail attendant and pursue your triumphs. You could be under no temptation to increase the lustre of your own erudition by the power of contrasts; perhaps you were under a kind of classical infatuation, and with an enthusiastic humility stifled the exultations of your own heart, by reflecting on the comparative insignificance of the coxcomb who aspired to the participation of your well-gotten fame.

Be not surprised nor offended at this earnestness. I wish you had given a little more attention to my hints about plagiarism. Your book is gone forth, and I apprize you of your danger. The notes on p. 142, l. 2—on p. 143, l. 18—p. 147, l. 6—the notes of pompous references on p. 152—the notes on p. 160, l. 6, are taken verbatim from the Pentalogia of Burton. Had you seen his School-book you would probably have found the other remarks were written from his master's mouth; but not all of them, I hope, for Bernard's sake. The remark on p. 148 is trite and puerile; the idea of Virgil in Æn. xii. v. 336, is unclassical, false, and absurd. Does not Spence justly and beautifully observe in his Polymetis, that the most horrid offices are assigned to females in the ancient my-

thology? but I will not disgust you nor weary myself by continuing this ignoble chase.

I have seen your ingenious and judicious friend display his breeding among the beaux of Norwich,—all the world and myself have heard of his saucy eloquence among the philosophers in Crane Court, and after all the efforts of this Lilliputian giant to excel all mankind in all sciences, I am inclined to think that he as grossly overrates himself as he underrates other men; that he attempts much without ability to perform any thing well, and that he deserves to be ranked rather with the affected whom Martial has stigmatized, than with the learned, whom Lucretius has handed down to the admiration of posterity in such exalted strains of poetry and friendship. I will carefully deliver your copies to my neighbours and friends. In the sincerity of my heart I wish you the great blessings of life. When I hear of your recovery I will sacrifice an hecatomb to Hygeia. Believe me, with the most unfeigned respect, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, S. PARR.

Rev. Thomas Rennell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Vicarage, Kensington, Dec.* 14, 1818.

I cannot but feel, with the deepest gratitude, the very kind and generous interest which you take in the character and reputation of my father. Accept the best thanks which a son can offer for your obliging solicitude. When the fair fame of a scholar or of an ecclesiastic is involved, I am well-assured that in a mind constituted like yours, the paltry considerations of party politics weigh but as dust in the balance.

I had but just heard of Bishop Milner's book when your letter arrived; I shall now, for every reason, give it my earliest attention. I would not return any answer to your inquiries till I was enabled to give you the most satisfactory reply from the person who was most intimately concerned. I will copy a portion of a letter which I have just received from my father.

"With regard to Milner, I can only say, that he is specifically the master of the mint to ————. I do not think that I ever wrote to him in my life but one short note, sending him

at the same time Barrow's Treatise upon the Papal Supremacy, with the observation that, until those arguments could be confuted, Popery was untenable. This I firmly believe was the only communication in writing that ever passed between us. That I professed to him in a letter my attachment to the Popish religion is an utter fabrication."

So decided a disavowal on the part of my father will be fully satisfactory to every honourable mind. If there had been any foundation for the charge, Bishop Milner would not have hesitated to have preferred it long since, when the frequent mention of my father's name and opinions gave him such repeated opportunities.

It gratifies me much to hear that you intend to enter your powerful protest against his attack upon the memory of Bishop Hallifax. It is somewhat extraordinary, that the prelate who so successfully repelled a charge of a similar nature upon the memory of Butler, should, after his own death, be the object of the same attack. But the fame of Bishop Hallifax may rest in the security which it deserves, while your arm is exerted in its defence. One touch of your pen will shiver to atoms the stoutest slander that can assail it.

I will not say how sensibly my father feels your generous concern. He can express himself better than I can, and I am assured will take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you with what he feels. I am, dear Sir, with the highest respect, your very obliged and faithful servant, THOS. RENNELL.

Rev. David Roderick, to Dr. Parr.

REV. BROTHER, *March* 23.

I have executed all your commissions with the utmost fidelity and exactness. Mr. Bathurst has, I suppose, sent you Bishop Law's Sermon, and the chambermaid of the Queen's Head has put the coals into the pan, in order to warm your bed; so that I hope I shall merit your commendation. Drury and I went on Thursday night to see Grief à-la-Mode at Drury-lane, last night the Messiah, and to-night are to see Mrs. Barry in the character

of Sir Harry Wildair. We have determined for the boxes. I have no political news beyond what I receive from the papers, and therefore refer you to them. The Ministry are desirous of passing by Wilkes, lest their notice and persecution of him should restore him to his former consequence. Crosby and Oliver are to appear on Tuesday before the House. The King was last night at the Oratorio, and treated with great respect; but the night before, when the Duke of Cumberland came in, somebody in the one shilling gallery cried out, Crosby, Oliver, Wilkes. Yesterday, I have been told, there was a report upon Change that Bengal was almost depopulated by a plague and famine. Three or four millions of people are said to have perished. In consequence of this disastrous event, the India stock fell 40 per cent. I have seen no paper to-day, and therefore know not upon what probability the report was founded. Though I am pursuing my diversions, I have not entirely forgot my flock, and therefore desire you will give notice that the sacrament will be administered on Easter-Sunday. I have pitched my head-quarters at the Hotel, but am so dissatisfied with the company there, that I think I shall never be a night there after this time. My compliments to Mrs. and Mr. Frank Parr. I don't know whether I shall return to Harrow before you leave it: if not, I wish you a good journey to Cambridge, and hope to see you there. I shall order my box to be brought to your inn on Wednesday, and commit it to your care. I have seen nothing of Mr. Wadeson, if he is in town. Your affectionate friend, D. Roderick.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Watford, May* 14, 1801.

I am much obliged to you for your sermon, which I think peculiarly proper for the occasion, and most creditable to you. From the various reports of the time which it took in the delivery, I was afraid you had entered upon discussions too recondite for your auditors. I am, therefore, happy to find my fears were without foundation. The notes will probably be thought too bulky to appear only εν προσθηκης μερει. Your sermon derogates, I think, very considerably from the solidity of what you say in favour of universities. For, as, from your own representation, you could derive little advantage from your short resi-

dence in College, it should seem to follow that an academic education is by no means requisite for a high improvement of the understanding, and excellence of composition. Your scribes or printers are very indifferent Hebræans, as רץ is written with a daleth, and in one place with a vau, instead of a resh. In the citation from Biel, I do not know what it should be, unless possibly אר. An English reader, who is not aware that the books of Samuel are by the Sept. and Vulgate called the First and Second of Kings, would be puzzled to find out one of your references. As I have lost your sermon, I cannot now examine the passages, but I believe it is 1 Kings, which, as you cite in English, should rather be 1 Sam. I am happy to find that Mrs. Parr and Catharine are well. I beg my kindest remembrance to them, and am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

D. Roderick.

Rev. David Roderick, to Dr. John Johnstone.

DEAR SIR, *Choulsbury, Tring, Herts, Oct.* 25, 1825.

From the petty incidents that I am able to recollect of Dr. Parr, you may at least derive some amusement, and possibly some hints as to his early habits and turn of mind. I shall therefore go on with them. Sir William Jones, after obtaining a fellowship at Oxford, came to reside at Harrow, as private tutor to the present Lord Spencer. On one Saturday night, when he and Parr were at Dr. Sumner's, I told them that Mr. Saunders, the vicar, was to preach the next day, that his curate might officiate for a person in the neighbourhood. On this information, Jones said he was glad of it, as he wished to have his memory refreshed as to Mr. Saunders's mode of preaching. "O!" said Parr, "I'll tell you what his text will be," and a text he gave us. Then, as we did not seem to rely much upon his text, he added, "I'll give you the sermon too." On this he repeated two or three long sentences, and a string of heads; after, when we expected that he would enter on his heads, he archly said, that "previous to the doing of this, there were certain objections to be obviated, which also required to be classed under their respective divisions." All this was considered, as you may suppose, only as an ingenious imitation of Mr. Saunders's style and mat-

ter. On the Sunday morning I overtook Dr. Sumner and Jones going to church. When we entered, I found that Mr. Saunders had put the surplice on to read prayers, which I had engaged to do. Dr. Sumner therefore said that I might as well go with them to his pew, which I did. When the prayers were finished, Mr. Saunders, after the abstersion of his face and eyes, exactly in the manner that Parr had represented, gave out the text "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord," &c., the indentical text given us the night before. Then followed the sentences, heads, and objections, as had also been foretold. All this time Dr. Sumner stood up, and occasionally cast a glance at Jones, who had thrown himself into a corner of the pew, and was bursting with laughter. As you do not, I suppose, intend to invest Dr. Parr with a prophetic character, I must account for what may seem to have been a supernatural prescience in him. The lesson of one of the forms of the school on Saturday was the gospel of the following Sunday out of the Greek Testament. Parr had heard that form, and knowing that Mr. Saunders had a favourite sermon on part of the gospel, he concluded it would be selected for delivery on the Sunday. As Mr. Saunders had for several years given over preaching, I do not imagine that Parr had ever heard that sermon after he went to College. His perfect remembrance of it is, therefore, a proof of his wonderful memory, and of the great attention that he must have paid to sermons when a boy. Of whatever belonged to the church he was always fond, and before he was of sufficient age to be ordained, he had equipt himself with wig, beaver, and other paraphernalia of the highest prelatical dignity, and his face was well calculated to support the character he had assumed. At an inn in London, when Mr. Wadeson, he, and I, after sitting up rather late, had rung the bell to be shown to our beds, and had, on the appearance of the maid, all three got up, as ready to attend her, she, pointing at Parr, said, "the elderly gentleman first," though he was in reality twenty years younger than Mr. Wadeson. Politics he took up at a very early period. As he was a freeholder of Middlesex, he went to Brentford to vote for Wilkes, when I accompanied him. We had luckily descended from the hustings, before the mob drove Sir William Beauchamp Proctor from it, and almost demolished the house in which he

took refuge. Parr and I were in the adjoining house, and the mob very soon appeared before it in a very hostile array. I went to the door to tell them that that house was inhabited by two elderly ladies, who had no manner of connection with Sir William; I therefore hoped that they would not alarm or injure them. As I was saying so, a brickbat came so near my head, that I still tremble at the recollection of the danger that I escaped. This, I believe, was the only mischief done. To enter the street was perilous; my companion and I therefore scrambled over the garden-wall to get at our horses, which were in a bye part of the town, in the yard of a coal merchant, who supplied most of the families at Harrow with coals. When we mounted our steeds, we made the best of our way, but not without considerable danger, for though Parr was well decorated with election labels, inscribed "Wilkes and Liberty," the amplitude of his beaver, and the orthodoxy of his wig, made his principles and patriotism suspected, so that the populace cried out that he hung out false colours. In his ardour for supporting Wilkes, Dr. Parr sacrificed his private interest, as he did all his life, to what he conceived to be his duty, as the son of the Duke of Grafton, the prime minister, and the two sons of Sir William Beauchamp Proctor, were then in the school; and it would have been more agreeable to Dr. Sumner that he had not voted at all. I am, Sir, yours truly, D. Roderick.

Rev. William Shepherd, to Dr. Parr.

REV. SIR, *Gateacre, near Liverpool, Nov.* 10, 1804.

Permit me to request your acceptance of the work which accompanies this letter, and which I present to you as a token of the homage which I esteem to be due to your extensive literary acquirements, to the ingenuousness of your disposition, and to the liberality of your sentiments.

In accounting for the late period of this presentation, I must confess a degree of submission to the dicta of practising critics of which I am now ashamed. The fact is, that more than twelve months ago I had laid aside a few copies of my book, which I

destined for a few scholars of eminence, when I found my performance most unmercifully handled in a literary journal which, though distinguished by the severity of its animadversions, was also, in my opinion, distinguished by the superior ability of its composers. Thinking, then, that if I merited a tythe of the obloquy which these gentlemen showered upon my literary character, my book was not worth accepting, I relinquished the intention to which I have alluded. But a verdict of a very flattering nature on the part of some gentlemen peculiarly well qualified to judge of a literary history, having some little time since "followed hard upon" a full discovery which I have made of the ridiculous incompetency of my Edinburgh critic, I venture to send the Life of Poggio to Hatton. Of this I am confident that, whatever may be your opinion of its merits or demerits, that opinion will be the result not only of accurate and enlarged scholarship, but of considerate candour. But why do I make this observation, as in transmitting to you the fruit of my lucubrations, it is not my wish to court or to deprecate criticism, but simply to testify the respectful esteem with which I have long been, Reverend Sir, your sincere well-wisher and humble servant,

WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Gateacre, August* 19, 1806.

That the free and unreserved detail of my feelings on a subject concerning which I am very sensible of the difficulty of feeling right, should meet with your approbation, is indeed gratifying to me. Sorry should I have been had your further acquaintance with the bent of my dispositions caused you to retract the good opinion which you have not been unwilling to entertain of my moral qualities; and I am in hopes that the further communications which you are so kind as to promise on this painful topic, may enable me to put the matter into a train of final and courteous, if not friendly, settlement.

Your letter of the 20th of June caught me when I was on the wing for Hafod, where I spent the greatest part of my holidays. On my return home I put Poggio's dialogue into the hands of the printer, after having broken it into paragraphs according to your suggestion. I have also thankfully adopted all your cor-

rections, being particularly induced so to do, as I perceived nothing in the MS. which led me to believe it to be the autograph of the author. The hints with which you are so good as to furnish me shall form the substance of a brief address *ad Lectorem*, as I do not think it expedient or delicate to alter the original dedication, a copy of which I inclose according to your desire. I have not yet written my address; when it is finished I will send it to you, and will gratefully profit by your remarks and corrections.

I have had some thoughts of requesting Mr. Roscoe to etch for me a vignette for the title-page, namely, a decayed oak, closely embraced by a flourishing ivy. But this is a satire upon Poggio and his dialogue, and a contradiction to his doctrine, and must, I believe, be given up.

Mr. Johnes has allowed me to bring home with me the MS. of Poggio's epistles, which I believe I mentioned to you when we had the pleasure of seeing you at Allerton. It contains about twenty letters, which have never been published, some of them very long and interesting. By means of this MS. I have been enabled to correct many faults in the Basil edition of Poggio's works, some of which I had in the course of my reading rashly imputed to the negligence or ignorance of my hero. In the margin of the edition of 57 of Poggio's epistles, subjoined to his noble treatise "De Varietate Fortunæ," published at Paris in 1723, there occur several conjectural emendations of the Latin phraseology, almost all of which are confirmed by the MS. This circumstance, if the editor had been acquainted with it, would have induced them to admit them directly into the text.

I am myself possessed of Mehns's edition of the Epistles of Leonardo Bruni Aretino, to which you refer; and also of his Life and Letters of Ambrogio Travisari, in two volumes folio, which contain more information on the subject of the revival of letters than any book I have met with, but given in so dry and confused a manner, that your *dilettanti* would shrink from them with horror.

Mr. Roscoe is very well, and happily delivered of his preface, which is by this time printed. I have just heard that all this trouble has been imposed upon him by a stripling Aristarchus, who has just obtained a Scholarship at Trinity College, Cam-

bridge, and ranks as a volunteer among the Edinburgh reviewers. Did you ever see a picture of the world turned upside down, in which a principal groupe is a set of boys flogging their master? Believe me, with much respect, yours truly,

WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

I send this by way of Hafod. It will give me most heartfelt pleasure to hear of your having yourself acquired the privilege of franking.

Gateacre, near Liverpool,
Dec. 11, 1810.

MY DEAR SIR,

By the medium of the poetical money, or rather paper-change, I lately sent my mite of a contribution towards the restoration of the beauties of your church. This I did not through fear of the spiritual court, which is happily controled in its operations by divers wholesome statutes, nor yet through fear of the devil; for I trust that by a long habit of complying with Hotspur's prescription, I can ever put his Satanic majesty to shame. No, my dear Sir, I transmitted this decomposed and recomposed remnant of an old shirt (on the metamorphosis of which remnants depends the continuance of old England's boasted prosperity), for various reasons—as, first of the first, (as says the priggish Mr. Harris, father of Lord Malmesbury,) practically to show my dissent from the puritanic doctrine of the sinfulness of neatness in the fitting up of places of worship. Secondly, in order to demonstrate my readiness to comply with your lawful requisitions; and thirdly, in order to deprecate the indignation which may possibly be excited in your Whiggish breast by my insinuating the likeness of Earl Grey to a spaniel in an oration which it fell to my lot to make to a large party of Roscoeites, assembled to weep at a feast over the misrepresentation of Liverpool, and the calamities of the country. In the mean time I wish not to be misunderstood by my friends, among which number may I be permitted to reckon you, my dear Sir, as one. I do not join the cry of those zealous friends of reform, who abuse the Foxite administration for alledged sins of omission when they were in power. The melancholy truth is, the members of that administration *never were in power*. They were hampered and crippled on

every side. They were bayed by the teazing opposition of the worst of the Pittite faction—they were tormented by their too expectant friends—they were watched with jealousy by the power behind the throne; and no sooner had they made an attempt to redeem one of the most important of their pledges, than that very attempt caused them to be turned out of office. Their conduct when in place I am not even now disposed to criticize with severity; but I cannot reconcile to principle the vote which the leading members of the Whigs gave in the affair of the Duke of York. Lord Holland's discouragement of the measure of Parliamentary Reform in his speech to the corporation of Nottingham—Earl Grey's speech at the close of the last Session—Lord Milton's defence of Castlereagh and Percival, and above all, the forward and foolish eagerness of that party in asserting the tyrannical claims of the House of Commons in the matter of privilege. In this last case I mix no personal feelings with regard to Sir Francis Burdett. This subject I had occasion somewhat deeply to study long before Sir Francis was known as a public man; and cannot think well of any party who, upon very questionable grounds, can support a doctrine which subjects the liberty and property of every thinking individual, who declares his thoughts, to the will of a ministerial majority. Excuse my rambling scrawl, and believe me truly yours,

WILLIAM SHEPHERD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Gateacre, Dec.* 12, 1820.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and its inclosure, for which, and especially for the kind expressions which accompany it, the friends of that excellent person for the promotion of whose comfort it is contributed are deeply indebted to you. That person is, indeed, worthy of your esteem. I know him well, and do not hesitate to say of him, as Paterculus said of Cato, that he is one, "qui nunquam rectè fecit, ut facere videretur, sed quia aliter facere non poterat; cuique id solum visum est rationem habere, quod haberet justitiam." The individual in question is now, and has been for some weeks, on a visit to Mr. Coke, and is busily engaged in making a catalogue of his MSS. I presume you will have received a newspaper con-

taining my humble opinion on the Queen's case. I fear you have not received a sermon which I sent you some time since by way of Birmingham on the death of Mr. Hawkes. Believe me most truly yours, W. SHEPHERD.

Rev. T. H. Scott, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oxford, June* 23, 1815.

I returned here a few days ago from my trip on the Continent, having completed it by my leaving the place where St. Paul landed in Italy and passing over to Sicily; I arrived from thence just in time to keep my terms; but hearing yesterday from some Magdalen men, with whom I spent the evening, that you were not likely to be up before their Gaudy* (which is long after term ends), I determined to write to you. If you do come up at that time, I would make a point of coming down here to spend a day with you, because I have a great desire to see you. I hope you found Justinian as you wished, and also received the fragment of Cicero, which most of our learned English at Rome considered as genuine. What say you? Next to the gratification which the possession of Justinian will afford you (as I know you have been seeking after it some years), I feel no slight pleasure in having procured it, as a testimony of the great and deserved respect and esteem I bear to one, who has so invariably shown me so much kindness; and that, though in a distant country, and surrounded by objects engrossing all my attention, I had not forgotten the request of so valuable a friend.

I returned home from Sicily by sea in consequence of Murat then having seized on the north of Italy—Napoleon on France. Both now seem to be again on the decline: indeed the former is destroyed totally; and, although the latter has done an infinity of good, and founded establishments which will carry down his name to posterity as a great man, yet with all this, and considering how much more good he might have done with that extent of power he possessed, I cannot help rejoicing at his downfall; for his boundless ambition caused him [illegible] so much evil, as, I am persuaded, any impartial observer must agree [illegible], if it did not outweigh the good, it so alloyed it as to make it

* The Oxford word for a college feast.

scarcely worth having. I should like to have a long talk with you about this. I have now to tell you of something respecting myself, to compare, or at least to mix, great things with small. A very old friend of mine has been appointed Consul-general at Venice, and in the handsomest and most flattering terms offered me his Vice-consulship there; when I considered its emoluments, its respectability, and various other domestic matters too tedious for a letter (but which I hope to explain to you in person), I accepted it; and I think you will approve of what I have done when we meet. At present I do not intend to give up Oxford for other reasons you shall hereafter know; but probably my pursuits may somewhat change, because this may ultimately lead to some diplomatique road.

I hope you will at some leisure hour let me hear from you; and if at any time you should ever put your promise into execution of giving me your ideas upon a course of reading, and the books you would recommend, together with some system or plan I need not say how infinitely obliged I should feel. I am going on with Latin and Greek; but as I shall have a large portion of my time unoccupied, and probably not return to England for some time, I am desirous of filling it up to the best advantage, and with a system laid down before I go out, I can make my arrangements accordingly—hoping to find the library at St. Mark's at Venice in statû quo.

Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me most faithfully and obliged, yours,

T. H. Scott.

MY DEAR SIR, 23, *Downing-street, August* 6, 1821.

I take great shame to myself for having been so long in England as a month without writing to you; but in truth I have had such loads of official matter that scarcely a moment has been allowed me.

I wrote to you from Australia, vulgarly ycleped Botany Bay; since that time I visited the whole of Van Dieman's Land and a considerable part of the interior of New South Wales, and with the latter I have been most highly gratified. This country is destined to be a great empire at a future period, and, if rightly managed, may be as a colony of immense advantage to the mo-

ther country; and, if patronage and Parliamentary corruption could be kept out of sight, ought not to cost her a single farthing, and may prove, under judicious management, an excellent place of punishment for offenders.

At present we are occupied in preparing the Report, that is, the commissioner, for I only copy it; and until that is finished I can enter only upon general remarks. The climate exceeds for salubrity all that I have visited in Europe, and I have lived in and seen the best and worst part of it. The scenery is not bold, but what Mr. Knight would call beautiful, being chiefly gently swelling hills, well watered, not too thickly timbered, and admirably adapted for grazing, that is the interior. The space it occupies, from 10 to 44 degrees south, gives it the climates of the whole world, and therefore capable of bearing all kinds of produce.

Those born of European parents are most beautifully formed, clear-headed, sensible, eager after improvement, and strange to say, with such examples of vice and horror before their eyes, are sober, industrious, and moral, and with the courage of a lion. Under a good government they may be made a noble people. They have already began to export fine wool, and a ship is just arrived loaded with it, for which our manufacturers are giving a higher price than for the finest Saxon or Spanish wool.

I shall be about two months occupied in London, when I hope to visit you and Mrs. Parr at Hatton (to whom I beg my best compliments), and battle over the affairs of the Queen, whom I loathe equally with one who has grossly betrayed his oath by attempting injustice. I hope to hear from you, my dear Sir, and believe me your obliged servant, T. Hobbes Scott.

Mem. I am neither Whig nor Tory, despising both!

MY DEAR SIR, *Gloucester, Dec.* 23, 1821.

I am now going to communicate some intelligence about myself, and though you have always not only expressed but shown great friendship for me, I know not how far you will be satisfied with the choice I have made.

I was this day admitted into the Order of Priesthood by the

Bishop of Gloucester here, his Lordship having previously ordained me Deacon on the 9th instant at Wells.

About three months since the Incumbent of Mr. Ord's living at Whitfield died, and Mr. Ord wrote to me, offering to present me to it if I felt inclined to go into the church, and there were no objections to ordination.

As I had been absent from England during the three last years, nearly, I felt great reluctance in asking anybody to sign my testimonials; but I mentioned the subject to a clerical friend with whom I had been in the habits of intimacy all my life, who, with his brothers (nephews of the Bishop of Bath and Wells) made not the slightest objection to do it; but also stated my case to their uncle, who also knew me, and he very kindly desired me to attend him at Wells with my papers and college testimonials, and if I appeared in all other respects fit, he would ordain me. I arrived at Wells, and his chaplain having satisfied his Lordship of my sufficiency, he being then too infirm to go through the ceremony himself, he requested the Bishop of Gloucester to ordain me privately in the cathedral there, and then gave me letters dimissory for priest's orders, which the latter very obligingly assured me he should comply with. I was received here by the Bishop very politely, and am to dine with him this afternoon. He delivered to us Archbishop Secker's charge, with an exordium and conclusion of his own, as impressive, as affecting, and as eloquent as I ever recollect to have heard, only surpassed by a sermon he preached at Wells on the season of Advent.

I was induced to make this choice on many grounds, all of which I defer troubling you with till I have the pleasure of meeting with you at Hatton, where I purpose to pass a few days on my way to the north about the middle or towards the latter end of February, and if you are alone (I mean as to company) and I can have a tête-à-tête with you in your library I shall enjoy it the more. The papers say you are at Holkham, and if you will write to me a few lines, telling me when you return to Hatton, I shall be obliged to you. I beg my best respects to Mrs. Parr, and believe me, my dear Doctor, your very obliged servant,

T. H. Scott.

Direct to me, 17, Berkeley-square, London.

From the Rev. J. Smith, Rector of Stanmore, to Dr. Parr, soon after Parr's going to Stanmore, and after he had declined continuing to officiate as curate there.

DEAR SIR,

In a conversation with Mr. Jesse yesterday morning, I told him honestly what I had heard,—that he went from church to D.'s, and there said, "This is the first Christian discourse that I ever heard in Stanmore church." I added, "Sir, if this be true, you were guilty of prevarication and uncharitableness!" He agreed that my conclusion would be right, but absolutely denied the fact, and I fully believe him. He then gave me the words he used, viz. "How seldom does one hear a Christian discourse in parish churches!" This I thought bad enough in all conscience, and treated it as I apprehended it deserved. You see now that what he said does not by any means come close to you, nor do I think he thought of your sermon at the time. You will determine as you please. I shall always think it worth my people's while to hear what you have to say, and should be particularly obliged to you if our last agreement might stand. I am not yet very vigorous, and had therefore rather not preach next Sunday; must look out for a friend, if you cannot remove your scruples. Will you drink tea here, or I with you, this or some early afternoon, that we may talk the matter over? He is a well-accoutred man in his way, and tells me that he is not a Methodist. I do not suppose that your discourse would offend him or any of his connection. I know it would exceedingly please all others. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged

J. SMITH.

The acquaintance of the Rev. James Tate, of Richmond, Yorkshire, began by the common communication of scholars in general to the great master, classical difficulties, metrical canons, &c. &c. Dr. Parr's opinion of Mr. Tate's great learning and

excellence as a preceptor, is recorded in the following letter, and in several other places. He visited him at Richmond in 1819, and especially recommended him to Lord Holland, as one of those men of learning whom the Government would honour itself by patronising.

Richmond School, Yorkshire,
March 20, 1808.

DEAR SIR,

I know not how to approach you so abruptly with a twofold request; and yet it may be a less considerate attention after all, to give you the trouble of reading a long apology, than to be equally importunate with less of formality.

Mr. Meadley, a parishioner of Dr. Paley's at Bishop's Wearmouth, and well acquainted with him there, is engaged in drawing up for immediate publication a Memoir of his Life and Writings. My friend has spared no pains in collecting and preparing materials for the purpose, in which he has been very respectably assisted. For the benefit of his readers, and the honour of his biography, he is exceedingly ambitious of gaining a letter from your graphic pen, if it contained only a few paragraphs, on the character and peculiar merits of Dr. Paley as an author, in style, composition, argument. A certain tribute to the memory of poor Gilbert Wakefield, immortalises the goodness of heart of the writer, as much as it celebrates the worth and talents of the *μακαρίτης* himself. In the delineation of what in Paley was excellent or singular, the occasion would less indeed call forth the candid and generous temper so peculiarly yours; yet the critical talent, not less your own, which such a task would exercise, must delight all whom it instructed; since, *διὰ τὸ χαίρειν τοῖς μιμήμασι παντας*, every eye, but still according to the degree of its taste, can admire what no hand but one can pourtray.

Having just copied from Whitaker's History of Craven, for insertion in a short account of Mr. Temple of this place, the yet uninscribed epitaph of his accomplished pupil John Baynes, I almost feel myself tempted to solicit from the same source a similar *éloge* on William Paley. Such an epitaph, if not adopted on

his monument, would, in the language of Dr. Whitaker, be only the more interesting for not being inscribed; and, given to the world through the pages of my friend, would engrave on the public mind a more durable memory of one of the most eminent and useful amongst the teachers of men.

On a very different ground do I next come a petitioner. The "Naval Tactics" of John Clerk of Eldin,* have rendered a service to the empire as unrequited as it is glorious. A few friends have determined to acquit their own consciences at least of the debt; and a piece of silver plate, fashioned as like a ship as the purpose of a turenne will allow, awaits only a line of inscription to be presented to the Nelson on shore of his country. The in-

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* In the Edinburgh Review, No. 12, 1805, is an Essay on Naval Tactics, systematical and historical, by John Clerk of Eldin, Esq. "My friend Mr. Hutton," says Mr. Tate, "was wonderfully struck, as I was myself, with the perusal of that, to us, extraordinary account of such merit, so unrewarded. It occurred to his mind, that a tribute of respect might be paid by individuals, to gratify the old age of that excellent man, if public gratitude and national honour were silent or inactive. A very handsome and elegant silver bowl was fixed upon for the external sign of our testified respect. Mr. Fisher, then Rector of Marske, was one of the party in the conception of this design, and united his name to the inscription with ours. The present bore date June 1808, and 1 June was the *day* selected, on account of the splendid victory gained by Lord Howe on John Clerk's principle of fighting, confessedly, in that critical year 1794. Humanly speaking, what must have become of us, if we had even come off baffled only, as we had often done before?

IOANNI · CLERK · ELDINENSI
OB · STRATEGEMA · NAVALE
CUM · IN · SALUTEM · TUM · IN · GLORIAM
BRITANNICI · NOMINIS
FELICISSUME · EXCOGITATUM
BENEFICII · PUBLICI · PIE · MEMORES
D · DD
I·H · I·F · I·T
CAL · JUNII · A·C · M·DCCC·VIII.

I·H. John Hutton, Esq. of Marske, near Richmond.
I·F. John Fisher, B.A. Rector of Marske (soon after dead).
I·T. James Tate, M.A. Master of the Grammar School of Richmond in Yorkshire.

scription subjoined to this letter, loosely drawn up, will convey the idea, but in far too wide a space, of what we could wish to have said. May I beg of you, Sir, on so noble an occasion, to endow our honest purposes with proper words, words more epigrammatic and more pregnant with meaning. The favour shall be duly acknowledged, and entered on record.

In the little which remains for me to say, though I still preserve the same strain of petition, I speak rather the public voice of Greek scholars than my own. After inquiring anxiously for many years when the printed Lexicon Analogicum of Hoogeveen was to appear, how gratified was I, on a late visit to Cambridge, to find that Dr. Parr had pledged himself to expedite the publication; that Cattier's Methodus Admirabilis was struck off as an introductory tract, in pursuance of his advice; and that nothing remained but a page or two of prefatory advertisement and recommendation from his fluent and classical pen.

Since the time of my conference with the Master of Caius, and others of the Syndicate, in January last, I cannot but hope that our very intelligent and most ingenious printer, Mr. Watts, has been enabled, Sir, by your prompt communication, ere now to complete this tardy business. If so, I must crave your pardon for mentioning it at all. Should it unfortunately be otherwise, may I then be forgiven, if, in the name of the literature which we love, I earnestly pray you to compassionate a work which looks up to you for public existence and the capacity of being useful, and which longs, under your auspices, to do honour to the most elegant system of human speech ever yet discovered. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with true respect and affection, faithfully yours,

JAMES TATE.

DEAR SIR, *Richmond, Yorkshire, April* 21, 1808.

It is with the sincerest thankfulness for such a kind proof of your regard, that I sit down to acknowledge the favour of your very full, instructive, and satisfactory letter of the 6th.

Regarding Dr. Paley, and the Memoir of him now in hand, I beg leave to thank you for some exceedingly valuable hints, which my friend Mr. Meadley even yet, I trust, will be able to

turn to their proper use and account. I have now before me Gassendi's curious book De Vitâ et Moribus Epicuri; and am hastily running it over, chiefly to assist my friend with a short account of Paley's Prize Essay (when Senior Bachelor in 1765) on the Stoic and Epicurean sects of philosophy comparatively considered; in which, as one might now, à posteriori, but not for vulgar reasons, expect, he gives the advantage to the latter.

Of the resolution which you announce not to write the preface of introduction to Hoogeven's Lexicon, I must deplore the necessity, while I still more regret the causes assigned for it.

Of John Clerk of Eldin (which is a village not far from Edinburgh) I have briefly to say, that he *first invented* the grand manœuvre of cutting the line, and in the year 1780 conveyed by a common friend a sufficient knowledge of the invention to Admiral Rodney.

During the greater part of the American war, the French, in several great engagements, by a defensive plan which so long escaped the penetration or eluded the skill of our naval commanders, had at once preserved their own fleet and disabled ours.

This astutia of theirs Mr. Clerk first developed, pointing out the εὐήθεια of our uniform mode of attack, agreeably to an article in the fighting instructions practised till then, and shewing the decisive manœuvre which was to save British valour from the shame, the vexation, and ultimately, as in our times it might have been, the ruin, of being baffled on our own element.

The victories of Lord Rodney, 2d April, 1782, of Lord Howe, 1st June, 1794, of Lord St. Vincent's, 14th February, 1797, of Lord Duncan, 11th October of the same year, and finally the last and noblest, of Lord Nelson off Trafalgar, were all so many splendid results of the "Naval Tactics" of John Clerk of Eldin pursued and improved.

Of the second edition of his book so entitled, the best and clearest account is to be found in the Edinburgh Review, No. 12, for July 1805, p. 301—313.

The inscription copied in my last letter for your perusal and correction is not to be adopted; and yet I should be singularly obliged to your kindness for any remarks tending to make it less unworthy of the occasion which it records.

Encouraged by the courteous and even friendly style in which you write, I venture to solicit your attention to the few lines copied on the back of this paper. The turenne has for some time been expecting the inscription only, before its departure for Edinburgh. I keep by me an exact copy of what you now receive; and have no doubt but I shall readily enough understand any improvements which you may be pleased to suggest.

In the mean while, let me again return you my warm and unfeigned thanks for the obligation under which your correspondence lays me; and begging the further favour of an early, however brief, reply, I have the honour to be, dear Sir, faithfully and affectionately your very obedient servant, JAMES TATE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Richmond, Yorkshire, Aug.* 31, 1819.

You have determined to do the kindest thing in the world, and to enhance the kindness of it by the handsomest manner possible of giving the notice.

The pen, like yours, which is dipt in the heart, cannot fail to touch the heart of its correspondent. And I acknowledge, with the deepest sense of gratification and pride, the honour of your letter announcing the intended visit to Richmond.

In a case where cordial affection must afford the main treat and entertainment, it would look sadly too much like formality to apologize beforehand for such humble hospitality as we can afford to a guest. And yet, perhaps, you will forgive the very natural desire in Mrs. Tate and myself to know a day or two beforehand, that we may not be taken quite unprepared.

A single line from Darlington may suffice when you are able to fix the day for your coming. Nay, the very hour, if I knew it, would only enable me to meet you with a welcome into the town, and may be communicated, therefore, if you will be so kind as to allow me that enjoyment.

In the mean while, let me not attempt to describe how happy you have made me by embracing this place in your movements towards home again. This place, in return for the honour, shall do every thing which its best endeavours can command, to show that we are flattered by the visit. Permit me till then

to assure you, by words only, but from a true pen, that I am, my dear Sir, with much gratitude, most faithfully yours,

JAMES TATE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Richmond School, Yorkshire, May* 19, 1822.

I am going to address you on behalf of a learned Grecian, a man of Emanuel, and a campanologist. Richard Dawes lies buried under a most illiterate tombstone in the church-yard of Heworth Shore, not far from Newcastle. Kidd, in his edition of the "Miscellanea Critica," has recorded the fact.

The curate, Mr. Hodgson, having felt shame and compassion, animæ non digna ferentis, conceived the idea of a plain monument within the church, and set a subscription a going to effect it. On this hint reaching Richmond, I too became active; and have got guineas a-piece from Dr. Samuel and Dr. George Butler, from Dr. Maltby, from Professor Musgrave, and from Dobree, not yet professor; from Mr. Jonathan Raine, &c. &c. From Bishop Burgess I have a most liberal contribution offered; and now, near the end of our labours, in re pecuniariâ, I boldly ask Dr. Parr for his guinea; and not content with that demand on his *purse*, proceed to levy contributions on his *pen* also, and,—non missura nisi plena cruoris hirudo, on his *ink*stand. An inscription we want, and we must have it.

All this, my dear Sir, you will take in good part, or you are not the Dr. Parr who won all our hearts, in that memorable visit to Richmond, to which we look back as to an era of honour in our history.

I cannot yet, however, tell the exact size of the marble tablet on which the words of consecration are to be inscribed. Very probably, παῦρα μὲν, ἀλλὰ μάλα λιγέως, will be the exact measure of the epitaph.

It occurred to my mind that a book, inscribed "Miscellanea Critica," might be laid on the marble; and the idea of *æternum decus, uno libro*, has also floated in my brains. But such a design as this has a right to a far different head than mine; and every point in the subject proposed determines also that the most learned and acute of living scholars should stamp the words of fame on the memory of the most acute and learned of the dead.

When I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Butler of Shrewsbury at Richmond last year, I could not help suggesting what a valuable collection, and as containing models on so many subjects, a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ might be formed from the inscriptional labours of your classical pen. Give your fiat, afford a complete clue to all your ἐπιγραμματα, write a preface, and the deed would be done.

For the present, my dear Sir, farewell.

Mrs. Tate joins with me in the most hearty expressions of kind remembrance to our quondam hero and host. And I remain, my dear Sir, ever affectionately your faithful and obliged friend, JAMES TATE.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Tate.

DEAR AND TRULY EXCELLENT MR. TATE, *Hatton, June* 13, 1822.

Your letter came while I was rambling. I am now discharging my debts to correspondents. First, I shall most gladly contribute my guinea for the monument to Richard Dawes; secondly, I rejoice that the business is in your hands; and thirdly, I must intreat your forgiveness when I desire to be exempted from drawing up the inscription. I some time ago promised to write one for Lord Erskine; and I at the same time resolved never to write more than this one.

If the writer be, like yourself, a thorough scholar, a man of taste, a man of sensibility, and a man of candour, I will, with his permission, examine what he writes, and tell him unreservedly and respectfully my opinion; and possible it is, that I may venture to propose a correction or two. I very much approve of your design to have Dawes's great work upon the monument. But I intreat you to let the book speak for itself; and speak it will, intelligibly and sufficiently for scholars. Eulogy seems to me unnecessary; and it is very difficult to fix even upon a short description.

I am charmed with the friendly zeal of yourself and my learned, high-spirited, pure-hearted namesake, Samuel Butler, when you are my ἐργοδιῶκται to collect my numerous inscriptions. I believe that one of my pupils possesses all of them; and among

them will be found two inscriptions for Mr. Pitt, one for Mr. Fox, one for Richard Porson, and one for Edmund Burke, all of them are in a state nearly finished; but some how or other, I am careless about publication, and almost adverse to it. Be assured that I shall avail myself of your suggestion to write a short preface.

Dr. Butler, with his usual ardour, described to me his delightful and interesting visit to you at Richmond. O! Mr. Tate, to the latest hour of my life I shall look back with joy unfeigned to the hours which I spent with you. Do not fail to present my affectionate remembrance to Mrs. Tate, to all your children, and to Miss Raine.

Since our meeting my life has been endangered by a violent and stubborn attack of erisypelas. The natural vigour of my constitution has produced a recovery nearly perfect; and you will be glad to hear that, having in January last completed my seventy-fifth year, I find no other decay in my intellectual powers, than a memory less vivid upon the events of the passing day. I read, and I love to read, as usual. Within these few months I have been writing upon two very important subjects; and thankful I ought to be to heaven, that I found all my faculties undiminished. Perhaps another year will find me less able to compose. I shall preserve your letter. No length of time will weaken my regard and my respect for you. With the greatest possible sincerity, I subscribe myself, dear Sir, your admirer and your friend,

SAMUEL PARR.

Mr. Tate, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Richmond School, Yorkshire, Aug.* 11, 1822.

Had I felt myself less honoured by your attention in noticing my metrical papers at all, or had I received less instruction and delight from your very full and most satisfactory communication, I should sooner have discharged the common debt of civility, by acknowledging the receipt of your favour of the 20th of June. But encouraged by the inviting kindness of your manner, I have deferred that acknowledgment to a season of

greater leisure; and I shall now attempt in some sort to repay your frankness at least by detailing the course of my own metrical studies, and thus indirectly soliciting the benefit of your friendship in points where I yet want to be corrected or informed.

To Mr. Porson's *Exclusion of the Anapest from the Tragic Trimeter*, I yielded immediate assent on the first perusal of his Hecuba Preface, from deference to the perhaps unequalled extensiveness of his learning, and the no less admirable sobriety of his judgment. But in his arguments for that exclusion I cannot say I then found, or yet find, anything like a clear and solid satisfaction. For the exclusion of the Anapest e tertiâ sede especially, the identity betwixt certain portions of the tragic trimeter and the tetrameter trochaic, which I had long remarked, seemed to me to supply a better practical reason, as it arose from the natural movement of the verse. This movement was to my ear in both cases trochaic, and at least in the concluding hepthemimer of each perfectly alike. Whatever therefore occurred to obstruct or alter this movement in the one, must in the same degree affect the regularity of the other. But the dactyl was, on all hands, in quintâ tetrametri, excluded; the corresponding anapest therefore in tertiâ trimetri must be excluded also.

This argument I mentioned to my friend Dr. Raine, in 1799, as also the remark on the trochaic movement of the trimeter, on which it was grounded. "Dawes," said he, "has made a similar remark before you; though he does not apply it to the same purpose!" This of course excited my curiosity. I immediately bought the Miscellanea Critica, which I before knew by name only, or from extracts; I read it with extreme avidity, and got more Greek knowledge from that one book, than from all I had ever read before.

I was particularly proud to find that the trochaic view of the trimeter was supported by the authority of Bentley and Dawes. But the history of this critical question was then entirely unknown to me, nor should I now have known it, but for the information which your very obliging and most instructive letter conveys. I have sent of course to my bookseller for Hare. Nor am I sorry that I have many valuable books yet to read, as I shall now carry to the perusal a greater portion of original thinking, than I could have done before.

From observing the paræmiac as commonly constructed, I was led to consider the heroic hexameter, as consisting of two portions of anapæstic verse, the latter identical with the paræmiac. (Some years after I met the same idea in Dr. Warner's Μετρον Αριστον.) And then again, from thus considering the paræmiac as identical with the concluding hepthemimer of the heroic, I was strongly inclined to suppose that, in regular system of anapests, the paræmiac was never constructed otherwise.

More minute examination of all the Greek Plays in my possession confirmed this idea. The great majority of instances was evidently in favour of the canon; and the few exceptions which occurred, were so easily corrected, that they rather established the doctrine to my mind, than weakened it.

Indeed, as I cannot help suggesting on the one hand, that the very facility of emendation proves the facility with which the text might have been depraved; so I cannot but ask on the other, whether it is likely that the tragic poets could have written so many regular paræmiacs which nineteen times out of twenty cannot be altered so as to admit the dactyl, and yet have left verses of an irregular kind, when the regular itself was full as easy to the pen, and surely more agreeable, as well as more customary to the ear.

Sophocles.

No. 1. Ajax. 1433. *Και ουδενι πω λφονι θνητων.*

Aldus, to avoid, doubtless, the intolerable hiatus of *Και ουδενί*, reads *Κ'ουδενι πω λφονι θνητων*, which line is a paræmiac, if it is anything, but at any rate a paræmiac out of place.

I propose *Κ'ουδενι γαρ πω λφονι θνητων.*

'for never could ye bestow that labour on a worthier man.'

No. 2. Æd. Col. 173. *Ω γερον, ακοντα τις αξει.*

read *ακοντα τις, ω γερον, αξει.*

Euripides.

No. 3. Heraclidæ. 295. *Ψύχην ήλθε διάκναισάι.* (an old edition.)

read *Ψυχήν ηλθεν διακνάισαι.*

No. 4. Troades. 234. *Δωρίδος εσμεν χθονος ηδη.*

read *Χθονος ηδη Δωριδος εσμεν.*

No. 5. *ibid.* 602. (if it belong to a system of anapests. This play I do not myself possess, nor yet the Heraclidæ. And the

three exceptions come from a friend, who had no other than an old and bad edition.)

'Ο θανων δ 'επι-
-λαθεται αλγεων αδακρυτος.
read αδακρυτος δ'
ὁ θανων επιλαθεται αλγεων.

No. 6. Son. 93. ἁς αν Απολλων κελαδηση,
read ἁς αν Φοιβος κελαδηση.

No. 7. *ibid.* 1267, 8. δρασαι τι κακον τον πελας, αυται
πεισομεθ', ὡσπερ το δικαιον,
read δρασαι τι κακον τον πελας, ὡσπερ
το δικαιον, πεισομεθ' αυται.

No. 8. Alcestis. 139. χρηστος απ' αρχης νενομισται,
read νενομισται χρηστος απ' αρχης.

No. 9. Supp. Mad. 795, 6 ————συν τοις δε τεκνοις
κοινον ες 'Αδην καταβασα.
read ————κοινον ες 'Αδην
συν τοις δε τεκνοις καταβασα.

No. 10. Iph. Aul. *v.* 11. τον δε κατ' ευριπον εχουσι,
read τον δ' ευριπον κατ 'εχουσι.

No. 11. *ibid.* 121, 2, 3. as given in the *addenda* to the metrical paper.

No. 12. Medea. 114. ξυν πατρι, και πας δομος ερροι,
read και ξυν πατρι πας δομος ερροι.

No. 13. *ibid.* 1085. As given in the *metrical paper.*

The whole passage, as it stands there corrected, was in Mr. Dalzel's hands in Midsummer, 1801.

Æschylus.

No. 14. Eumen. 998. πρεψετε παντες διαγοντες,
read διαγοντες πρεψετε παντες.

Having answered the greater part of the Greek *Tragedians*, and found nothing but what was already correct, or else presented the utmost facility of correction, an examination of the *Comedies* of Aristophanes proved still more satisfactory.

One only exception that I met with, worth speaking of, occurs in the Vespæ—

την ακαληφην αφελεσθαι
for αφελεσθαι την ακαληφην.

In addition to the argument resulting from examination of facts, I was strongly led from the *reason of the thing*, to conclude

that the paræmiac, being intended to terminate a series of lines whose cadence was often sharp and impetuous, would be so constructed as to pass off the ear with a soft and composing close. While on the other hand, amongst several instances, I thought Medea, v. 169.

αἰσχρῶς τον ἐμὸν κτεινάσα κασίν,

closing a sentence of fury with the dimeter ictuated on the last syllable, carried with it somewhat of a violent and angry sound, well suited to the general character and present temper of Medea.

For authority too, I was afterwards prepared to appeal to Terentianus; but had some doubt suggested by a friend, how far even Terentianus' Latin verse would be decisive in a question of Greek metre, when it is well known, that in other kinds of verse, as the Sapphic and Alcaic, the construction of the Greek is much less strictly bound than that of the Latin. I am exceedingly happy, however, to find your judgment so decisive in favour of my own first opinion.

Of Teretianus, the authority is intentionally and distinctly conveyed in his practice. To Boethius I find Prudentius may be added.

Boethius, who has written two odes entirely in the correct paræmiac, assists us by his practice only. And this composition being Latin, and at so late a period, he can merely, perhaps, be considered as being with us, because he is not against us.

Of Cratinus, who is also correct, if more remained, the weight would be strong indeed. As it is, he sways the scale, and strongly too, on our side.

In Seneca's anapests, no paræmiac occurs; but a softness of close is in some sort preserved by adopting the adonic instead, which uniformly throwing the ictus on the penultimate, and being as in the sapphic stanza separately pronounced, leaves after all a complacent movement on the ear.

Having thus detailed, somewhat tediously I fear, the way in which I was led to settle the movement of the tragic trimeter, and the construction of the paræmiac, I will take the liberty of transcribing from the Correspondence of the Monthly Review for Sept. 1801, the principal part of my own letter there inserted. The attempt however to determine the question of what Mr. Porson

calls the *pause*, has been since rendered obsolete and useless by that most masterly disquisition in the supplementum to his Hecuba Preface.—Letter to the Monthly Review.

In the M. R. March 1800. p. 336, the Reviewer says 'Mr. Porson never intended, we may confidently assert, that his canon (Hecuba 16, 347) should be considered as relating to iambic verses in general,' and in confirmation of this remark, the reader is sent to the Ion, as containing in vv. 1, 22, 65, 278, 318, 362, 366, so many exceptions to Mr. Porson's canon; and so indeed, at first sight, they seem. But let the canon be divided into two, and worded as follows, and the exceptions will disappear in the last five instances; in the first two, a small correction will set every thing right.

Canon. 1. When an iambic verse ends in a trisyllable, or quasi trisyllable, (as, τῳ Θεῳ γαρ ην φιλον, or σπαργανοισι θ' ὁις εχεις.) the foot preceding the last is in the tragic writers very rarely, if ever a spondee, in the comic it is very frequently so.

Canon 2. If a monosyllable precede the trisyllable, or quasi trisyllable, with which the verse ends, so that the last four syllables form as it were when pronounced, one quadri-syllable, or two disyllabic words, then the foot preceding the last may be indifferently a spondee or an iambus.

Under this latter canon, vv. 65, 278, 318, 362, and 366, evidently fall; and to the former, vv. 1, 22, afford only an apparent exception.

V. 1. Ατλας ὁ χαλκεοσι νωτοις ουρανον.
read Ατλας ὁ νωτοις χαλκεοισιν ουρανον.
V. 22. Φρουρω παραξευξασα φυλακας σωματος.
read Φρουρω παραξευξασα φυλακε σωματος.

So the context too demands, and so (in consequence of the Note ad Hecub. v. 347) before I had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Porson's decisive note ad Phœniss. v. 1419, I had corrected the verse in Mr. Wakefield's edition of the Ion.

The only real exception to the 1st Canon which I have hitherto met with, is in the Phœnissæ. v. 759.

αμφοτερον απολειφθεν γαρ ουδεν θατερον,

a verse certainly deficient in harmony, and which must be considered as one of those very few negligent verses *quos incuria*

fudit, or perhaps as a sacrifice of sound to sense, since it seems almost impossible by any other words to convey the same ideas in the same portion of metre.

I had before this, met with Iph. in Aul. 531. καταψευδομαι, but considering it as no no real exception, I passed it over.

The Canon in anapæstic metre which seems hitherto to have escaped remark, is the following:

In regular systems of anapæstic verses in the tragic writers, the versus paræmiacus is then only legitimate, when it is constructed similarly to the concluding hepthimimer of an heroic verse, and like that preferring, before the final syllable, an anapest to a spondee.

Follows the Reviewer's remark.

"The observations on the note in the Hecuba, we submit to the learned Greek Professor. To the Canon which banishes dactyls from the first place of paræmiacs, we cannot subscribe assent, till Mr. Tate produces every dimeter, catalectic, anapæstic, from every one of the tragedies and comedies, corrected *without violence*, and reduced to his scheme by *transposition* or *unstrained alternative*. Mr. Tate cites instances* [nos. 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.]; should he continue his search, he will find, if we mistake not, many more *unbending* verses than he seems prepared to expect."

Thus, Sir, have I availed myself of your love of learning, as extended even to an obscure scholar like myself, for the purpose of laying before you in some degree the progress and present state of my metrical studies. Already I have been encouraged by your authority, and enlightened by your instruction. Allow me to hope that you will continue your friendly and generous communication of any remarks which you may have leisure to make, for my further improvement and direction in points of metrical criticism. You will see that I make no use of accents, 'Ignorantiam meam candide fateor, inscitiæ tantum reus," is my plea in the very formula of our Professor. (Medea, note i.) Any effectual lessons on the doctrine of accent, otherwise than vivâ voce delivered, I cannot well conceive. And till I enjoy

* The Reviewer's is only a general reference, not a distinct quotation.

that advantage, I must answer to the question αρα γε γινωσκεις; with the Æthiopian, πως αν δυναιμην, εαν μη τις ὁδηγηση με.

There is one point, on which I wish to clear myself in this private manner, since in a public way I am not allowed. One of the few copies of the metrical paper which Mr. Dalzel's good nature enabled me to present to a dozen friends or eminent scholars some how or other made its appearance in the Anti-Jacobin Review for April. I immediately wrote to the Editors to disclaim any knowledge of its publication there, and to say that that publication was absolutely against my wishes. But the letter itself, or any notice of it, I have in vain looked to see in the numbers for May, June, and July. Mr. Dalzel, till the matter was explained, could not but feel hurt on his own account; and in other respects, such a premature appearance of the paper must have been considered as an awkward at least, if not an arrogant thing. A second hint to the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers has passed as unguarded and unnoticed as the first.

With the highest esteem for your eminent learning and virtues, and a particular sense of what I myself owe to your liberality, I remain, Sir, your grateful and obliged correspondent,

JAMES TATE.

SIR, *Richmond School, Yorkshire, August* 19, 1804.

Since I last did myself the honour of writing to you, I have never lost sight of the valuable instruction contained in your letter of June 20, 1802; and I feel much more confidence than I else should have done, in the design which I now entertain of laying before the public, along with a sketch of the theory of the Greek cases which you have seen, a manual of the Greek metre, for the use of young students; such a manual as may qualify them to approach with more advantage, and drink more boldly at the fountain head of this knowledge, "Hinc lucem et pocula," of our Alma Mater's Professor of Greek.

Hence, you will gratify me very highly, Sir, by the favour of your opinion on the long letter περι μετρων, which, under the protection of your good nature, I ventured to submit to your judgment about two years ago, as well as on the MS. of the Theory of the Greek Cases, which my friend, Mr. George Butler,

tells me was put into your hands when you were last in Cambridge. Possessing a little leisure at present from the labours of my profession, I should be better enabled to profit by the advantage of your remarks, which, whether they establish, or set right, or overthrow my positions, will bestow on me an equal obligation, and be received with equal gratitude. The MS. on the Cases, if you finish the perusal of it while you stay in the University, you will be so kind as order to be delivered to Mr. John Spence, student of Trinity College, who will take care of it for me; but your remarks on it, as soon as you may find it convenient to commit them to paper, you will oblige me very much to dispatch by the post; and I shall not fail to acknowledge from the press, with due gratitude, the honour and the benefit which your communications confer on an obscure scholar like myself. I remain, Sir, with the highest respect, your obliged and obedient servant, JAMES TATE.

Rev. G. F. Tavel, in the following letter to Dr. Parr, not only speaks the language of experience, but of good sense and kindness. I believe the application was made for one of Dr. Parr's protegés, who afterwards was sent to Edinburgh:—

DEAR SIR, *Trin. Coll. Cambridge, Nov.* 20, 1809.

Immediately upon the receipt of your favour I went to the Master of Caius, who communicated to me your letter respecting your young friend; and I am free to own, that it is impossible not to feel highly interested for the fate of this young man, who appears, by your account, to possess quite a colossal mind. Notwithstanding, however, the general vigour of his intellect, I fear that he would feel much embarrassed here for want of the specific attainments usually in requisition, of Greek and Latin, particularly of the former. It is a hard thing for a man of genius to see others of palpably inferior talents gaining commendation and prizes over him, solely on account of the vantage ground (so difficult afterwards to be reached) of good previous instruction and drilling; and are you not a little afraid,

lest a mind accustomed to the range and language of metaphysics, may feel some difficulty about suffering itself to be cramped by the unelastic subjects of Greek, grammar, and algebra? I hope, dear sir, you will excuse the liberty I take in putting this question, because you must know the young man well, his possibilities and probabilities, and because success in the study of Greek and of mathematics is absolutely essential, as yourself must be well aware, towards the establishment of a character here. Metaphysics will go some way, but Greek and mathematics are the studies by which our fellowships are obtained, the artillery with which they are stormed. The competition in this College is, from our present number, of course very great and arduous; you are the best judge whether or not this would prove, with his disadvantages, the *proper stimulant*. In Caius College he would have the advantage of rooms; with *us* he would, of necessity, be reduced to have lodgings in the town, which would add to his expence. Caius College, under the direction of Dr. Davy, is now equally open with ours, and the competition is less. Add to this, that he may at Caius, with Dr. Davy's patronage, have some chance of a Tancred scholarship. I should therefore, upon the whole, incline towards Caius, as offering the fairest prospects; but, after this statement, whatever you and your young friend may determine upon, depend upon it, my dear Sir, I shall be equally happy in either case to take him by the hand here in Cambridge, and be his friend. Mr. Browne and Professor Monk join me in thanks for your kind remembrance; and I remain, with great respect, dear Sir, your very obedient servant,

G. F. Tavel.

Rev. H. J. Todd, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Settrington, Sept.* 10, 1823.

I beg to acknowledge myself greatly honoured and obliged by your kind letter. For the observations also upon the word *oriel*, I have to return you my respectful thanks. The "Glossarium Manuale," &c. which you cite, is indeed a most useful publication. Permit me to inform you (now that the subject of valuable books is started), that the world of letters will have

shortly a great treat before them in the display of the late Sir Mark Sykes's books, which are to be sold by auction next spring. He was my parishioner; and I have had the advantage of being acquainted with these rarities, which, whether classical or old English more especially, are not to be matched. I will take care that a catalogue shall be sent to you, long before the sale commences.

I had an opportunity of sending by a friend, going from this country southward to-day, a little pamphlet for your acceptance (which I have just edited), however unworthy of it. Of the account of the Carlisle MSS., I ought to tell you none are published for sale, and only 200 have been printed.

May I be permitted to say that, if any thing should occasion you to journey northward, I am one stage only from York, and the same from Scarborough; and that I should reckon it amongst the greatest honours of my life to welcome Dr. Parr under my roof. I mentioned two or three years since, in a letter to our honoured friend, the President of Magdalene, by way of inducing him to look in upon me some time or other in this wild country, that I could show him many hundreds of tracts, some of which I had been fortunate enough to snap up (having been many years indeed "a snapper up" of these frequently "unconsidered trifles"), when pamphlets were rarely above sixpence each, after only threepence each, and sometimes lower than that. Such I procured in no small quantity, at Canterbury, thirty years ago, after Dr. Farmer had left it; but of late days I have had little or no luck in obtaining any thing of this kind. Dr. Parr and Dr. Routh, I have been told, have been before me some days in their application. And yet my humble collection might amuse you both. Most happy should I be to submit it to you.

Pardon this intrusion upon your time; and with sincere wishes for your health and happiness, and with great respect, I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, your obliged humble servant,

H. J. Todd.

Rev. Thos. Twining, to Dr. Parr.

Colchester, Jan. (I never yet in my life knew the day of the month,) Thursday, 1779.

Now then, my dear Sir, I hope all your aches are over. I have felt for you, as you deserve to be felt for. All I fear is, that you must have been unable to give vent to your joy without committing some extravagance, ringing your school-bell till you dropped with fatigue; skipping *lymphatics* through the streets, &c. &c. I wish heartily I may hear you have been temperate in your jubilation, and only burnt your wig, or your short cassock. Was there ever so complete, so honourable a victory? Indulge your φιλοταυροκοπια*; knock down the first ox you meet.

Hanc tibi, Eris, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis
Persolvo.

I saw him led off by his fidi æquales
Genua ægrè trahentem,
Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
Ore ejectantem, mixtosque in sanguine dentes.

Keymer has this minute told me, that H. has said he would give £1000 never to have engaged in this affair. "My friends (said he) have deserted me." "No, Sir (he was well answered), you have deserted your friends." The general outline of the whole contest you have had from other hands. Let me divert you, by giving you σποράδην; and, as they occur, some little anecdotes you may not have heard. I am not fond of the insult of a triumph; but many of Hewitt's friends would not be satisfied without our parading about the town. I would not desert him, but went intrepidly through all the blackguardism of electioneering. We marched with the military band before us; stopped before old Gray's door, and treated him with a dead march. They intended to have given him a holla; but indignation converted it, as it came out, into groans and hisses. He

* At Harrow, Parr used occasionally to indulge this practice.

has given immortal offence to his best friends by his conduct in this matter. Old Isaac, his gardener, voted for Duddell. Mr. G. says, without his knowledge; but he should have taken care to have prevented it. Even the blandiloquence of Mr. Bland is now converted into railing; and Shawting last night refused to attend the book club! Boys swears he will never cross his limen again. "Solicitudo ante ostium." Bland (hitch him up two or three degrees higher in your anthropometer) had the courage and παῤῥησία to tell Mr. G., that he had offended many persons, who had been his firmest friends through life. Scaber has lost the little character he had. He promised Mr. Hewitt his vote, and promised the Corporation, in F. Smythies's hearing, at least, not to oppose him. He got votes against him from Bury, and did all the mischief he could. When he presented himself to poll, "What am I to put you down?" says Frank. "Not a gentleman, I am sure." Scaber turned his back, and would not vote at all. I suppose, therefore, he meant so far to fulfil his promise, as to vote for H. But was there not merit even in the impudence, that lost a vote in that manner? We went to his house with our procession, on purpose to insult him. He appeared coolly at the window, opened it, looked us steadfastly in the face all the time, and received every opprobrious name that F. S., as the speaker of the company, could lay upon him, with a countenance no way differing from that with which he would have received an address of thanks. I verily believe he felt it, as another man would feel a compliment. Young Michaell has got into several scrapes, by putting himself in the way, and impudently tempting people to affront him. A pretty girl laid him fairly on his back, a daughter of Rogers the Quaker, who was Hewitt's friend. She was standing at Keymer's door, and happened to cry Hewitt, at the instant Mr. H. was passing. He put his hand round her waist, and said, "Does the Spirit move thee, pretty Quaker?" "Yes, it does, Mr. Michaell. Thou art very vulgar. Thy father is more so." Obmutuit illico. But there is a ———. Let me just tell you, that the Counsel, who came down on Hill's side, desired the postboy, who drove him to Witham, to let Mr. Hill know that he never wished to have any connexion with him again, and was heartily ashamed of him and his cause. They say H.

absolutely refused to pay him what he had bargained to pay him. H. and Pet. Danl. have already had a violent quarrel. The activity and spirit of Corsellis did infinite service; and, in short, so spirited a combination I never saw. The Recorder behaved well. I totally acquit him of all *alloprosallosity* in this affair. Thank you for your letter; but my impatience was terribly shackled by your confounded hieroglyphics. I hope you will give me an opportunity to get better acquainted with the dithyrambic licentiousness of your handwriting. I could not get forward. I felt as a coach full of Duddleites felt on Monday night, when a man was sent to meet them, with Hamilton's orders, to cut their traces. Was not that excellent? Think of it! I hear your relishing laugh. I observed your request, as to Mr. Hutchinson, most sacredly. I rejoice most heartily that matters go to your mind at Norwich. May they go on in the smoothest εὐροια. The doctor is better, and in spirits, as we all are. Oh! and pray now, give Brocknell a hitch up. 1st. Seeing he is Mr. Hutchinson's relation; 2dly. For that he voluntarily accompanied us in our triumphant procession, with a long beard, a dirty shirt, a threadbare coat, and a blue cockade in his hat. 'Tis fact. No man more zealous; but that anonymous letter to the doctor, was not it infernal? Your conjecture about C. is surely right. It had never occurred to F. or me; but I have seen letters of his to F. S., in that *ambitious* style. I can make no observation, because I know him not, nor ever see him. If I did, I would abuse that address, and watch his looks and words. I have heard that man called sensible; all I know is, that the only half hour I ever was in his company he made me sulky. One thousand thanks for the character. It is admirable, and after my own heart. I can almost forgive the author now for the procuring the abortion of your pamphlet; but I shall never think of its being lost without regret. Have you determined? My paper fails, not my ὑλη. I will transcribe and return your paper in a frank ere long. You have had the ballad. The wooden cut was my choice. I am a little vain of that, and of my motto to F.'s last address. Mrs. T. begs to be remembered to Mrs. P. and yourself; with, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

T. T.

DEAR SIR, *Fordham, September 17, 1779.*

If any body had told me, when I received your last kind remembrance, that I should be silent for almost half a year after it, I should certainly have turned upon my heel, and sent him ἐς κοράκας; but no poor mortal was ever, through life, more thoroughly choused and bamboozled by that rogue *to-morrow*, than I have been. A friend of mine once invented a new tense for me; he said, I did things always in the *plusquam multò post futurum*. Teach not your boys this tense! Had there been any Spartans existing at my birth, I should suppose that one of them had cursed me in my cradle, ἀμβολα σε λαβοι! But enough of this. I have been going to write to you ever since I received your last. Pray excuse me: I think of you often, and never with indifference. I envied Dr. Forster for his visit to you. It gave me a most sincere pleasure to hear of the *well-flowing* of your affairs at Norwich; of your house, your spacious διδασκαλειον, and all the σεμνοτης and γοητεια of gowns and bands, &c. your sixty scholars, and your 100 clubs! But one of them, it seems, is the *Moderate* club. What have you to do there?

But I have a piece of business to settle with you. My brother (whom you met at my house,) thinks it high time to send his eldest son to school. He consulted me about it. I advised him, of course, to send him to you; and it was exactly the advice my brother wished me to give him. I hope you can, and will, take him under your care. I am not thoroughly acquainted with the character and disposition of my nephew from my own experience. My brother tells me that he is good-natured, and can sometimes learn his book tolerably well; that he should be fond of it, at his age, is scarce to be expected. His temper, it seems, is very good and tractable, in general, though now and then capable of kindling into passion. I see no great harm in that. It is the most terrible of all defects to want sensibility; and sensibility is a combustible thing. He has been at no school. My brother has initiated him into the mysteries of Latin grammar, as far as the end of that horrid stuff (I beg your pardon!) called *As in præsenti*. I love the little boy, and both I and my brother shall be happy to have him under your care; and still more happy, if upon trial you find him as he should be.

I know, and respect, the severe *ισομοιρια* of a school, yet reasonable preferences are not partialities; and I go no further than to wish the boy may deserve to be a favourite with you. I told my brother that I would write to you upon this subject. He says, "Pray tell Mr. Parr that I commit my boy entirely to his care; he is his first, and I mean that he should be his *only* master. If he should come forth from his hands with learning, and with a relish for learning, I shall rejoice; if otherwise, I shall be totally without the comfort which fathers, in such cases, often take to themselves, by imputing the deficiency in their sons to the fault of the masters."

My brother thought of sending the boy to you about a month or six weeks before Christmas, that he may get acquainted a little with his new situation, and his play-fellows, before the holidays; but in this he will be entirely guided by your advice. You will, therefore, be so kind as to give me, at least, a line or two upon this subject, ere long. I know your hurry, and how little you enjoy of what Socrates thought *καλλιστον κτηματων*. The derivation of the word *school* is most perverse, unless it refers to the *idleness* of the scholars; though taking it according to the common account, for a place *in quo impenditur otium magistri*, the *barathrum* that swallows up all the leisure of the master, it will do well enough. I was going to say, that I could not expect long letters from you. I wish you to feel yourself at perfect liberty about this matter, and never to trouble yourself about a single word of apology. Whenever you are inclined to *exarare* a few lines to me, I shall rejoice. Besides the pleasure of hearing from you, &c. there is that of the *difficulté vaincue*, and the exercise of one's sagacity and *ευστοχια*, in decyphering you. If you had seen how Dr. F. and I worked! One may say of your epistles, that the spirit of them giveth life, but the *letter* killeth. If the handwriting upon the wall was like yours, Daniel was a clever fellow. I thought myself a tolerable adept in this art of scoteinography, but I give you the wall; but pray don't let our difficulties fetter the rapidity of your pen. *Σκοτισον*! *σκοτισον*! but write. I thank you much for Sul. Pollux. If you have a mind for an emendation that is certo certior, clearer than the light of noon-day, such as a man must be, a stipes, arinus, plumbeus, &c. "to reject," &c. here is one, in Aristotle's

Poetics. In chap. 18, where he speaks of the chorus, for *διδομενα*, read *ᾀδομενα*; so immediately afterwards *ᾀδουσι*. ΔΙΔΟΜΕΝΑ—ΑΪΔΟΜΕΝΑ. The *cross-bar* of the A, put a little too low (as *you* might have put it), would do the business. After this occurred to me, I was surprised to find it printed *ᾀδομενα*, in Batteux's ed.; but without a word said, whether ex MS. or ex conj. When are we to see you here? At Christmas? I long to find myself once more in a cloud of your smoke at midnight. I return your *χαρακτηρ*, with thanks; but how came smoking to be omitted? Was there ever a time when you did not smoke? Our respects to Mrs. Parr.

Have you found me an instance yet, similar to *οἱ των ὀρχηστων* for *οἱ ὀρχησται*, in Aristotle?—What manner of thing is Lord Monboddo's new book? That man's lungs are full of old *grandmothers*. It is long since I have read any thing that has given me so much pleasure, as "Hume de Naturâ Deorum." I was glad to hear you liked him.

I am most heartily, yours, T. T.

MY DEAR SIR, *Colchester, May* 31, 1790.

I fear you must have thought hardly of me, for being so tardy in thanking you for your kind and excellent letter; but I trust you will excuse me, when I say for myself, that immediately on the receipt of it I was obliged to go to town, where I staid a fortnight, and where I was too busy and too much hurried by engagements, to find a calm and quiet hour. On my return home the business and the thoughts of the visitation, which I was to *undergo* in a week, and at which I was appointed to preach, left me neither time nor peace; and when this business was over, a calm did not immediately succeed; my time was taken up by my brother, who has been here, and by Mr. and Mrs. Powell, who are but just departed to Norwich; I must add, and by the necessity which the request of the Bishop and their reverences laid me under of preparing my sermon for the press.* So much, to account for my silence; and now, dear Sir, let me repeat my

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* Parr, in "Bibliotheca Parriana," calls it excellent.

thanks. Your letter—I can say no more—was every thing that I should have expected from *your* heart and *your* head. Every line, every word of it, I felt at my heart's core. Often have I read it, and never did I, or shall I read it without tears. One thing only tormented me as usual; that hand of yours, which, I believe, will never "inservire typis regiis." My impatience was sadly checked, and emotion is but a bad decypherer. You will not suspect me of undervaluing your letter, when I tell you that I copied it from beginning to end, in order that I might have the pleasure of reading it fluently myself, and of communicating it to those few of our friends who feel the same interest that we feel in the subject of it. But let me remember that you are anxious to hear "how things are," and waste no more of my paper without telling you. Mrs. Forster is well, and still herself. She is sole executrix. The will is very short and simple, in our friend's own hand. Mrs. Brickdale is not mentioned in it. The Doctor, I know, considered himself as having done his utmost for her on her marriage. Mrs. F. will have 150*l.* a year to live upon. Edward's income, she tells me, till the estate left him by Mr. Young is sold, will not exceed about 130*l.* The estate is immediately to be sold. Our friend thought it worth 1500*l.* A thousand guineas have been offered, and refused. Something between the two prices I fancy will be accepted. I communicated to Mrs. F. that part of your letter which related immediately to her. Your friendship was felt. She begs me to convey her heartiest thanks to you. She says that she has, at present, no thoughts of any journey, and will necessarily be detained here by business; but that whenever she has it in her power to accept your kind invitation, she shall be ready and eager to do it. She begs to be remembered also to Mrs. Parr. You desire me to tell you when Mrs. F. may be written to. I told her *why* you deferred writing to her; therefore all is well. Write, my dear Sir, when and what you please. Whatever comes from you must give her comfort; and not the less for drawing forth, as it certainly will, her tears. Mr. Hewitt and I followed your friend to his grave as mourners. Never was there less of mockery in the "inky cloak." I can scarce tell you how I feel when, frequently in my walks, I am obliged to pass his grave:

παραμειβομεσθ'—ἀδεικτως,—ἀφωνως, &c.

Well, my dear Sir, let the loss of this excellent and uncommon man draw closer the social and friendly chain between us, who loved him, who were beloved by him, and who shall cherish the remembrance of him to the last moment of our lives. If it were not somewhat like profaneness, I could almost apply those touching words, "As he loved us, so," &c. That silence, dear Sir, which you kindly call "mortifying," has been mortifying to me. But when I assure you that it did not proceed from any abatement of regard for you, but merely from dilatoriness, which at last brings on a *sort* of inability to do at all what ought to have been done so long before, you will, I know, have the goodness to pardon me. But will you pardon me for another omission, which I hardly dare mention, for my not sending you a copy of my book? The fact is merely this. On consulting with my friends upon the question of presents, they were of opinion that some limit should be fixed; and they thought it a proper one that I should give my book only to those friends who had, in some way or degree, assisted me relatively to the work. In one instance only I departed from this rule. I sent a copy to a very ingenious friend who was not in circumstances to purchase it. The Bishop of London,—indeed, Lord Clarendon, who had been very obliging in procuring me a chaplainship to his mother, and Sidney College library, had copies: this, I am told, was matter of necessary etiquette. Our friend Dr. F. was among my advisers in this matter; and it may, perhaps, tend to my justification, that when I mentioned you to him, he was of opinion that you would not expect a copy. But from something Mr. Shillito told him, after his visit to you, we both had reason to fear that we were mistaken. I have really been very uneasy about it; for I ought to have remembered that I once begged you to look at my papers, and that you kindly promised to do so, when they were ready. The assistance which you consented to give me, and which was not given only because I did not call upon you for it, I ought to have considered as actually given. Had you lived within any convenient reach of me, I should most certainly have availed myself of your opinion and counsel, especially in a matter where I more particularly felt the want of it; for our friend, you know, was not, nor professed to be, a deep Greek scholar. But the travelling of MSS. is dangerous; and,

besides, I grew at last so tired of my work, that I was impatient of every delay; even of such as would, I knew, be of the greatest advantage to me. These were my only reasons, but I ought to have given you those reasons. My brother undertook to mention this matter to you, when he had opportunity. It is a relief to my mind that I have now had the courage to mention it myself. I shall never be easy till a copy of my book, from me, has a corner upon your shelves. I shall order one immediately to be sent to you, with my sermon. If you forbid it, you will break the heart of yours affectionately, T. T.

P. S.—Mrs. T. desires to be remembered to Mrs. Parr. Mrs. F. means to live here; and wishes to remain in the parsonage-house, if the next incumbent should not reside. Who is to succeed we know not yet.

MY DEAR SIR, *Colchester, Feb.* 15, 1795.

I am really in pain for the ungracious appearance of my silence. Yet, believe me, it is but appearance. If I could turn my mind inside-outward to you, you would see nothing in it relating to you that you would wish otherwise. If any body had told me, when I received your letter, that I should not write to you in a few days, I believe I should almost have spit in his face. But, alas! you see! The truth is, that I am subject, and have been all my life, to unaccountable fits of dilatoriness about letter-writing. It is but a queer apology to make; but I use nobody ill in this respect, because I use every body alike. There is equality and fraternity for you! You tell me I am "a man of leisure." Why so I am, and so I am not. The generality of the world, you know, confound leisure with idleness, and if you have no necessary employment, they call you an idle man, and wonder what you can do with yourself. But you, my dear Sir, belong not to the generality; you are not of the herd; you know what allowance to make for the charm of voluntary occupation, for the "viscositas mentis," as Lord Bacon somewhere calls it, that so glues one down to a literary pursuit as to indispose one to any other employment, even in the necessary intervals of relaxation from that. But no more of this. It is time for me to say that I was much gratified by receiving a letter from you; for it was a

long time since you had given me any signs of life. I heartily thank you for putting it in my power to oblige you in any thing, however trifling. Had I been as long in complying with your request, as I have been in answering your letter, I should indeed have reason to be ashamed. But I hope Mr. Shillito told you that I paid my *Codonic* contribution the day after I received your letter; and I hope by this time you have a purse full of good guineas for this purpose:

——ὀρθως κοποισι και κεκωδωνισμενοις.

But the favour I have done you is so miniature a thing, that I must enhance the merit of it as much as possible by telling you (but don't be too much shocked) that I have such an aversion to bells, that I could hardly answer it to my conscience to contribute to a thing that to me is really scarce better than a nuisance. I think I see you make such a face at this as you once made when you saw me take up my cat by the skin of her neck. When you record my name in your parish books, add to it—"on the express condition that the belfry shall be locked up whenever the said Rev. T. T. comes to Hatton." I hug myself that I have but one bell in my church here. However, to make my peace with you a little, I do not dislike to hear a ring of bells at a considerable distance, when the sound is wafted to and from my ear by the wind. And, moreover, no man is more tolerant than I am of tastes and fancies that are not his own. And so, ring away, dear Sir, and please yourself: besides, as far as bells are aristocratical, so far I approve of them; and I rejoice that you are but half a sans-culotte; nay, I beg your pardon, not half, I am certain. I find you accuse me of Toryism. I scarce ever had a clear idea what Whig and Tory mean. I have always wished those barbarous words were laid aside. I know that I mean well; that I wish, anxiously wish, well to my country, and feel a most anxious dread of calamities not, I fear, unlikely to befall it. But I am much more afraid of the arts of the French, and the friends of their principles in this country. I suppose you and I may differ in our opinions upon this subject; yet I think it probable that in many things we differ not widely. What you say of my book, *melli est*. I know the value of such commendation as yours and Professor Heyne's, from whom I had a letter (on my sending him a copy of my book, which my brother, when at Got-

tingen, had promised him), which gave me great pleasure, and which I keep as a valuable morsel. I hope it will not mortify you much, if I tell you that the Professor's *conscribillatio* (vide Pref. in Bellend. p. ii.) is a more illegible and γριφώδης piece of pot-hookery than yours. I must give you a paragraph about his Homer—it is so pleasant. I wrote him a Latin letter with my book, and inquired about his edition of Homer. "Utinam otii satis, atque annorum tantum, contingat, ut in Homero perficere liceat, quod in Virgilio saltem sequutus sum. Enimvero, in vitâ versor negotiosâ, et curarum varietate distractâ, inque eo ætatis gradu constitutus sum, ut mihi potius de conveniendo mox in inferis Homero, quam de eo recensendo cogitandum esse videatur. Interea progrediar quousque progredi licuerit. Fata viam invenient." I also received last summer a Latin epistle from Professor Buhle, whose name was scarce known to me, saying handsome things of my book, and announcing a present which he intended to make me of his edition of Aristotle's works, as far as it has proceeded.

I wish you did not live at such a distance from me. I was at Mr. Powell's at Bitteswell in the summer of 1792, in my way to Yorkshire; and I fully intended to have taken a peep at you from Mr. Powell's; but the distance was greater than I thought; my servant was taken very ill, and I was engaged to be in Yorkshire by a certain day; and had I stretched to Hatton, I could have staid but a single night. All this obliged me to give the matter up; but I do hope to find you out some day or other, and to catch you in your study,

Ἤμενον,—ἀμφὶ δὲ μιν θυοεν νεφος ἐστεφανωτο!

I heartily thank you for what you say about young Newell; I believe he will do well. He seems not to have much of the brilliant about him; but he has solidity, patience, and a spirit of attention, which will do a great deal. Adieu, my dear Sir, and remember that when you can find time and inclination to write, you will infallibly give me great pleasure. Mrs. T. begs to be remembered to Mrs. P. and yourself. Yours sincerely, T. T.

P. S. It just occurs to me to say, by way of giving you the *whereabouts* of my present political opinions, that I like Dr. Thomson's Letter to you, printed as an Appendix to your Sequel,

&c., and, in the main, agree with him. Though his writing is rather too *ambitious* for my taste, and almost obscures by illustration; he sows his similes ὀλῳ τῳ θυλακῳ.

Rev. Robert Tweddell (brother of John Tweddell,) to Dr. Parr.

Messingham, near Gainsbro', Lincolnshire,

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 14, 1814.

I had hoped to have been favoured ere now with some communication from you, with reference to the literary undertaking in which I am engaged, and which I had the honour of submitting to you very long since. I beg leave now to apprize you of the progress which has been made. The MSS. have been sent off to London, and are in the hands of the publisher, Mr. Mawman, and I have reason to expect that the work will very soon be in the press. I have been so fortunate as to come into possession of a quantity of costume-drawings, the originals of which were the property of John Tweddell. With a selection from these the publication will be embellished. This being the state of things at this moment, I venture once again to express an anxious hope that my volume may have the recommendation of something from your learned pen, and the memory of my brother descend to future times under the illustrious sanction of your recorded friendship.

I feel conscious that in thus presuming to intrude upon you, I have to apologise for the liberty of the measure, considering the multiplicity and the great importance of your literary and other engagements. It is, however, from a consideration of the latter, that I am tempted to fear the subject may have escaped your recollection; and it is from the perfect assurance which I have of your sincere and great regard for the character of John Tweddell, and of the intimacy of that friendship with which he was honoured by you, that I indulge myself in the hope already expressed, and trust to obtain your pardon for this freedom. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,

ROBERT TWEDDELL.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *Manchester, Feb.* 8, 1817.

I received, with feelings of the greatest pleasure, the sentiments of approbation with which you are pleased to honour my recent publication. The satisfaction which you express, and the convictions produced on your mind by the late discovery, coupled with my remarks, encourage me to hope that such may also be the impressions made on the public by this disclosure, and that the cause of truth and justice will prove triumphant. I beg you to believe that I am deeply sensible of your condescension in imparting your sentiments to me at all; and regarding you as the confidential and most esteemed friend of my late brother, the commendation you express is grateful to my heart; neither can I possibly forget that it comes from the most accomplished scholar in this country.

With regard to the passage at p. 12, which gives occasion to some animadversions in your letter, allow me to explain myself, by saying that I fear I may have expressed myself a little too ambiguously, in using the words "one hundred and twelve arguments." I certainly meant to insinuate, by that phrase, the hundred and twelve *drawings* restored by Lord Elgin, every *one* of which I consider as a distinct and special "argument" of his ******, as well as of the truth of my own declarations. I fear I have been too abstruse in this *innuendo;* but the explanation, I hope, may at least be satisfactory to you.

I feel myself called to thank you most heartily for your manly and important testimony on the side of truth and friendship, on the late occasion that occurred in the presence of his Grace of Bedford. Although nothing more than what strict veracity would appear to me to call for, nor more than I should expect from your well-known independence and fearless integrity, I deem it not the less a real obligation conferred on myself, and desire to record my sincere and grateful acknowledgments. May I be allowed to add my earnest hope that you will avail yourself of every just occasion of giving publicity to the sentiments you entertain on this subject? I remain, reverend and dear Sir, very respectfully, your most obedient and obliged R. TWEDDELL.

The Rev. Thomas Tyrwhitt, "the learned Commentator on Euripides, Editor of Aristotle's Poetics and Chaucer's Works," joined his interest with that of Dr. Parr in the subscription for Dr. Musgrave's dissertations. His letters have no other import, and are therefore omitted.

Rev. W. Vernon, son of Abp. of York, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Bishop Thorpe, Monday, Feb. 7,* 1820.

I am very much concerned to hear from Mr. Wrangham that you have had so severe an illness as to have been obliged to call in physicians, and that they are not yet dismissed; but I hope that his having received a letter from you is a proof that you are recovering, and that all danger is past.

I have read the valuable papers which you had the goodness to send me more than once, and always intended to write to you my acknowledgments for the pleasure and instruction which I have received from them; but I wished to say something more than this, and have at length found courage.

I am not at all surprised at the number of errors in prosody which your extensive reading has enabled you to detect in the compositions of very eminent scholars, when I consider the imperfect manner in which the prosody of the learned languages is taught. In English versification we make no such mistakes, because the quantity, if I may call it so, is always marked by the pronunciation; but the writer of Latin verse has but little assistance from his ear. The substitute for this is the recollection of verses in which the word to be used occurs, and rules of prosody; but the quantity of such a word, for instance, as *uti* does not fall under general rules, and to make the recollection of verses always available would require a memory as extraordinary as yours. If they had taught me at school to pronounce the word uti, whenever I met it, with the emphasis on the final syllable, I should be in no danger of making a false quantity.

I conceive that the adoption of this method at our schools would not only save Latin versifiers from disgrace, but, what is

of more consequence, that it would contribute greatly to the pleasure with which Latin poetry, and even prose, would be read. Our precarious mode of pronunciation must necessarily take away half the beauty of harmony from the stanzas of Virgil and the periods of Cicero.

But supposing these remarks to be true, who can tell us what sort of pronunciation will be rightly expressive of quantity? I know of no one so capable of answering the questions I have to put on this subject as yourself. Is quantity stress? Lord Mansfield seems to have taken this for granted, when he quarrelled with the pleader for pronouncing the middle syllable of jamdudum short; and in general, so far as we notice quantity at all, in our pronunciation we express it thus. But some observations in your papers led me to apprehend that you consider accent and stress as the same. The manner in which in my crude speculations on this subject I have been accustomed to conceive of accent and quantity is this. In the words living, lively, and livonia, I suppose the quantity in the first syllable of living and lively to be the same and the accent different, in lively and livonia I suppose the accent of the first syllables to be the same and the quantity different, the stress in livonia being laid on the second syllable. If these notions are correct, I see no difficulty in reforming our pronunciation of Latin; but if quantity is something different from stress, the difficulty of recovering a lost art of rhythm is, I fear, insurmountable.

I suspect that few scholars have any distinct conception of the real nature of quantity and accent. You would be doing a service to literature by pouring from your great stores of knowledge some information on the subject. The manner in which accent was by degrees substituted for quantity, would be a curious and instructive piece of history.

And now, my dear Sir, I ask pardon for venturing to obtrude these speculations and questions, and hope that if you do not think they deserve any remark you will not scruple to leave them unanswered, and believe me to remain, yours very truly,

WM. V. VERNON.

Gray, perhaps, was misled in his uti by utique and utinam. Is not the change of quantity in ergo when ne is suffixed to it remarkable?

MY DEAR SIR, *Bishop Thorp, Jan.* 13.

I feel very highly honoured by your approbation of my sermon, and your praise of the more important one preached at the Coronation, is very gratifying to my father, who desires me to say how much he is flattered by your expressions respecting it and how much pleasure it would have given him to have sent you a copy of it, if it had occurred to him that it would be agreeable to you. I have some thoughts of undertaking a translation of Pliny's Natural History, with notes, and knowing the extent and variety of your learning, and the kindness with which you are always ready to make it profitable to others, I will venture to ask for such hints towards the execution of this task, as you may have leisure to bestow upon me. With many apologies for the liberty I take in making this request, and with every good wish for the perfect re-establishment of your health, I remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully, WM. V. VERNON.

Rev. Gilbert Wakefield, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *Richmond, Surrey, Aug.* 17, 1778.

I know not what apology to make for the freedom of this application. Had I the least pretensions to literary merit, I should the more confidently address you, whose character in that province is so well known and so deservedly distinguished. But as it is I can only avail myself of the possibility that you may have heard my name mentioned, perhaps, without discredit in the University, and leave the rest to your generosity. I have left college, which began to grow unpleasant by the daily departure of my best friends, some months; and am at present in a very unsettled situation. As I have not the remotest prospect of advancement in my profession, the only resource left is the gaining of some private pupils upon a curacy, or something similar in a more public way. I have read in the papers with pleasure your promotion at Norwich, and consequent resignation of the school Colchester. It requires no uncommon discernment to be sensible with what great disadvantage a young man of no reputation obtrudes himself on the public notice; and there are but few whose candour I could so far rely upon as to risk the painful

imputation of presumption by such an address. Would you be so kind, Sir, as to give yourself the trouble to inform me whether, if the latter school be not disposed of, there would be any probability of success, were I respectably recommended from the University?

I wrote some time since to our common friend Mr. Bennet, for his advice upon the method I should adopt for my settlement in life, but to my surprise have received no answer. Could you overlook the familiarity of this request, I should think myself very happy in your sentiments upon the same subject; and shall conclude myself, well knowing how much

———in publica commoda peccem
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora.

Your very humble servant, GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

DEAR SIR, *Hackney, March* 18, 1795.

Notwithstanding my great and sincere veneration for Dr. Parr, previous to his favour this moment received, his generous interference on this occasion has exceedingly increased both my affection and esteem; nor, had he been less sparing of his reproof, to which I doubt not my letter had stirred his feelings, would he have found any return from me but that of increased regard and grateful acknowledgment, convinced that much reproof would have been the dictate of benevolence and sincerity.

When I had written my note to Mr. Beloe, I showed it to a common friend, after remarking, that I was sensible neither he nor any other man would approve what I had written; but to express myself otherwise would bely my own sensations; and I kept the letter three days by me, that it might not appear suggested by the first impulse of vexation.

Our sentiments are, indeed, very different; but I know that no difference of sentiment can diminish my personal good will to any human being, or excite me to any conduct that should injure him in the minutest particular, or deservedly interrupt the tranquillity of his mind. But of that difference you will be the more convinced, when I declare, that I regard the present system of government in this country, civil and ecclesiastical, as that "bond of iniquity," which must be loosed before social happiness can be secured, and which I am sure natural causes will

loose in a very short period indeed. Now, though I see no wisdom in proclaiming such an opinion on the house-top, I would not disguise it, as matter of speculation, before any company, or on any possible occasion, where the reason called for a profession of it; nor is it possible for any terror or any argument to turn me away from a mode of action which is the soul of my existence, and the principles of which no man can have ruminated more.

You will judge, my dear Sir, from this how far Mr. B. could possibly gratify me by burning my letter. He would gratify me more by publishing it in every newspaper in this kingdom, and by sending copies to the King and all his Ministers; which were he to do, not a single spark of animosity against him would be striken from my breast. Every principle of which I am convinced to carry to its full extent, incapable alike of intimidation and disguise, and under a conscious feeling of my personal good will to all mankind, shrink from no consequences whatever. I know this will appear like the words of Paul, very different from truth and soberness, to most people; but they are perfectly unaffected and sincere.

Now give me leave, my dear Sir, to say, that the case of yourself and Porson is not applicable to me.

I am very well aware that some exception might be against you with good churchmen; but your political offences are infinitely less than mine, and (I must add, with perfect truth, and without the remotest intention of looking out for reciprocal compliment) your unrivalled talents in composition rendered your approbation and insertion of B.'s work an incomparable passport with the public.

The name of Porson, too, was undoubtedly liable to some exception; but his connection with the reigning system as Greek Professor, added to his general character as a scholar, easily counterbalanced the inconvenience of his *supposed* heretical and political pravities.

The sum of the matter is this: Mr. B has behaved very ill in this matter; he has lost that opinion with me of candour and humility, and disinterestedness, which is essential in my mind to social intercourse; which, therefore, must cease between us; but I have ever, and shall ever, speak of him with respect on

many accounts, and shall sacredly guard against all possible acrimony or misrepresentation in consequence of the late transaction. He shall find nothing from me but every sentiment of good will and friendship; but I cannot endure for a familiar a conceited man. In making up a few days ago the last number of my Silva Critica, I had occasion to consult a passage in Gellius upon which he asked my opinion; but which he disregarded, and has totally misunderstood the place. I took some trouble repeatedly on this account, and communicated to him, if I rightly recollect, more than he seems willing to acknowledge, though he refuses to return my papers: he ought to have acknowledged the service, and stands also self-condemned for this neglect in consequence of the manner in which he expressed himself at the time of my communication. I should only have been pleased with his acknowledgments, as an indication of a frank and ingenuous temper, and of an upright mind, susceptible of a true sense of things, and delighting in every suitable opportunity of promoting mutual good-will and cementing friendship. No future acknowledgment could propitiate me or annihilate this demonstration of the man:

Reddidit ergo metu, non moribus.

My dear Sir, excuse my freedom and prolixity; and assure yourself of my perfect cordiality to yourself and exultation in your good opinion, with my express and truest gratitude for your amicable offices in this affair. Most affectionately yours,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Dorchester Gaol, παρα Πλουτι,
May 4, 1800.

DEAR SIR,

Will you suffer a word of expostulation? I have been waiting with anxiety, and have made inquiries through my friends in town; but hear no tidings respecting the publication of your late sermon. You really "are a sinner against the public weal" in withholding the efforts of your extraordinary intellect on a subject of much interest and importance. The language of insincerity is not mine; but, I confess to you, I look up to your intelligence with veneration, as of a higher order; and rank you after some of those mighty heroes unrivalled to my fancy by our

countrymen for comprehension of thought and vigour of expression, Bacon, Newton, Johnson, and Burke. Those who enjoy your conversation may say very contentedly with Virgil,

Nec nulla;

but others, and posterity, demand more. Let not our reasonable claims be rejected, at least on this occasion. I remain, Sir, your sincere friend, GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

DEAR SIR, *Dorchester Gaol, May* 4, 1801.

This day the present of your Spital Sermon has reached me; which is received, I assure you, with sentiments that become so friendly an attention from such a scholar and such a man. The language of insincerity is a stranger to my pen, as its emotions are, I hope, to my heart; but I scruple not to affirm, that I shall read your sermon, and study it, as a production from the most powerful writer of our times. At present a domestic affliction, the loss of my youngest child, grievously embittered by my inability to share in these distresses at home of my wife and daughter, with the uncertainty of our future residence, disqualifies me for much intensity of thought, and throws a shade over the day of our liberation, which is near at hand. At all times, and in every situation, believe me, dear Sir, with high veneration for your virtues and talents, your very sincere friend,

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Rev. Daniel Walters (Parr's assistant at Norwich), to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *Cowbridge, Jan.* 22, 1785.

As I knew that you would rejoice at the success of one whom you have honoured with your friendship, I deferred writing to you, in hopes that I might be able to inform you of my being appointed to the mastership of this school; and I have now the pleasure of communicating to you that intelligence.

Dr. Hoare showed me that friendly letter which you wrote to him in my behalf, saying, that it was too handsome to be concealed from me. I am at an utter loss for words to assure you

how deeply I am impressed with a sense of the repeated obligations you have heaped upon me; but I will curb the desire that urges me to enlarge upon this subject, because I disdain to use those frivolous words of course, and unmeaning phrases of thanks, which are in every one's mouth. This, however, I must add, that, whensoever it may offer itself, I shall eagerly embrace the opportunity of making you every return that gratitude can suggest to a feeling heart.

I was too late for the ordination at Oxford, which the Bishop informed me of. He told me that, if it was necessary that I should be in orders immediately, he would grant me letters dim. to the first ordination that happened; but, if not, that he wished me to wait till next June, when he himself ordained at Landaff.

I was acquainted at Oxford, as well as by your letter, of your generous interposition in favour of the poor condemned criminal. It was so humane an act, and at the same time so difficult a matter, to procure a remission of his sentence, that it could not have been effected or attempted, but by such persevering greatness of mind and goodness of heart, as it is your happiness to possess. There is not in all Sterne so fine a stroke as your *Nunc Dimittis*.

I was much grieved to hear of the death of poor Brooke. It is, however, a comfortable consideration, that he has left his family better provided for than was expected.

When you are removed to Warwickshire, I do not despair of being able to persuade you to make a tour into Wales. If you require it, I will insure you against all molestation from *goats* and *cheese*.

You will be so good as to present my most friendly compliments to the President. With regard to the bond, I will be entirely directed by you. If you think it necessary that the interest should be paid now, I will send it; otherwise I will pay the whole altogether, next summer, or autumn.

When you see Mr. Morgan, present my compliments to him, and tell him that he shall hear from me soon. I am, Sir (with the greatest regard and respect for all that bear your name at Norwich), your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

DANIEL WALTERS.

My father charges me to present to you his most respectful compliments.

I shall be happy if you will favour me now and then, at your leisure, with your pleasing and instructive correspondence.

DEAR SIR, *Cowbridge, July* 30, 1785.

I will certainly transmit you the money in the first week in September, or sooner, if you require it, though it will not be equally convenient to me.

You have then, at length, fixed the time of your departure from Norwich. It will be a common loss, when you quit that employment, in which you have been long engaged, with so much credit to yourself, and so great advantage to the public. Don't think me pedantic, if I ask the Norfolcians, *Quando ullum invenient* PAREM?

When you get into Warwickshire, I shall not despair of seeing you in Wales. Perhaps the Professor will accompany you.

I was ordained lately at Landaff. The Bishop behaved very handsomely to me on the occasion, and spoke publicly in praise of my Latin, which, he said, was the best he had seen for a long time. I thought myself highly obliged to him for what he said, as it was of greater consequence to me to make something of a figure, than to any of the other candidates.

I hope all friends at Norwich are well, especially your good family, and Mr. Robert Parr's, to whom I beg my most hearty remembrance. I am, Sir, with a deep sense of the gratitude I owe you for a thousand favours, your most faithful and humble servant, DANIEL WALTERS.

"The ingenious Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath," to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Widcombe Cottage, Monday morning.*

I take the opportunity of Mr. Pearson's return to Tettenhall to trouble you with a small parcel. It contains, amongst other things, a sermon, which, you will see from the preface, I have been compelled to publish in self-defence; and a little tract on the sacrament, which I have diffused amongst my parishioners.

With respect to the latter (as it will soon come to a second edition), I request your impartial, candid criticism; as well as such hints for omissions, additions, or improvements, as your deep knowledge of the subject, and intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and the best modes of stirring up its affections, may suggest. Mr. Pearson delivered to me your very friendly message, respecting the transmission of my Fast Sermon to Mr. Fox; which I should have immediately attended to, by sending the pamphlet to him, had I not been deterred by the fear of being considered as intrusive; or, what is still worse, of having been actuated by interested motives, in paying him that public testimony of my respect which the dedication avows. I conceived (perhaps improperly), such a step might imply that I thought some claim to his attention attached to me, from my having declared those sentiments, which, I am sure, most honest men, and every true friend to his country, must have entertained; though perhaps motives of fear, or prudence, prevented them from giving them public circulation. Under the impression of these feelings, I have taken the liberty of putting up the Fast Sermon, and Madan's Discourse, in the parcel; and submit it to your judgment, whether, if they go to Mr. Fox through your mediation, the mode of conveyance would not be more delicate, than if they went immediately from myself. Young as I am, I have met with too many disappointments in life, to allow me to revel in imaginary prospects of future professional success; but these checks have been attended with this advantage, that, should any piece of good fortune befal me, it would bring with it all the pleasure of being unexpected, and none of its gratification would be lessened by anticipation. Add to this too, that, though trifling in itself, it would be considered as of importance by me. The only reasons, indeed, which could induce me to look with any desire to church preferment, are the precariousness of a curate's situation; and a wish to be enabled to smooth the latter years of an aged mother, and to assist two invalid sisters, who have known much sorrow, and struggled with many difficulties. But, God's will be done! We are all happy to hear that you are gradually recovering from the effects of your afflictive loss. May you speedily be restored to your health and peace, and long live to instruct mankind by your

wisdom and example. Your means of restoration, indeed, are sure and solid—the high resources of a great mind; and, what is still better, the certain consolation of an exemplary piety. All here unite in affectionate regards with, dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful friend, RICHARD WARNER.

Newton St. Loe, near Bath, March 22, 1823.

DEAR AND REVERED FRIEND,

I scarcely know what to say to you. Your letter to Anne has affected my heart; and most cordially do I sympathize in your feelings of desolation. My knowledge of John Bartlam compared with yours was slight; but his sincere friendship for my wife, and his kind feelings towards myself, nay, what is more, his wishes and actual endeavours to serve me, will for ever endear him to my memory. His lot, however, has been a happy one, for he lived honourable and irreproachable: gifted with that high talent and extensive acquired information which give a zest to all the advantages afforded by easy circumstances; enjoying the continual feast of a heart in charity with every human being; respected by all who could appreciate his understanding; esteemed by all who saw his virtues, and beloved by all who knew him best—and he died without anticipation, and without a pang! But enough; "he is in peace."

My wife feels deeply grateful for your affecting but kind letter; she and her mother (now within a few weeks of eighty) offer to you sympathy and regard; and I am, your obliged and sincere friend, RICHARD WARNER.

Poor Doctor Falconer, a fortnight since, fell down and fractured his arm; he is, however, doing well.

Rev. Mr. Willes, to Dr. Parr.

Ιερεῦ κακολογικε, λοιδορουμενε, καταρατε,
ου φριττω,
ουδε πεινω,
ου κατακριθησομαι αποθανων·
συ δε τα σεαυτου πραγματα πραττε.

Επι ζωντος επιταφιον·
Πολλα φαγων, και πολλα πινων, και πολλα κας' ειπων
Ανθρωπος, κειμαι Παρριος Αττονιος.
Ερρωσο.

I am off for London on Monday. The Greek language, flexible as it is, cannot reach that. I hope you left his Grace of Norfolk, &c. &c. in good health. I am told his living (if any living can be) is too good for philosophical palates like yours. You ought now, as that philosophical character Falstaff says, to purge and live clean. Adieu!

E. WILLES.

I mean to return in a very few days.

DEAR SIR, *Newbold, Dec. 26.*

On my return from Hatton I hastened to the post-office for the expected letter, and though I cannot but have some curiosity to see what Mrs. *Νεμεσις* dictated, I am not sorry that Madam *Αιδως*, with her troop of attendants, *δευτεραι φροντιδες*, got the better in this contest for the political Hercules. You do me much honour in terming my mind enlightened and ingenuous: as to the latter character, I shall not readily resign my claim to it; but to the former I do not pretend. Whatever share of light, however, Providence has afforded me, though it be no more than what flows from a farthing candle, it must serve to guide me, and by that light I thought I discerned danger to this country, and acted in consequence of that opinion. Whether what I saw, or thought I saw, was but the effect of a disordered imagination, or a spectre raised to answer the purposes of ministerial delusion, I know not, but shall ever contend for the purity of my intention in endeavouring to lay it. What mischief the associations may produce I cannot say, but a present, and in my mind a just purpose has been answered by them, though I will not assert that I have not been peeping through a microscope at objects before my nose, when a telescope might have rendered better service; but if you think it worth while to purge my "visual ray," let me request you will use more "euphrasy" than "rue."

With regard to the noble Peer's society, I do not think yours

can ever be put in competion with it, unless William Pitt should introduce you to the same body of which the former personage is so conspicuous a member. In that case I shall certainly solicit admission into your society.

I am most truly concerned for your alarm, and hope that it is as groundless as you seem to consider mine. I need not assure you I shall be happy to take care of your church for any time you may want me, but be so kind to let me know in *a legible hand* when I am to begin, as at present I am in doubt whether you shall want my help till the third Sunday in January, or whether you shall want *no* help till the third Sunday. I shall be quite at liberty for either. The little boy whom you kindly notice shall be taught your lesson.

I am, Sir, yours very sincerely, E. WILLES.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Mr. Willes, on the 32d line of the Νεφέλαι.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, Sept.* 1, 1813.

When I said that the word in Aristophanes was a term of jockeyship, that as pronounced by you it left the iambic imperfect, and that in the reply of the father there was a lusus verborum, I said what was very true. Now I shall tell you my opinion. The line runs thus:

ἄπαγε τὸν ἵππον ἐξαλίσας οἴκαδε.

My friend, you pronounced *ἐξαλίσας* with the penult. short, and then a syllable would have been wanting to complete the verse. But the penult. is long here, and also in *ἐξήλικας* in the line which follows. Now the jockey terms are thus enumerated in Julius Pollux. Having said you ought to say *καταπλύνειν τὴν κεφαλήν, οὐ καθαίρειν*, which last word, you and I not having been jockies might have used, he thus proceeds, *ἁλίσαι, ἐρεῖς καὶ ἐξαλίσαι, καὶ τὸ χωρίον ἁλίστρα, καὶ ἐξαλίστρα, καὶ κυλίστρα.* L. i. c. 11. segm. 182. The place, in which the horses rolled themselves, was also called *ἁλινδήθρα, τόπος ἐν ᾧ τιθέντες ἑαυτοὺς οἱ ἵπποι κυλίονται*, Phavorinus in voce. And hence the word took a metaphorical sense for the windings and rollings, and logical subtleties and twistings and twirlings you and I

should say of wrangling special pleaders and mystical polemics, as Aristophanes said of the moral *saws* of Euripides,

> *συσκεδᾷν πολ-*
> *λὰς ἀλινδήθρας ἐπῶν.*—*Ranæ*, v. 934.

To this metaphorical sense Phavorinus adverts when he explains the word *ἀλινδήθρας, συναγωγὰς, στροφὰς, λεπτολογίας, καὶ τὰς πλοκὰς τοῦ Εὐριπίδου.* Now, *ἁλίσαι* and *ἐξαλίσαι* mean to roll, and they are applied to the horse, the roller, and also to the jockey, who rolls the horse, that is, causes him to roll himself; and this was frequently done before the horse, as we say in English, is brought up after being used; and as one of these actions was a concomitant of the other, the same term was sometimes applied by the jockies to both. Hence we read in Hesychius, *ἐξαλίσαι, κυλίσαι*, "to have rolled," *ἐκκομίσαι*, "to have brought out or back." Phavorinus fluctuates between the two upon this very passage in Aristophanes, where I hold that the one suggested the other. You shall have the whole passage of Phavorinus, even with the repetition of what he says upon the place of rolling, *Ἐξαλίσας παρὰ Ἀριστοφάνει, ἀντὶ τοῦ ἐκβαλὼν, Ἄπαγε τὸν ἵππον ἐξαλίσας οἴκαδε· καὶ ἐξήλικας, ἐξέβαλες, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἁλίζω, τὸ συνθροίζω· ἢ ἐξαλίσας, κυλισθῆναι ποιήσας εἰς τὴν κόνιν· ὥς φασί τινες, καὶ τὸν τόπον, ἐν ᾧ τιθέντες ἑαυτοὺς οἱ ἵπποι τοῦτο ποιοῦσιν, ἀλινδήθραν ἐκάλουν· ὥς που καὶ ἐν τοῖς Βατράχοις ὁ αὐτὸς ποιητὴς πολλὰς ἀλινδήθρας, ἤγουν ἐγκυλίσματα.* Vegetius gives the following precept about rolling horses, "Vicinum vero stabulum convenit esse loco arido, stercore vel paleis mollibus adopertum, in quo ante potum animalia volutentur. Quod exercitium et sanitati proficit, et ægritudinis vitium commonstrat: nam quoties animal, aut non solito more se transvolvit, aut omnino detrectat accumbere, scias illud ex tædio laborare, et ideo separari debere, atque curari."—Vegetii veterinaria. L. i. c. 56.

The rolling place you see was covered with dung, on account of its softness, and hence we have the true reading of a corrupt passage in Hesychius, *ἀλίη· κάπρος, Μακεδόνες.* Sopingius properly corrects it, *κόπρος*, 'dung;' that is the word used for dung by the Macedonians, and borrowed by them from the custom of horses rolling in dung. We find in Xenopho the time when the

jockey was ordered to make them roll themselves, and it was after violent exercise. Having ascended my horse, Ἱππασάμην ἱππασίαν, ὡς ἄν ἐγὼ δύνωμαι, ὁμοιοτάτην ταῖς ἐν τῷ πολέμῳ ἀναγκαίαις ἱππασίαις, οὔτε πλαγιον οὔτε κατάντους οὔτε τάφρον οὔτε ὀχετοῦ ἀπεχόμενος· ὡς μέντοι δυνατὸν, ταῦτα ποιοῦντα ἐπιμέλομαι μὴ ἀποχωλεῦσαι τὸν ἵππον. Ἐπειδὰν δὲ ταῦτα γένηται, ὁ παῖς ἐξαλίσας τὸν ἵππον οἴκαδε ἀπαγει. ἅμα φέρων ἀπὸ τοῦ χώρου ἤν τι δεώμεθα εἰς ἄστυ. Œconomic. c. xi. Here you see that the horse, after violent exercise, refreshes himself by rolling in dung, or any other soft material in the stable; and of course the slave, who had made him do so, afterwards rubbed him down, and then he might safely be suffered to drink, according to the instruction given by Vegetius. I have now established the sense of ἁλίσαι as a jockey term applied to the slave, who made the horse roll himself in dung, after work. But I make a distinction between ἁλίσαι and ἐξαλίσαι, and for ἐξαλίσαι we have no one English word, though the sense of it be very clear. Ἐξαλίσαι is 'to have stirred the horse up after having made him roll himself,' and hence Scapula translates it 'e volutabro excitare,' and about the word volutabrum, as a rolling place, in Latin, there is no doubt.

Sæpe volutabris pulsos sylvestribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens. GEORG. iii.

Now, my friend, we shall directly touch the passage in Aristophanes. The young varlet's horse, it should seem, had been violently exercised, and the master in his dream says to his slave, 'stir up the horse which you have just made to roll himself, stir him up from his rolling place, and bring him home.' He uses ἐξαλίσας, not ἁλίσας. The ceremony ἁλίσαι had been performed before, and when it was performed enough, the slave is bidden ἐξαλίσαι, and this makes intelligible ἐκβαλὼν used by Phavorinus. If Aristophanes had written ἁλίσαι only, the sense would have been different, and there would have been no room for the lusus verborum in the answer of the father. But the adjunct ἐξ made room for the pun, and the whole of what was passing in the father's mind was this—"You spendthrift dog, by literally accustoming your slave ἐξαλίσαι τὸν ἵππον, you have rolled me out of all my money."

ἀλλ', ὦ μέλ, ἐξήλικας ἐμέ γ' ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν.*

Pray observe that the uncompounded word is indifferently applied to the horse who rolls, and to the jockey who makes him roll. And now I must say a word or two about the quantity. There were two words ἁλιω, and ἁλιζω. Ἁλιω is the older word, like κυλίω. Generally, as appears from the accent, the participle is formed from the termination ιξω, and therefore is short. But Aristophanes takes the older form ιω, and then the penultimate is long. There is a similarity in the derivatives from κυλίω and ἁλίω. Κυλίω gives κυλινδω, ἁλιω gives ἁλινδέω, from whence comes ἁλινδήθρα, mentioned above. What I have been here saying, will be illustrated and confirmed by the following passage from Damm's Homeric Lexicon, "Ἁλιώ, f. ίσω, volvo, voluto me vel aliud, ich walze, est ab εἱλέω, sic equus dicitur ἁλίειν, si in terra se volutat, ἐξαλίω, evolvo, Aristoph. Nub. 32, 33, ubi prius ἐξαλίσας est a volutando excitans equum; alterum ἐξήλικας est provolvisti. Idem verbum dicitur et ἁλίζειν, i. e. κυλίεσθαι, it. ἁλίνδειν, unde locus volutationis est ἡ ἁλινδήθρα, quæ et ἡ κονίστρα." The German words mean "I roll," from walzen, "to wallow, or roll something." The participle is walzung, "wallowing," "rolling," and the derivative walze, "a roller," or "cylinder." As I clearly understand the passage in Aristophanes, I gave you my interpretation of it, without consulting the scholiast. Upon looking at the old scholiast, I find nothing but the words already quoted from Phavorinus, and a reference to the passage I have produced from the Frogs with ἐγκυλίσματα as the explanation of ἁλινδήθρας, all which you had before. On looking at Bisetus I find a very good scholiast with the words of Eustathius, who is right in saying Ἁλίζειν δὲ, τὸ ἐν κόνει κυλίεσθαι, ἢ κόνει φύρεσθαι. Eustathius is also right in the resemblance between κυλίω and ἁλίω: and you see that in speaking of Aristophanes he had in view ἁλίω, and not ἁλίζω; and you will observe again and again, that ἁλίσας from ἁλίω is long, and ἁλίσας from ἁλίζω is short, in the penultimate. Bisetus is quite aware of the figurative sense of

* This passage is similarly interpreted, and the quantity settled, by Dr. Maltby, in his improved edition of Morell's Thesaurus, under the words Ἁλίζω, and Ἐξαλίω.

the word ἐξήλικας in the father's answer, Ἐξήλικας, μεταφορικῶς δὲ τοῦτο γέγηται ἀντὶ τοῦ ἐξήλακας· τουτέστι διὰ τὴν σοῦ ἱπποτροφίαν καὶ δαπάνας τῶν ἐμῶν κτημάτων ἐμὲ ἀπεστέρησας. He must have perceived, though he does not state, that the metaphorical sense of the word in the second line was suggested by the literal sense of the word in the preceding, and that the whole art of the passage in the father's answer, depends upon the circumstance of juxtaposition. Aristophanes having previously used ἐξαλισας in one sense, wittily subjoins ἐξηλικας in another. But if nothing of the kind had preceded, there would have been the absence not only of wit, but of genuine Greek; for I believe that no Greek writer has ever said ἐξηλίκας με ἐκ τῶν ἐμῶν χρημάτων. I hope all your difficulties will now be removed.

Pray come on Friday, and bring any friend. I am yours truly, S. PARR.

Rev. Mr. Willes, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Ryde, Isle of Wight, Sept.* 1, 1814.

With real concern I write, and with profound sorrow will you read, the account I am about to communicate of an event which occurred in the course of last night; but I was unwilling to leave you to learn it by means of the newspapers only, which might perhaps have been the case, had I not given you a line on the melancholy subject. Poor Dealtry, after a very short illness, died last night, but at what hour is not known. He had been, for the whole of yesterday, labouring under indisposition occasioned by indigestion, and the medicines usual in such cases had not the effect expected, till a remedy in the evening removed the complaint, and he went to rest, to all appearance quite recovered, at about eleven, when his servant left him. In the morning, however, he was found, though without any appearance of suffering, in a state which implied his having been dead some hours. You probably know that he had been affected with symptoms that gave him reason to apprehend water in the chest, and that his spirits were frequently depressed by the dread of the consequences of such sensations. His sudden departure gives reason to presume that his suspicions were but too well founded. Whatsoever may have been the cause, assure yourself that I sincerely participate the grief I am persuaded you will

feel at an event you, probably, could very little expect. He came to this place with Lord Gardner, on a visit to Owen Williams, and had been here not more than a week. His sisters are at Rottendean, near Brighton. To them his old servant was quickly dispatched with the melancholy information, which, perhaps, you might have learned from some other quarter, but I was unwilling to trust to the chance. I hope to be in Warwickshire ere long, and will then communicate whatever information you may wish to obtain, and which may be in my power to give. Believe me, yours sincerely, E. Wills.

Rev. Mr. Williams, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Wellsbourne, Dec.* 28, 1807.

I should not have been so long in answering your sharp scold and soothing invitation, had I not waited for my son's return from Oxford, that I might have announced him as my proxy in your house on Thursday next. He is not yet come; if he arrives in time I will send him (as his duty now is) to say Amen at your giving of thanks.

I *had* perused, with much attention and with increased conviction (yes, notwithstanding my rooted and inborn hatred of Popery) the paper in the Edinburgh Review on the Catholic question. I could not help thinking he wasted too much labour upon the Coronation Oath and the royal conscience. If the K—— wills the preservation of the Protestant establishment, he must consult the preservation of the State, on which it hangs. He did not swear to give up his understanding, and by adhering to the letter, to neglect the whole spirit and essence of the obligation.

What think you of the irregular system of recruiting the regulars every second year through the funnel of the militia? Is it just, reasonable, or constitutional? How long *will* the Lord Lieutenants bear it? How long *can* the parishes bear it? Our poor-rates are increased from it this year fifty pounds, besides the loss to poor individuals of forty more.

My wife and daughters desire to join with me in the hearty wishes of this season to you and Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne.

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly, J. H. Williams.

Rev. Walter Williams of Pinner (Parr's friend at Harrow and through life), to Dr. Parr.

DEAR PARR, *Pinner, Feb.* 8, 1785.

I have committed your letter to the flames, but the contents are inextinguishable.

Since reflection has had the power of action, it has been invariably my opinion, that polite literature ought only to be a secondary object in the system of education; the primary, to make good citizens on earth—consequently, saints in heaven.

A silence on the subject of religion appears to me a defect in my friend's regulations. Strong is the effect of habit on men. Instead of the omission of saint days, the church ought to be opened on those days morning and evening; and the Vicar, for the time being, be requested to give the founder's sermons a turn, "to paint the manners as they rise," to combat the fashionable vices, which so often, Proteus-like, change their form. Surely this is not trenching either on the office or dignity of the master. It seems likewise to be the outline marked by the founder.

A reform in the royal seminaries is very circuitous; it may require parliamentary aid; but we have it now in our power to attempt the possession of that grand desideratum, viz. the union of the advantages of a public and private education.

Instead of regulations giving offence, in my humble opinion, it ought to have been the duty of every governor to have committed his sentiments to paper—the result of a consultation with the wise and good of their acquaintance. From these a system might have been extracted worthy the sanction of the public and the approbation of the Visitor, who, in my opinion, is too much neglected in our government. Mrs. W. joins in best compliments to Mrs. Parr and yourself. In the course of next week expect to hear again from, dear Parr, yours most faithfully,

WALTER WILLIAMS.

DEAR PARR, *Pinner, Jan.* 24, 1788.

Who will decide when doctors disagree? Arcades ambo, et cantare pares the virtues of enchanting tobacco; et respondere

parati to every objection to its various excellencies. Whether most grateful in aromatic fumes, or in powder deliciously pungent, "non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites." Equal admirers of its essential qualities, the mode of administration the only difference, I look forward with pleasure to the moment of reconciliation, to be the humble but happy instrument, with the powerful auxiliaries of right Virginia in all its forms, and Jones's neat orthodox Oporto, to unite the jarring Muses in songs of praise, and with copious libations and clouds of incense from his favourite plant, to place the immortal Raleigh on the same bench with Bacchus, Osiris, and other great benefactors of mankind.

We have here so many meritorious claimants on the King's house (vulgariter, cage) that I cannot positively engage an apartment for my amiable young friend. Besides, his pretty tenderness has played so prettily round the little heart of his young relation, that she declares most imperatively that Spencer must be better accommodated.

The vestry-room is certainly at my command, and it shall be swept and garnished. Should the worthy Professor with an oriental predilection be delighted with its caravensera-like appearance, I can only promise to secure him an option of better quarters. And on you, my worthy friend, the jus trium liberorum confers such political superiority, that your bachelor companions must hide their diminished heads, while you sleep in state, in cedar-rooms and vermilion ceilings. But your et-ceteras, the most comprehensive term in the law-dictionary, will ever secure you the warmest room in my possession—my heart. Though not very trim and garish, I hope you will find in it some plain and useful furniture. Whether Mr. D. is gracious or not, without assuming too much, we may command the objects of your pursuit.

I request the favour of Mr. Spencer to consider this answer as dual in its design, and that I shall be happy in his visits at all times convenient to him. Mrs. W. joins with me in assuring Mrs. Parr how much the party would be improved by her company. And in best wishes to her, to you, Mr. Spencer, and all your family, believe me, with the greatest regard and esteem, dear Parr, your most faithful humble servant, WALTER WILLIAMS.

P. S.—Little Mary requests me to assure Mr. Spencer that his kind recollection of her is highly pleasing.

I should have answered your very kind letter some weeks sooner, had I not been in daily expectation of a visit from Roderick to give me the name of your residence; but, without flattery, on the scale of comparative merit, a direction to you in Warwickshire will be as successful as a letter to Newton in Europe from a fourth part of the world.

MY VERY GOOD FRIEND, *Pinner, March* 18, 1806.

Adieu, criticism and philology; politics is the order of the day. The strong head may at present be very importantly employed, but the good and feeling heart will find a moment to rejoice that our worthy friend Roderick's evening sun will set bright and comfortable on his presentation to the living of Sherborn, Gloucestershire, value 200*l.* by his late pupil Mr. Dutton, Lord Sherborn's son, the appointment to take place about the 25th inst. Wherever your ascendant star may soon be fixed, I will not relinquish your engagement of giving us some days here, to enjoy our friends, the elegant and learned Dr. Butler and the incumbent (Vicar I believe) of Sherborn. We sincerely, though silently, regretted deeply your late irreparable loss; but hope soon cordially to hear of merit rewarded, though late. How poor a consolation for the late misfortune! Your female friends here unite in wishing you all good in health and purse, with, dear Parr, yours most faithfully,

WALTER WILLIAMS.

Mr. Edgeworth met Dr. Parr at Sir Samuel Romilly's; and during their conversation at table an epitaph written by Louis XVIII. on the Confessor of his brother, the unhappy Louis XVI. when he mounted the scaffold of the guillotine, became the subject of conversation. Mr. Edgeworth's letter

will introduce Dr. Parr's learned criticism on this royal composition.

MY DEAR SIR, *Edgeworthstown, Ireland, April* 15, 1814.

I have not lived to seventy years of age without having learned how to take advantage of the fortunate circumstance of being introduced to a man of great eminence. Last summer at Sir Samuel Romilly's you had the goodness and condescension to give me hopes of obtaining a glance of your critical acumen upon the epitaph written upon the Abbé Edgeworth by Louis dixhuit.

When you granted my request on this subject we had but little hopes that he should within a year re-assume his throne.

One of my sons is writing memoirs of our near relation the Abbé Edgeworth, and this epitaph, one of the few instances of the gratitude of Kings, will, I believe, close the volume; and I have indubitable reasons to believe that it is unassisted regal Latinity. I wish it to be beyond the reach of minor critics, who never have the generosity to forgive the mistakes of a superior. My wife and daughter offer you their best respects and compliments. Believe me, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant, RICHARD SEWELL EDGEWORTH.

In reply to this letter Dr. Parr wrote to Mr. Edgeworth in the following terms, according to the copy which is now before me, and which is much defaced.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, May* 17, 1814.

Accept my best thanks for the honour you have done me in sending to me a copy of the epitaph written by Louis XVIII. upon the late Mr. Edgeworth. The attainments and talents of the donor, the well-founded and far-spread celebrity of his daughter, and their participation of a common name and a common family with the excellent man to whose memory that epitaph is consecrated, cannot fail, in my estimation, to bestow additional value upon the precious and, I had almost said,

hallowed gift. In conformity to your request I shall tell you fully and unreservedly what I think of the inscription itself.

I remember a story that when Tiberius, in one of his speeches, was guilty of a solecism, Atejus Capito, one of his flatterers, affirmed, "Imperatori et esse illud Latinum, etsi non usitatum." Pomponius Marcellus, who had started the subject, boldly replied, in the presence of the Emperor himself: "Certe jam mentitur Capito, tu enim Cæsar civitatem dare potes hominibus, verbis non potes." Louis XVIII. would disdain to usurp any dominion over language such as Capito would have assigned to Tiberius. He looks back with contempt, as I should do, on the servility of those courtiers who, because Louis XIV., when a boy, had blunderingly said, Ou est *mon* carosse, immediately converted the gender of the word from the feminine to the masculine.

What I have often heard of Louis XVIII. has long interested my mind in his favour, and what I see of his real character in the Inscription convinces me that where a man of letters ventures as I do upon the unusual, and, what would generally be, the perilous office of criticising a Royal composition, praise without adulation would be accepted, and censure without asperity would be endured. Louis, however, would not condescend to hope any indulgence from false candour, and from real delicacy he has little severity to fear. His epitaph shows the correct taste of the writer in not attempting any ostentatious display of eloquence where there was a proper and peculiar place for the nobler energies of the mind. It shows the deep impressions made by Religion on his soul, when, instead of endeavouring to select the graces of classical phraseology, he had recourse to the simple and solemn diction of Holy Writ. There is no profusion of panegyric upon a beloved brother—no bitterness of invective against his savage persecutors—no vindictive contemplation of that change for the better, the contemplation of which, even as a possibility, deserves to be ranked among the various infirmities of exile. In every topic, and in every phrase, we see reflection mingled with conscious dignity, and devotion with genuine magnanimity, marks of that salutary discipline which corrects the restlessness of unsatisfied desire, and the soreness even of virtuous but wounded pride. We see

—we see the traces of that discipline which, among other happy effects of solitude and study, not only qualifies men to bear up against the immediate pressure of unmerited indignities and wrongs, but prepares them to enter upon the arduous and active duties of public life with renovated vigour to the spirits, with safer guidance to the judgment, and with the best impulses from the best affections of the heart. Compared with this pure and bright assemblage of moral excellencies, all the decorations of language, which amuse curiosity, or gratify taste, fade away. Hence such an Inscription as that of Louis leaves no room in any well-regulated mind for the impertinencies and rigours of criticism, and strikes so instantaneously and so powerfully on the heart as to give his readers scarcely leisure for the operations of the head. It produces a manly unwillingness to discern, aye, and even a sort of disgust to ourselves, at the very consciousness of ability to discern here and there a slight verbal inaccuracy, such as might drop from the pen of the ablest writer, when his attention was forcibly engaged by subjects so important and so sacred. It carries us at once to the enjoyment of that satisfaction which is excited within us by good sense without effort, and good feeling without ostentation. It opens to our view the full and exquisite merit of rarity, and all the external circumstances of a Sovereign taking upon himself the office of a writer without any one appearance of affectation or latent pedantry. It presents to the view a series of events most interesting and most afflicting—it throws back into shade the most horrid features of the scenery, and brings forward the more tender to our memory and our sensibility. The scholar exchanges intellectual fastidiousness for moral sympathy—the man of virtue rejoices in partaking of that common nature which is endowed with such amiable qualities as could alone have produced such a composition at such a time and upon such a subject—the Philosopher looks up gratefully and reverently to that benevolent Governor of the world who comforts the afflicted, protects the oppressed, and ultimately converts the prejudices or passions, and even the crimes of his creatures into instruments of His own righteous purposes. The Christian congratulates Louis XVIII. on the choice of his Instructor, so

wise, so faithful, and so holy, at a crisis so awful to all the temporal and all the spiritual interests of the Royal and venerable writer, who implores a blessing from that Being "who calms the madness of the people," and "who makes Kings inherit a throne of glory," when they are..... for the time of healing," and are content to have their thrones and their power upholden by mercy.

You will readily suppose that I look with unfeigned delight upon the unparalleled wisdom and virtue of those potentates whom neither the fierceness of resentment, nor the restlessness of ambition, nor the pride of victory, has seduced from the discharge of their duty to God and man. If you and I wish for any addition to the uniform and melancholy testimony which history bears either to the practicability of restoring order and stability upon a Republican form of government in large States, or to the miseries and the outrages which accompany military despotism, we should appeal to the present condition of Europe. We should contend that the noblest faculties of human nature may be called into action even among Kings; and that, under favourable circumstances, kingly power itself may give a speedier, and a wider, and a fuller effect to the moral qualities of the individual. I have been asked, in one or two instances, to furnish mottoes for some medals preparing in this country; I declined giving them, because the emblems employed by modern artists are rarely adapted to the phraseology of ancient inscriptions, and because I was unwilling to expose myself to any imputations of vanity or officiousness. But, in private correspondence, I will tell what might have been said of four living Monarchs.

Of the King of England I should say, with more truth than was said of Augustus,

Volentes
Per populos dat jura.

Of the King of Prussia:

Rex est qui posuit metus
Et diri mala pectoris.

Of the Emperor of Austria:

Vincat, quicunque necesse
Non putat in victos sævum destringere ferrum.

And of the Emperor of Russia:

Pax una triumphis
Innumeris potior.

But to all four of them I should give this serious warning:

Ne rumpite fœdera pacis,
Nec regnis postferte fidem.

I beg of you to present my most respectful compliments to Mrs. and Miss Edgeworth; and should it be my lot to be in London when you go thither again, I shall take the liberty of calling upon you. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful and obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

It were presumptuous in me to point out the verbal inaccuracies to which I allude; but if the Inscription be not engraven upon a tablet, nor in any other way exposed to public view, I will, upon your authorizing me to do so, point out what those inaccuracies are, and suggest what appear to me sufficient corrections. In the mean time, I advise you to set cavillers and pedants at defiance. I feel very much both for the memory of Mr. Edgeworth, and for the credit of Louis XVIII., and if you were acquainted with me you would throw away all reserve. I cannot give you a greater proof of the admiration in which I hold the genius of Miss Edgeworth, than when I express my wishes for her to translate the Latin Epitaph into her charming English.

So much has been said of the Inscription in the foregoing letter, that it becomes me to copy it without our further remark. The criticism which follows it was written in the most friendly spirit, and although the Doctor's opinions of the other Potentates underwent considerable alterations in the following years, of Louis XVIII. he continued to make

honourable mention as a Prince of high literary attainments, and one who, in the earlier and happier periods of his life, had patronized the cause of letters.

INSCRIPTION.—By Louis XVIII.

D. O. M.
Hic jacet
Reverendissimus Vir,
Henricus Essex Edgeworth de Firmont,
Sanctæ Dei Ecclesiæ Sacerdos,
Vicarius Generalis Ecclesiæ Parisiensis;
Qui,
Redemptoris nostri vestigia tenens,
oculus cæco,
pes claudo,
Pater Pauperum,
Mœrentium Consolator,
fuit.
Ludovicum XVI
ab impiis rebellibusque subditis
morti deditum,
ad ultimum certamen
roboravit,
strenuoque Martyri Cælos apertos
ostendit;
e manibus Regicidarum
mira Dei protectione
ereptus
Ludovico XVIII.
eum ad se vocanti,
citro accurrens,
ei per decem annos
Regiæ ejus Familiæ,
necnon et fidelibus sodalibus,
exemplar virtutum,
levamen malorum,
sese præbuit.

Per multas et varias regiones
temporum calamitate
actus,
Illi quem solum colebat
semper similis,
pertransiit benefaciendo.
Plenus tandem bonis operibus
obiit,
die 22do Maii Mensis,
anno Domini 1810,
ætatis vero suæ 62.
Requiescat in Pace!

The characteristic merits of the Epitaph consist in political moderation, tender sensibility, and pious reflection. It is therefore with consummate propriety that the writer prefers scriptural to what is commonly called classical phraseology; and that he belongs to the Church of Rome is a circumstance which completely justifies him in adopting the very words which he found in the Vulgate. This observation I would apply to two passages, where we read tenens vestigia et pertransiit benefaciendo. A writer of pure Latin would hardly venture upon tenere vestigia, for I should suppose insistere vestigiis is more proper. The Greek runs thus: ινα επακολουθησητε τοις ιχνεσιν αυτου, which Beza thus translates: ut subsequerimini vestigia ipsius. See 1st Epistle of St. Peter, chap. ii. ver. 21.

Though I have much to say in defence of pertransiit, I cannot help remarking that, to the mind of a Protestant, the expression would be at first sight perplexing, and that, after some effort, he, for a while, might see room for more serious objection, and say that, in appearance, the word pertransiit represented Mr. Edgeworth's going even beyond that Being, quem colebat, in doing good. In classical writers, pertransire means to pass by an object, or to pass through, as colour would pass through any substance, and I believe that some substantive is subjoined to it in the second sense. In the first sense it stands absolutely, but with a signification very different from what the writer of the Epitaph would assign to it. Necesse est aut non perveniat aut pertranseat. He must not come at all, or if

he does come, he must quickly pass by. The Greek in the N. T. stands thus: διηλθεν ευεργετων. Beza translates: Qui ambulavit beneficiis afficiens et sanans omnes, &c. See Acts, chap. x. ver. 38. There is something verbose and affected in Beza's translation. The Vulgate more concisely and more literally says pertransiit, and therefore to those who are accustomed to read, and would remember the Vulgate, the import of the word introduced into the epitaph would instantly present itself. But a more classical reader would be puzzled.

Accurro is used by itself. We read also accurrere in Tusculam, and accurrere ad te, but I think that no good prose writer ever uses it with a dative case.

After *actus* the addition of et would have made the sentence more clear. Persons to whom the Scriptures are familiar, can have no difficulty in fixing what the writer had in view when he wrote Illi quem solum colebat. But there is a want both of perspicuity and elevation in the passage as it stands now. I should have wished to see Redemptori illi or Servatori, or some other hallowed word, peculiarly emphatically descriptive of our blessed Lord. It were scarcely worth while to add, that in the use of necnon the writer has fallen into a mistake, of which numerous instances may be found in modern inscriptions, and I particularly advert to some in Westminster Abbey. Necnon should be only used with some member of a sentence, and not merely in the enumeration of particulars. I have pointed out the few, and I add the venial, improprieties which a critic would charge upon the inscription. But the matter, the topics, and the spirit, would more than expiate more numerous and more glaring faults.

The poets say of things inanimate of the neuter gender, cœli per aperta serena, incoctum generoso pectus honesto. But I am sure that in prose we cannot say rebelles subditi. A similar fault is committed by the writer of the excellent inscription upon Mr. Harris in Salisbury Cathedral,—Ultimi laudabunt posteri.

PUPILS.

On the following letter from Dr. Alexander, Lord Bishop of Down, now Right Honourable and Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Meath, Dr. Parr has endorsed, "This Bishop is a truly honest man."

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, Dec.* 2, 1805.

I did not receive your melancholy letter as soon as I ought to have done, from Lord Caledon's being at Cashel with his regiment. To a mind like yours, in which all the lessons of philosophy are deeply planted, and, above all, in which the consolations of religion are deeply rooted, any attempt of mine to alleviate the loss of your amiable and virtuous daughter must appear feeble. I can use no expression, no argument, that hath not offered itself in every shape to your attention. This only I can assure you and my good friend Mrs. Parr, that both Mrs. Alexander and myself deeply lament your loss; we had only the happiness of a slight acquaintance of a day with Miss Parr, but there was something so attractive in her manner, so much innocent vivacity in her conversation (though labouring under that severe complaint), that we felt more than a common interest in her recovery. But God for wise purposes hath ordered it otherways, to which we must bow.

Henry has entered into a new line of life—he has become a Dublin as well as a Derry Banker. He left town on Tuesday last, to make a tour through parts of the country that he wishes to interest in his favour; when I see him I shall give him your letter, which I am certain will grieve him much, from his sincere attachment to you and yours.

I should long since have written to you in answer to your

kind and friendly letter, if you had not desired me to await your writing again. Your partiality has led you into many compliments that I hardly have a right to, though you may be assured, that I shall never give you reason to blush from the share you had in forming my mind, for any neglect of duty; that, though I see around me men of much greater talents, yet I will yield to none in a conscientious discharge of the several trusts reposed in me, by visiting my diocese, attending to my parochial clergy, and in short, as far as my abilities reach, doing all in my power to promote the welfare of the Protestant Church.

The Lord Lieutenant has notified a wish by his Chaplain the Bishop of Kildare, that I should preach on Christmas day, and administer the Sacrament to him.

I am, my dear Doctor, with esteem and respect, your affectionate humble servant, NATHANIEL DOWN.

Dr. Parr, to the Bishop of Down.

MY DEAR LORD, *Aug.* 25, 1807.

I have attended very seriously to the contents of your judicious and interesting letter, and I think that, if you will authorise me to make proper inquiries at Harrow, and upon examining the result of them will bring your son over with you, and spend two or three days with me at Hatton, we can get all matters well adjusted for him in the school-time and during the vacations. The master of the school is an excellent man: he is most sincerely and actively attentive to my wishes, and he will amply fulfil the very best duties of an instructor to any person in whose happiness he knows me to be interested. For heaven's sake give him early access to the benefits of an English education.

I suffer much inquietude about your brother Harry, and I fear that the change of ministry has disturbed his measures. He is a man of genius and enterprize. His conceptions, on all subjects, are ready, copious, and vivid. His expectations are sanguine, and his talents, under the direction of a little more judgment, would be very useful, but I suspect that his schemes jostle with each other; and, as he now is married, I feel the same

anxiety which you do, for more sobriety in his views, and more steadiness in his pursuits. Knowing the impetuosity of his temper and the violence of his measures, I rejoice to find that he is not wasting his strength nor hazarding his interests, and perhaps his life, on your troubled side of the water; and when I can find him out, I shall endeavour to restrain the towering flights of his imagination, and to fix his attention upon the plain but useful and ever sacred duties of a husband and a father. His mind, with very great vigour, is deficient in method; and it is high time for him to understand himself, and so to regulate his powers that they may not be counteracted by the tumult of his passions and prejudices. He is no ordinary man, and I value him very highly, not only for his intellectual endowments, but for the ardour of his friendship and for his numerous virtues in private life. You were gloomy when you wrote to me, and I shall not suffer you to expel from my mind the cheerful opinion I entertain of your worldly circumstances. I know that you are largely gifted with good sense for the regulation of conduct, and I am extremely solicitous for you to enjoy uninterrupted and increasing prosperity. I suspect that you are very little altered from what you were when a boy, and I am often pleased with reflecting, that you have not been spoiled by a station which, however flattering to the pride of man, is in many instances unfavourable to his innocence, his honour, and his peace of mind. I do assure you, my Lord, that, when comparing my situation with that of many Bishops, I know myself to bethe happier man; and yet I am not accustomed to dissemble the wishes I once had of arriving at the profits and splendour of the prelacy, or the claims to them which I believe myself to possess, or the resolution which I had formed never to accept them but upon terms visibly and substantially consistent with my political attachments and my moral principles. You are very right in supposing that I am much at my ease in pecuniary affairs. My affections never were set upon money, and with the blessing of God I now have enough to satisfy all my real wants, and to leave a comfortable fortune to my only remaining child. I have, it is true, three or four difficulties to contend with; but I shall surmount them in a year or two. If Mr. Fox had lived and continued in power, he certainly would have made me a Bishop; and it was my

fixed intention not to change the habits of my living more than was absolutely necessary, nor to save a single shilling more than I have for those who might survive me. I am, my Lord, most truly your Lordship's friend and very respectful obedient servant,

S. PARR.

MY DEAR BISHOP OF DOWN,

Your society not only pleased but interested me, and you know that in my casket of praise there is no such article as a compliment for Bishops, Archbishops, Cardinals, Patriarchs, or Popes. We conversed upon many important subjects, and indeed, my Lord, your good sense, good intentions, and good rules of episcopal conduct, have made a deep impression on my mind, and convinced me that you are a Christian prelate whom I ought not to be ashamed of acknowledging as my pupil and my friend. I always thought that you had a sound and correct understanding, and I now have the satisfaction to find that you have applied it in acquiring very creditable and very useful knowledge. Indeed, Bishop, I hope, not merely for your sake, but for the interests and the reputation of the established church, that you will in good time rise to one of the Archbishoprics. I thank you for sending me one of the two books. I never read any controversial work in which the refutation was so *direct* and so *complete* as that contained in the answer to Ward, and I wish you to consult with the Primate about the propriety of having it reprinted in a smaller and a cheaper form, sanctioned by the express approbation of the Bishop of the diocese and the Archbishop of the province, and diffused very generally among the clergy of Ireland. My Lord, it is a very judicious performance, and when a question has been discussed so fairly and so decisively, I should discourage any other, and it may be weaker, publications. What I suggested cannot be attempted without the permission of the author, and I should hope you can meet with no difficulty in obtaining it. The validity of the ordination, when the circumstances of the times are weighed, is placed beyond the reach of all honest disputation, and is settled far more satisfactorily than is a disputed insertion in one of our articles which cannot be found in Archbishop Parker's papers, deposited in

the library of Benet College, and which has given great offence to the Sectaries. I have had occasion to examine this matter more than once; and, though I sincerely and avowedly approve of the principle, that every church has the right of deciding points of controversy for its own teachers, and though I see that every religious society, more or less, exercises the same right, yet, for the credit of the English church, I cannot help wishing that we had better external evidence for conveying direct authority to the passage of which I am speaking. There is too much the appearance of underhand work, and this I dislike. I have read historically and critically every important work upon our articles; and, be the doctrines scriptural or not, I am very anxious that the consent of the Bishops and the convocation should have been openly given. We are left to conjecture, and to analogy, and some of our advocates very unwisely have tried the efficacy of evasion. Well, my Lord, the answer to Ward is incumbered with none of these difficulties, and if you know the writer, tell him I very much approve of his book. Indeed, if I were myself acquainted with him personally, I would advise him to alter several sentences which are clumsily put together. As to the political book, it is written with great vigour, and I am compelled to say of the contents, nec nihil neque omnia. Upon this topic, the difference between you and myself is very wide indeed, and the more I reflect on the case of the Catholics, the stronger is my conviction that they are entitled to speedy and entire relief. At the same time, Bishop, I shall most severely condemn the republication of all offensive and inflammatory writings, which came forth in a worse state of things, and I wish you distinctly to understand, that I look upon Milner as a crafty, officious, intolerant, and most mischievous bigot. I know some intelligent and respectable Catholics in this country, who dislike him as much as I do; who dread his interference, and who reprobate his opinions. Were I one of your fraternity in Ireland, I should take up arms against him. I mean the proper arms of an ecclesiastic. He is a dogmatist and a sophist. But I would trounce him. Old Spain for ever! I am, my Lord, your faithful friend, and obedient humble servant,

S. Parr.

Bishop of Down, to Dr. Parr.

Suffolk Street, Charing Cross,
MY DEAR DOCTOR, *May* 16, 1808.

I wish most heartily they would, if you would trust yourself among us, make you an Irish Bishop; if that was so, I think you would change your opinion on the Roman Catholic Question, as I am convinced you would see that no satisfaction, conciliation, or any one good, can arise from their present demands; and all their writers abuse violently the idea that such measures can satisfy them. Every advance we make has led further from conciliation, and nothing but a separation from England will give them entire satisfaction.

I hope something may occur that will cause you to come to London before I leave it; or, if I return by the Head, I should like to see you and Mrs. Parr, if only for a day. I am, my dear Dr. yours very sincerely, NATHANIEL DOWN.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Portglenone, Sept.* 17, 1808.

I received your kind letter; and it gave me great satisfaction the opinion you expressed relative to Dr. Elrington's publication. He is both a good man and a fair writer. I enclose his letter for your reading. Now I do think, if you had written and sent to the Review the character you gave me of the book, it would have been nearly of as much moment as another edition. We in Ireland are not so much attacked respecting the consecration of our Bishops as the English Church. Ours has been altered, through H. Curwen, Archbishop of Dublin, who consecrated A. Loftus, Archbishop of Armagh in the year 1562, Curwen having been consecrated in all the forms of the Roman Pontificals, as you see in Ware: therefore the attack concerned you more than us. The preface he alludes to is to the errata of the Bible, said to br written by Dr. Milner, and extremely violent; who by the bye, has denied strongly in print, what was asserted by Mr. Grattan and Mr. Ponsonby in the House of Commons, and by Lord Grenville in the House of Lords, as to the giving the King a negative on the Roman Catholic Bishops.

I well remember, so does Robert, your saying that you would

read to us, if you could find it, the epitaph you had corrected on the person who had invented that mode of breaking the enemy's line; however, you could not find it, therefore we neither of us ever saw it. I told the Primate what you said relative to poor Dicky at Bosworth Field. He assures me the Well is in high preservation. The Duke of Bedford cannot think more highly of the Primate than he deserves, and I know his opinion was very strong as to the Duke. He did conceive him to be a very honourable, conscientious man, perfectly sound in all his feelings and conduct, and for whom he had a high respect; indeed so had all that knew his Grace.

I am, &c. &c.

Dr. Parr, to the Bishop of Down.

MY LORD, *November* 25, 1808.

I hope that you and your excellent Lady and all your family are well, and I shall ever take a lively interest in your happiness. Bishop of Down, I have reflected much upon our conversations about ecclesiastical, moral, and religious topics; and you know very well that a man of my reading, my observation, my temperament, and my principles, would speak his mind unreservedly to the Bishop of Rome. My Lord, as a clergyman, as a man of letters, as your instructor, as your friend, and, far above all, as a Christian, I shall ever esteem and honour you for the soundness of your judgment, and the firmness of your spirit, and the uprightness of your intentions in various and weighty matters intimately connected with your episcopal and social duties. We differ most widely about the Irish Catholics, and were I in the house of Parliament you would know all my reasons. Some of them, together with my wishes, will soon be laid before the public; and you will be glad to hear that I have taken an opportunity of mentioning both Dr. Elrington's book and your Lordship's name, with approbation very marked and very sincere. This is a much better way for me to pursue, than to write anonymously in any of our periodical publications. Believe me, my Lord, your Lordship's friend and very obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

MY LORD, *November* 24, 1811.

Accept my best thanks for your very courteous and friendly letter. I congratulate you on the marriage of Lord Caledon to a lady who, if she inherits the talents and virtues of her noble parents, will add most abundantly to the happiness of her husband. Lord Hardwicke is not only an honourable man, but an excellent scholar; and when I met him at the Cambridge installation, I prevailed upon him to print a valuable manuscript of his father's, which I saw many years ago, and about which, when he has executed his purpose, I can give you some information, which will very much interest yourself, and your worthy Primate. I am much pleased with the late promotions to the vacant bishopric, and the provostship of Dublin. The new Provost eminently deserves his good fortune; he wrote with good sense, and in a good spirit, and with reference to the subject of controversy, and the regular succession of bishops, I add, in a good cause. On the general question about the Catholics I differ essentially from your lordship, and Dr. E.; and events may arise, that would justify me in carrying that difference to the very utmost possible point of opposition. What is become of Harry? I have the honour to be, &c. S. PARR.

MY LORD, *July* 3, 1816.

Your letter, dated September 17, went to Dr. Percival at Dublin; by him it was sent, I know not how or when, to Liverpool; and from Liverpool I last Sunday received it at Hatton, while the Bishop of Cloyne was with me. Thus my silence is explained. I could not manage my intended tour to Ireland. I thank you for the full and interesting account you give me of your family, and I most heartily wish them health and prosperity.

Peregrine Dealtry's death was sudden. He had been rather ill, and taken a gentle aperient medicine on the day, and he expired in the night, and was found in his bed, the next morning, breathless. I suspect that he had been living pretty freely with Owen Williams; and your Lordship knows that, without gross or criminal sottishness, he at all times fed and drank copiously.

For soundness of judgment, and rectitude of intention, he was among the best of men. He, in all the relations of son, brother, friend, and neighbour, was exemplary. To me his loss is irreparable. His sisters did not return to Bradenham. The goods were sold, and the lease of the house given up to the landlord, who profited much by the numerous and valuable repairs. The elder sister lives in Sussex, and so does the younger, who soon married Admiral Wells. The Admiral lived much in the family, and I foresaw what would happen, when Perry was no more. They are excellent women. Perry made no will. He was buried at York Minster, where his parents lie.

Let me hope, my Lord, that you are in good health and good spirits; and, as I am now descending towards the grave, I must lay upon you my friendly commands to visit me, when you come next to attend Parliament. What is Harry doing? Advise your brother James to follow your prudent example, and not attempt speeches in the House of Commons. He is a worthy man, though no orator. I cannot read the place of your Irish residence. Pray write it more clearly, and in larger characters, in future. Mr. Taylor, I dare say, will frank your letters from the Castle. Bring with you a sermon, and your lawn sleeves. Bishop Bennet preached here last Sunday to a crowded and attentive congregation. My hearers, though not learned, distinguished between sense and nonsense; and you, as a preacher, are approved by me, and admired by them. As to politics, I am decidedly against the Bourbons, and all the confederate oppressors and decriers, whether royal or imperial, and I feel less and less respect for the English House of Commons. All things tend rapidly to confusion. I am for Napoleon, against all his opponents, and especially against the English. It is a choice of evils, I grant you; but my judgment was formed carefully, and like other opinions, which to common observers appear paradoxes, it will be continued by progressive and deplorable experience. I hate war more and more; and to the present race of kings, with exceptions, I wish to them, and for the human race, not only political defeat, but personal chastisement. It would be a noble and salutary example. I do not love emperors; and, if the alternative were not what it unfortunately is, I should exult, not in the dethronement, but the

disappointment and the check, and even the degradation, of Napoleon. I am, my Lord, sincerely, your Lordship's friend, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

MY LORD, *Hatton, January* 4, 1820.

I hope that you and your very agreeable wife, and your unaffected and well-mannered daughters, reached London safe, and that you were not annoyed by jockeys, gamblers, and pick-pockets, at Doncaster races. I had a very pleasant day with the Archbishop of York, who, without a hint from me, ordered the pipe to be brought forth in a great room, where the fumes of tobacco had not been known for these sixty or seventy years. I wish that you had been with us, for Sir W. Scott, Mr. Wrangham, and other men of letters, were there, and our conversation upon various subjects of literature was unreserved and animated. The Archdeacon is a very intelligent and worthy man. I heard with great concern of the dreadful misfortune which befell your friend, Mr. George Conyngham. He is said to be a fine spirited fellow, and I hope that he is now completely recovered. Pray give my best compliments, and all good wishes, to your family. Tell me your town residence. I am, my Lord, truly your friend and respectful obedient servant, S. PARR.

You would do well to buy, and read, and recommend, three sermons, which, in a week or two, will be published by Dr. Samuel Butler, of Shrewsbury. He is one of the best scholars in Europe, and is a most enlightened and sincere advocate for Revelation.

MY LORD, *March* 1, 1820.

I hope that your privileges about franking are not at an end. I wished to write to Mr. Leman, but I dare not trouble you with an inclosure till I see my way. When you see him, desire him to accept my best compliments, my best wishes, and my very best thanks, for his early and consolatory communication. Your approbation of Dr. Butler's Sermons is well worthy your sound judgment, and I have told him, what he will be glad to hear, of your Lordship's intention to distribute copies among your clergy.

I always call him namesake. No scholar has more of my respect, no friend has more of my confidence, than namesake Sam. Butler; and if your Lordship and Mrs. Alexander were to go near Shrewsbury, he would be proud to welcome you, and to show you the fine school library, and other curiosities. But you will observe, that he is a stout Whig, and, though firmly a Christian, and affectionately a teacher of the Church of England, and resolutely an opposer of Methodism, yet he is not famous for rampant and intolerant orthodoxy. Pray tell Mrs. Alexander and the young ladies that I am recovering; that I can now walk out a little, and that in a sick chair I dictated one of the most eloquent sermons I ever composed, on the death of our late King. Your Lordship would not be sorry to hear it. The Duc de Berri was a vulgar, cruel ruffian; and though I execrate his murderer, I scarcely know how to pity the sufferer. I have heard much of him, and all against him, from intelligent men who have been at Paris, and I wonder not at his fate. My Lord, we rejoice together at the detection of the infernal conspiracy in London. But I don't forget or forgive the first drawing of blood in the Manchester massacre; and yet less do I forget that, in a solemn public act, an English ambassador set his name and seal to a most damnable instrument, in which Napoleon was pointed out as a proper object of a dagger. Tell Mrs. Alexander, that about seven weeks ago I wrote something that almost resembles prophecy, on the subject of assasination. I sent to two enlightened Members of Parliament the following words from a modern Latin poet, and I desire you, my Lord Bishop, to construe the lines to your family.

"Si quis furens Alastor, aut.....
Dum perdat, atque cogitata perpetret,
Audet perire, jus habet vitæ aut necis
Reges in omnes."

The poet I allude to has written some thousands of verses far more interesting and edifying to princes and ministers than court sermons or poet-laureate odes. My wife is delighted with the expectation of making her courtesy to Mrs. A. and the young ladies. I am, my Lord, with the most sincere regard and respect, your friend and obedient servant, S. Parr.

Bishop of Meath, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, July* 9, 1823.

I this moment received your letter. From your former one I thought you were now at Cambridge, from whence you said you would write. It will be out of my power to leave this so as to find you at home, as I must attend until the Tithe Compensation Bill has passed. Many alterations have been made; we have not machinery in Ireland to carry it into effect. Something on the foundation of this Bill may be made more effectual. I cannot think much will be settled under this Bill. If you lived in Ireland you would change your opinion; one party supports the laws, the others are now acting so that no Protestant is permitted to live at ease; Protestant property is destroyed; Protestant masters ordered to send away their Protestant servants, and, under the foolish hope of a prophecy that the Protestant religion is to be destroyed in the year 1825, they consider themselves as acting to further that prophecy. The common people in the south may have been greatly oppressed by high rents; and the want of a resident landlord to give employment, where they have no manufactory, to these poor people, to enable them to pay those rents. They allege the tithe is the cause of distress; when I, in truth, do not believe the clergy in Ireland receive one-twentieth part of tithe out of what the landlord lets his lands for. The distraints, which enable the landlord to pay himself by the work or false swearing of these wretched beings, amount to a greater charge on the land than the tithe; in some places thrice as much. In the north, in my former diocese, of perhaps forty thousand payers of tithe, there was not, perhaps, an instance of one in ten thousand where the parson got his tithe in kind, to the average suits in the Ecclesiastical Court, for the recovery of tithes substracted did not amount in seven years to twenty-two causes in each year, for which neither the Vicar-general nor the Registrar gets any fee. I wish most heartily some of the absentee lords, instead of considering they repay Ireland for their draining it of money for expenditures here, could be induced to be part of their time in Ireland, and not take their accounts from persons who, to cloak their own misconduct, throw on others

causes that originate from them solely, in my opinion. I hope, my dear Doctor, you will consider that I am now writing you my private sentiments; that I never have acted as a party man, further than my wish to see the continuance of our Protestant Church. I am, dear Doctor, with compliments to Mrs. Parr, your very faithful friend and obedient humble servant,

NATHANIEL MEATH.

Dr. Parr, to the Bishop of Meath.

MY DEAR LORD, *Hatton, July* 21, 1824.

There is folly not short of infatuation, and there is rigour amounting to intolerance, in all the prosecutions about religion. My Lord Bishop, I have been a diligent and serious reader in theology for fifty-six years. Opinions ought to be defended always, and can be defended only, by argument. The accused are intrepid and acute, and the speeches which they make on their trials are diffused through all classes, and produce a more powerful effect than their pamphlets. I say to you Bishops and the Judges, "Rem Christianam male defendendo prodidistis." Give my best compliments to Mrs. Alexander and all your family, and believe me, my Lord, truly your Lordship's friend,

S. PARR.

Hon. and Rev. Chancellor Legge, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Blithfield, near Lichfield, Jan.* 26, 1797.

It did indeed give me great pleasure to hear of your prospect of improving your Prebendal estate. However different our opinions upon political matters may be, I hope that I shall never forget the debt of gratitude which I owe to you, and I am sure that I can never cease to remember your virtues with esteem and admiration. I will certainly communicate the intelligence to my father, to whom it will give, as it did to me, unfeigned pleasure, for he is not of a disposition to take no interest in the concerns of a man to whom so many of his sons are under such

great and essential obligations. I do not at all know to what you allude, when you congratulate me, in consequence of some news which you have heard. I am not conscious of having lately met with any instance of good fortune, which should render me the object of congratulations. Several valuable livings in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester, are now vacant, and I have reason to think that he means to do something for me. But this is all that I know upon the subject. I shall not be old enough to take Priest's orders till the end of April; but whenever I meet with any addition to my happiness, I will not fail to inform you of it, because I am convinced of the sincerity of your good wishes towards me. With best compliments to Mrs. Parr and your daughters, believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely, yours,

AUG. G. LEGGE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Wornton, near Winchester, Oct. 29,* 1816.

I expect to meet some frankers at dinner to-day or to-morrow, and I will therefore no longer defer thanking you, in the first place, for the warm and affectionate kindness with which you received and entertained me during my late visit at Hatton, which rendered it most interesting and delightful to me, and made me almost forget that nearly thirty years had elapsed, since I had under the same roof passed, perhaps the happiest years in the life of man; and in the second, in Mrs. Legge's name, as well as my own, for Dr. Johnstone's remedies against poisons, which my nephew forwarded to me. My only reason for objecting to your employing him to frank letters to me, is, that he is a greater vagrant than Jack Bartlam, and a letter may therefore travel half over the kingdom before it reaches its destination. Besides he has a scheme for going abroad, and I do not know when he may put it in execution.

I wish I could have heard your sermon. In addition to the pleasure I should have received from passing another day or two with you, I should like to have seen your church lighted up for Mrs. Thackeray's funeral, and I am sure that I should have been deeply interested and delighted by what you said upon the occasion.

If Bartlam is still with you, pray remember me kindly to him,

and tell him that I wish he would make me amends for my disappointment in not seeing him in Warwickshire, by bringing this place into the course of his next ramble.

Mrs. Legge and my daughter charge me to present their kindest regards to you; and I remain, dear Sir, ever most truly yours,

A. G. LEGGE.

The answer of one of Dr. Parr's pupils, to his Search after the Censor's Speech of Mr., afterwards Dean Jackson.

DEAR SIR, *March* 4, 1782.

I ought to make you many apologies for neglecting your letter so long; I shall only plead in excuse, what really is the case, that I have been so employed lately, that I have not had a moment to myself; that is an excuse which I know you will be ready to receive. As to Mr. Jackson's Speech, I will tell you the plain truth, that I never have ventured to ask him for it. I talked to several people whom I thought were likely to inform me of the propriety or impropriety of my intended request, and they all united in advising me not to ask for it; they said they believed it to be a custom, and a custom so established, as very nearly to have become a law, that the Censor's Speech should never go out of the walls of the college. Besides that, when my father hinted to Mr. Jackson that he should like to see it, his mouth was instantly stopped by something which Mr. J. said, that gave him to understand in very plain terms, that his request could not possibly be complied with. Since this is the case, then, I dare say you will excuse my making a request which, while it will be disagreable to myself, cannot have the desired effect.

How the face of affairs is altered since you wrote to me, and how strange an aspect does it wear just now! no minister—no government—all confusion and ignorance. I did not conceive it possible for two men, so totally different in their political as well as in their moral character, to form such an union as Lord North and Chas. Fox have done. The King, I understand, is exceedingly angry with the former, and declares that, as long as he stays upon the throne, let him be reduced to what necessities he

may for the want of ministers, he never shall come in. I am sorry for him; he has done an imprudent thing. I am willing to hope it was from honest motives, because in him I cannot conceive anything dishonest; but at the same time I cannot help saying that, if any other man beside himself had acted in the way he has done, I should have had my doubts of his integrity. He seems to have lost a great share of that popularity which he possessed to so great a degree; and as for C. Fox, that small portion which was left of his, is all gone, omnis omnino.

I am glad to hear that you seriously think of re-publishing Rapin's Dissertation upon Whigs and Tories. Under your hands it might be made a very useful work; but do not, my dear Sir, do not give yourself up to it entirely; do not let it fatigue your mind too much; confine yourself, for your own sake, within the limits of an urceus; the amphora may contain a draught too powerful for you, in your present situation; for though, thank God, you are in a great measure recovered from those complaints which gave you and your friends so much uneasiness, whilst I was with you, yet any over fatigue either of body or mind may hurt your constitution. I heartily wish that you were once settled at Hatton, and then you might have leisure to pursue those studies, and to accomplish those works, which you intend performing, without a school to harrass your spirits, and injure your health.

Your most affectionate and sincere friend, and obedient servant.

From one of his Pupils, who had sent him a Sermon of Dr. Markham, Bishop of York.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 24, 1787.

For your criticism upon the two sermons which I had the honour to send you, I beg leave to return you my warmest thanks, and to assure you, that I consider so free a communication of your sentiments (upon a subject, to every Ch. Ch. man, of such peculiar delicacy), as a fresh instance of the regard which you began to show me long ago, and which my matriculation at that college does not appear to have diminished. Having said this, I may be allowed to add, that however I admire

their eloquence, I am not convinced by any thing which you have urged upon the present occasion. Since the hour that I was admitted of the learned society, I never heard the name of the great man so slandered, or his works so treated with derision; I almost wonder at your forwardness to transmit to me (so thoroughly addictus jurare in verba magistri as I am known to be), so audacious a criticism upon the writings of a man whom I cannot but look up to as the object of my highest veneration, and whose mind I cannot but contemplate at an humble distance, as the repository of learning, science, and theology. At the publication of that excellent discourse which you have now so freely criticised, it would not have surprised me to be told, that the gloomy censures of arrogant and envious stupidity had attempted to tear the laurels from its author's brow: but that now, at this distance of time when the laurels have given place to the mitre of Archiepiscopacy, the contemptuous merriment of sportive idleness should be employed in the depreciating so valuable a work, is to my mind matter of complete astonishment. I cannot express to you my indignation that such treatment should be given to so illustrious a man. No! if I possessed the accumulated eloquence, logic, and abilities that ever adorned the members of that eminent society which you have misemployed your powers to vilify, I could not tell you in adequate terms the rage which burns within me; but which my inability to utter it as I wish, and my respect for every quality of your mind (except your contempt for Christ Church), compel me to smother in my breast.

But, after your example, to turn from levity to seriousness, how shall I attempt to convince you that I never did bow down before the brazen image, with the great respect that it is sometimes worshipped at Christ Church? I have told you often, and I now repeat, that I see nothing in the boasted qualities of the Archbishop of York which produces admiration in me, or tempts me to think that his fame will outlive him half a century. That sermon which I sent you is really, in my opinion, quite as bad as it seems to be in yours or William Spencer's: when I read it I thought it one of the worst that I had ever met with, and only abstained from telling you so because I did not think it right or becoming to give you my opinion with so much forward-

ness. At the same time I must say, that my respect for the government, the discipline, and for many members of Christ Church, is very great; and founded, as I think, upon sufficient reason; I know it to be the best regulated society in Oxford, and I believe it to be better regulated than any in the sister University; and I hope that, as long as I live, I may never cease to congratulate myself, that, when I was entered at the University, Christ Church was the college chosen for me. I am, with perfect respect, dear Sir, your most obedient and obliged servant and friend.

Sir W. Gell, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Albany, Tuesday, March 27.*

I am going to torment you on a subject which will give very little trouble; though it would cost me half a year, and not be done right at last. I have somewhere heard that the ancients were supposed to have looked towards the north, when they said any object lay to the right or left of them. Is there any foundation for such an opinion? If there be, I can understand and account for a passage in Pausanias, which puzzles me and Mr. Beresford very much. The instance is that in which Pausanias, book 2, says, that to the left of Mycenæ lies the Heræum, or Temple of Juno. It is to be observed, that Pausanias is not speaking of a route from one place to another, as that would settle the point at once; but if he looked, as one should naturally expect, towards the sea and the south, the passage is not intelligible, or at least is not warranted by the ruins existing on the spot. Whereas, if one could imagine that he looked to the north, the whole can very easily be explained. Strabo gives no assistance, and indeed only differs from Pausanias in the distance between Heræum and Mycenæ, without mentioning whether it is on one side or the other. My great difficulty is to find out whether the ancients had any determined point in view when they mentioned the right or the left; that is, when they were not upon a route. If you will answer this as soon as you can, you will very much oblige, my dear Doctor, your faithful and affectionate

W. GELL.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, 15, *Henrietta-street, Cavendish-sq. Jan.* 16, 1807.

I have to beg of you that you will consider for me the following lines, particularly as far as relates to the word Νησος. Is it possible, by any means, to admit of the word Νησος, as applied to a promontory, as in the Peloponnesus, &c.? The suitors who lay in ambush for Telemachus, who came from the south, could have no better place than a port and promontory now called Chelia; and there is no island in the channel of Ithaca, except a little rock far to the north, without a port, and not fifty yards in length. The passage is at the end of book 4.

Ἔστι δέ τις νῆσος μέσσῃ ἁλὶ πετρήεσσα,
Μεσσηγὺς Ἰθάκης τε Σάμοιό τε παιπαλόεσσης,
Ἀστερὶς, οὐ μεγάλη· λιμένες δ' ἔνι ναύλοχοι αὐτῇ
Ἀμφίδυμοι· τῇ τόν γε μένον λοχόωντες Ἀχαιοί.

You will see here that no other than the promontory Chelia could be in the way between Ithaca and Sama, and also εν πορθμῳ, as Homer says in another place. The port may be Αμφιδυμος, because it is convenient either for sailing up or down the channel. You will very much oblige me by an early attention to my request. Believe me ever, your most affectionate and much obliged

WM. GELL.

Philip Gell, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Hopton, Aug.* 16, 1807.

I was elected member for Malmesbury within a week from the last dissolution, and I knew nothing of the affair till three days before the election. A friend of mine having heard me express a wish for a seat in Parliament, procured for me the one I enjoy; and, although there is a petition against me, I am not in the least afraid of losing it. I must agree with you in opinion respecting the present ministry, yet I feel unwilling to be hard upon their honest endeavours by a systematic opposition. Surely it would be more for the good of the nation, if they would study its interests, rather than endeavour to make holes in the coats of their predecessors, and oppose measures merely because they are

those of the late ministry. My brother is, I rather think, at Belsay Castle, with Sir Charles Monck, in Northumberland, but I have not heard from him for the space of a month. When in town he was employed on a description of Ithaca, which was begun to be printed, and is, I dare say, finished, but I have not yet heard respecting that point. He was in hopes of being able to procure an appointment at Malta, but has failed.

Pray tell Mrs. Parr that the tortoise which was restored to my sister is alive and merry, and at this moment eating lettuce leaves. Have the goodness to present my best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and believe me, your much obliged

PHILIP GELL.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 18, 1808.

It was not till yesterday that I received your very kind invitation to take Hatton in my way out of Derbyshire to London, or it should not have been so long unanswered. I feel much flattered by your kindness, and assure you that I will not let slip any opportunity of showing you how highly I value your friendship. Had I received your letter before I left home, I fear it would not have been in my power to have waited upon you, for I was rather in haste, and as I travelled with my two eldest daughters and their governess, I fear you would have found us very troublesome visitors. I had the pleasure about three weeks since, of passing two days at Kedleston with Lord Tamworth; and we contrived, in recounting our adventures and tricks while at Hatton, and in drinking your health, to exhaust a good many bottles of claret. I have this moment received a letter from my brother, inclosing one from you to Miss Wynne, which I have directed.

Pray give my best compliments to Mrs. Parr; in which, as well as to yourself, Mrs. Gell desires to unite.

Believe me, your much obliged PHILIP GELL.

Archdeacon Goddard to Dr Parr.

Uxbridge Common, Middlesex,
October 3, 1811.

DEAR SIR,

So many years have elapsed since we met, that you will at least be surprised, I wish you may not be displeased, at my troubling you with a letter. I wish you however to believe, what I can assure you is strictly true, that amidst the vicissitudes of my life, arising not from any diminution of Lord Grenville's constant attention to my wishes and feelings, both public and private, but from nervous derangement, and consequent dread of arduous responsibility, I have never ceased to follow, with my mental eye, your circumstances and situation, and to enquire, where the proper opportunity presented itself, into more minute particulars concerning you. But not to enter into details, which are better suited to conversation than to correspondence, I would willingly apprise you, that, after wandering for several years over the Continent in search of health, I found it at Paris, where I was detained till Lord Lauderdale's negotiation; that I arrived in England in time only to witness the departure of my friend from power; and that I have since been employed in recruiting and renewing my literary stores, so as to have collected on Uxbridge Common, fifteen miles from London, and about half a quarter of a mile from the town of Uxbridge, a very competent classical and theological library, all best editions, without the pretension of large paper, or outward fancy, but clean good copies. I have besides a wife, young, pleasing, modest, unaffected; and till within these few months I had (oh, that *had*, how sad a passage 'tis!) a little girl, who died at eight months old, and has left my mind in a state which you will conceive more easily than I can express it. Sed quorsum hæc? To the point then. You usually, I believe, come to town at this season; why not, at such times as you are not engaged in town, make Uxbridge your residence, whilst you wish to be near town? We have not much society in our neighbourhood; but we have a very acute, sensible physician, an intimate friend of Nares and Maurice, close to us, and some others, whom you might find, at least, conversable. Except one week at Dropmore, and one at Christ Church, Oxford, I shall have no engage-

ment to take me from hence till February; and a line from you, even in *your own hand*, which Lord Grenville told me he was able to read, and therefore with my better eyes I certainly may, will fix me. I had almost forgot to add, that we have a small room, which, though hitherto not applied to that purpose, will make an excellent smoking-room. Excuse the liberty, and the length of these details. If you can make it consistent with your arrangements to favour me with a visit, you will oblige me with a line a few days before, that I may arrange the visits I spoke of accordingly. I direct this to Hatton, having seen your name on a package at Mackinlay's, whither I went with the rest of the world to buy bargains.

Adieu! my dear Sir; and believe me, with a faithful remembrance of past services and obligations, your sincere servant and friend, CHARLES GODDARD.

DEAR SIR, *Camelford House, Dec.* 21, 1814.

You will not, I trust, have attributed to any cause but the real one,—the entire occupation of my time, my not having sooner answered your very friendly, and let me add your very *masterly* and discriminative letter. Your character of the several bishops whom you brought in review before you, was designed in your own best manner even; and though, in this corner, we cannot quite submit to your criticism on "so also," which we suppose to mean something more than "also" singly taken, i. e. so, in the same manner, and *entirely* so, *ὡς αὐτως*, yet we will promise not to use it often, because, though more expressive than "so" alone, we do not pretend to claim for it the character of elegance.

If you dip into the brown paper pamphlet now sent, you will ask what business a country parson has to make a speech; but I must answer that none of the fifteen parsons who signed the address already sent you would come forward, and though the Bp. of Lincoln is not your Diocesan, yet I must beg you to listen to him when he writes to me verbatim as follows, in return for the papers which I sent him. "I have read your letter, and the papers which accompanied it, with the best attention in my power, and with an interest which I have seldom experienced. The plan appears to me calculated to be useful in a high degree;

and nothing can exceed the judgment with which it is formed in all its parts, or the strength of argument by which it is recommended. I entirely approve what you say and propose, relative to the dissenters. You cannot express too strongly my earnest wishes for the success of the Institution to any of the Clergy, who may be desirous of having my sentiments upon the subject."

Before this was written, the Bp. of Lincoln had offered me a small living, or a Prebend with an estate of about £900 *per annum*, but with three lives about my own age, and the Vicarage of Louth, with an incumbent of 70, worth about £200 at present. I accepted the Prebend, was installed last Saturday at Lincoln, read in on Sunday, and returned to town yesterday. Both Lord G. and myself have given the Bp. of L. to understand of how little value it is likely to be to me, but I thought it wise to accept. He is expected to remove to Winchester, and Lord G. then purposes to attack him afresh. He is what you say, clearheaded; and has too much sense to let any one accuse him with reason of an actual breach of promise. When, therefore, he *does* promise, he means more or less to perform. I return to Hitcham on Saturday. We have a grand meeting of our Adult Society at Great Marlow next Tuesday, when Lord Grenville takes the chair as president. Believe me, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

C. GODDARD.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Friday,*

You were in a hurry to-day, for your man told me you were going out. Further, we got upon a subject (not a *rich* one certainly), but which furnished to minds like ours ample matter for reflection. I did not, therefore, by any means acquit myself of my commission as I ought to have done. I told Lord G. that you wished, when you should be with me at Uxbridge, to see his library. He said, he feared you had formed too high an idea of it, but instead of seeing it in his absence, which I, as your friend, and therefore feeling for and determined to maintain the proper dignity of your character, proposed, he begged that it might not only be when he was there, but that we would make a day of it, and dine with him. You see, therefore, that I have managed the matter as you yourself, and as I in your case, should have wished. I have promised to let him know how

many days you stay with me; and when I know, I will write to him at Dropmore, whither he is going, and give him the choice of three or four days at least. This will be a mark of respect which, with your right and generous feelings, you will be anxious to shew to such a man; for never was there a man so misunderstood by the populace, whether riding in gilded chariots, or tramping on foot. I have reasons too, very honourable towards yourself, for wishing you should meet in the country rather than in town. Take no notice of all this to any one; but say simply, if you say any thing, that you have promised to pass a day at Dropmore in your way home. Yours ever, C. GODDARD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Hitcham, March* 21, 1816.

Many thanks for your letter. All that I could read of it was excellent. I have undertaken a journey to Birmingham, Coventry, and Leicester, in order to assist in establishing adult institutions, for teaching the poor to read upon our system; and I write this to ask, whether you could give me a letter to any clergyman at any of those places, who could be zealous, and intelligently so, in such a cause. If you know any such person, favour me with a line to the Post-office, Birmingham.

Believe me, dear Sir, very faithfully, your obliged servant,

C. GODDARD.

P.S. I really think the Provost in earnest about getting me pupils, though he has not as yet succeeded.

Edward Maltby, *now* D.D. Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, &c. "my favourite pupil," to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Winton, November* 14, 1785.

I received your kind letter on Friday, and now proceed to answer some questions you propose to me. You ask me, Sir, whether I do not find myself upon an equality in prose with the boys of my class. I hope so; and in every thing else, except in translations into English verse, of which we do one every week. You think it is the properest place for me at present, provided I get out of it in time. I must confess, I think there is very little chance of my doing that, when there are seven commoners above me; and all those must go away, before I can be made a

præpostor, unless Dr. Warton should put me over their heads, which I think he cannot, nor will do. This cannot be done in less than two years, unless something particular should happen. What a tedious drag will that be! But one comfort I have, that, though our school-reading is very confined, yet in the gatherings I mentioned in my former letter, I can range as much as I please. Our present gatherings are in Epictetus; and, in my opinion, there is a great deal of room for quotation. Mr. Huntingford has been so good as to lend me a Menander and Philemon; and to point out a particular passage or two, which I shall not fail to make use of. How infinitely am I obliged to you, Sir, that, in addition to innumerable acts of kindness, you have added that of introducing me to Mr. H. and to Mr. Rennell; though the latter, I am sorry to say, is already gone from Winchester. I cannot attempt to begin a course of reading till after the holidays, as I am obliged at present to encounter many mortifications from those with whom I now live. After that time, they will see it is in vain to harrass me, and will let me alone, seeing that it is mere trouble without any reward. I have not been able yet to unpack all my books, though I shall do it the first opportunity. You will be more pleased to see Mr. Huntingford's hand, than any more of mine. I therefore conclude with assuring you, that I am your obliged humble servant, E. MALTBY.

Postscript by Mr. Huntingford.

Mr. Huntingford takes this opportunity of saying, in few words, that Dr. Parr's discourses are in matter deep and pregnant, in sentiment liberal and humane, in language vigorous and energetic. Of Maltby he thinks highly. No boy ever came to Winton school with so extensive knowledge of Greek, during the term of years that Mr. H. has been here.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

DEAR NED, *Nov. 30, 1790.*

As soon, aye the very moment, as the business* is settled, send me word of the event, and may it be according to the hearty wishes of, dear Ned, your sincere friend, S. PARR.

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* The contest for the University scholarship.

DEAR EDWARD, *Jan.* 27. 1791.

Let me applaud you and congratulate you with an ardour which is not exceeded by all that is felt for you in the bosom of your parents. I applaud and I congratulate you, dear Ned, again and again, and with the more fervour and the more triumph, because your competitors have also a right to my applause and my congratulation. It was a glorious struggle, and therefore the event is to you the more glorious.

On Sunday, for the first time, I heard a loose and vague account of the business; and yesterday, in a letter from Mrs. Parr, I read the substance of your two letters to me; it was my birthday, and your health, Edward, was proposed by me, next to my own. Go on, Edward, from strength to strength. Give Sir T. Rivers my praise for his ability in the examination, and his delicacy about the decision; and believe me, dear Ned, yours most sincerely, S. PARR.

DEAR NED, *May* 19, 1791.

Though Dr. Falconer's papers have been here these three weeks, I have not had resolution even to open the box. Greatly have my spirits been agitated by the illness of my old and zealous and trusty friend Mr. Homer; it was a rapid consumption, which took him from this world on Thursday fortnight. I attended his funeral the Tuesday after, and it was a severe shock to me. It is a loss which I probably shall feel more than any body, as our confidence in each other was unbounded; and as he always had a variety of my business upon his hands. But I have very solid consolation in the remembrance of his virtues.

Pray why do you not send me the little memorandum to be inserted in the books? I beg of you to lose no time in doing so; they occupy a large space and make a splendid figure. I suppose that George Pretyman, D. D. and Bishop of Lincoln, franked my last letter to you. How is all the family in Norfolk? It is now fixed that I am to go into Norfolk next summer, in July—in July 1792; your degree will be over then, and I have a chance of meeting you, and perhaps Dr. Davy, in your own land of promise, a Paradise, or what do you call it?

I saw some of Beloe's verses the other day, and liked them better than I did the former, which are now printing. Have you

any news stirring at Cambridge? I suppose that you talk more of Payne, and Burke, and Fox; and little of your own sly, lurking, mischievous representative. I am, dear Ned, yours very sincerely, S. PARR.

Dr. Maltby, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAREST SIR, *Feb.* 1792.

I do not know whether I have walked over the course, but I am happy to say I have won the first medal. Our examination was as follows: No. 610 of Spectator, at one sitting turned part into Latin, part into Greek prose; part into Latin, part into Greek verse. Some of Isocrates' Αρειοπαγιτ. translated into English, and a theme upon Summum jus, summa injuria. Then for the construing we had that piece of Simonides which begins

Ω παι, τελος μεν Ζευς εχει βαρυκτυπος.

To this I beg you will turn; but not in Brunck, or any book that exhibits the passage amended from its corrupt state; for corrupt I take it to be; for I since find Brunck, in his Analecta, reads it totally different from the book in which our examiners read it, and read it without knowing it to be corrupt. In the first place, when I construed *νοος* knowledge or understanding, Postlethwaite said it meant "soul." Next occurred these two lines:

Νεωτα δ'ουδεις οστις ου δοκει βροτων
Πλουτῳ τε κἀγαθοισιν ἐξεσθαι φιλος.

This passage, as it stands, I could not make out, but proposed to the examiners to read ἰξεσθαι φιλον, which Postlethwaite and Craven said there was no occasion for, and they construed it thus:

Ουδεις δε βροτων (sub. μενει) νεωτα,
Οστις ου δοκει φιλος ἐξεσθαι

(carus haberi, Ang. to be a favourite with the new year) πλουτῳ τε κἀγαθοισιν (for the wealth, &c. it brings). Now it is

not only observable that Brunck reads it as I proposed, but that another man of Pembroke, who did not get the second medal, proposed the very same emendation. I beg you will favour me with your sentiments on this head. Craven, besides, said that ἔχομαι, I cleave to, had a dative after it. I thought invariably a genitive.

Then we had some Lysias, then some Livy, and then some Manilius, in the 4th book (I believe) beginning,

Vir gregis, &c. Ponti Victor, cui parte relictâ
Nomen onusque dedit ———

which gave rise to a long examination in Astronomy from Harris' book of the Globes, from our very judicious Vice-Chancellor. I should observe, that none of the examiners, except the Vice-Chancellor and Master of St. John's, pretended to understand any thing at all about any of the examinations, except it was the Master of Christ's College, who was ἀτοπωτάτου ἀτοπώτερος. My subject for a Declamation before the University, which I speak Thursday sennight is, "Non rectè in gradibus suscipiendis Mathesis et Philosophia naturalis præcipuis ornantur honoribus:" a subject I am well pleased with. I am, dearest Sir, most gratefully and affectionately yours,

EDWARD MALTBY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

March 12, 1792.

Ned, you will not wonder at me for smiling at the solemn farces, by which the world is imposed upon. Study, boy—reflect, and then you will have a right to judge; and judging, you will laugh at those who, without thinking, talk with you; and you will respect those who do *not* think with you. (The foregoing by his scribe; then is added in his own hand:) It will be worse for you if in the number you put your friend, S. PARR.

The following is a list of books with which Parr furnished Dr. Maltby as necessary for the information of a Divine.

Mill's Prolegomena, in Kuster's edition.—Wetstein's Prolegomena.—Gataker de Stylo Novi Testamenti.—Ernesti Interpres Novi Testamenti.—Dodd's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments.—Patrick, Lowth, and Whitby, on the Old and New Testaments.—Hammond in Le Clerc's edition.—Lowth's Isaiah.—Dodson's Isaiah, with Defence.—Palairet on N. T.—Pearce's Commentary, with two letters from Phileleutherus.—Macknight's Harmony.—Pyle on the Epistles.—Taylor on the Romans.—Sykes on the Hebrews.—Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon.—Biel's Lexicon to the LXX.—Harmer's Observations.—Clarke on Natural and Revealed Religion.—Stillingfleet's Origines Sacræ.—Leland's Necessity of Revelation.—Leland's Answer to Deistical Writers.—West on the Resurrection.—Littleton on Conversion of St. Paul.—Sherlock's Trial of the Witnesses.—Fleetwood on Miracles.—King on the Apostles' Creed.—Holden on Sacrament.—Bell on Sacrament, last edit. Answer to Bishop of Chester (Cleaver).—John Taylor on the Lord's Supper.—Farmer on Miracles.—Farmer on the Temptation.—Farmer on Demoniacs.—Hurd's History of all Religions.—Cave's Historia Litteraria.—Mosheim de Rebus ante Constantinum.—Prideaux's Connexion.—Stackhouse's History of the Bible.—Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, two first books.—Wheatley on the Common Prayer.—Mede's Works and Life.—Hales' Golden Remains.—Bishop Taylor's Polemical Discourses.—Bishop Taylor's Liberty of Prophesying.—Bishop Taylor's Ductor Dubitantium.—Limborch's Theologia Christiana.—Chillingworth's Tracts.—Barrow against Popery.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

Hatton, Nov. 1, 1793.

——— is a Professor without science, a fribble without elegance, a dunce in politics, and a bigot in religon. And to him I give my unfeigned, undisguised, and unqualified contempt. I see no harm in speculative democracy; and I am sure that Toryism cramps and debases the mind. Yet I would disturb no man's peace, and much less would I invade his property for being a Tory or a democrat in theory. My dear Ned, in these days, calumny and persecution will accelerate the progress of

opinions; and of such opinions, as I condemn in my heart and would oppose with my sword. But, my friend, this war will break up the foundations of the great deep. And how shall Wisdom and Virtue steer their way safely on the troubled ocean and under a stormy sky?

The King's Manifesto is the most illogical, injudicious, and insidious document I ever read from such high authority. In composition, indeed, it, with few exceptions, is masterly; and, if I mistake not, it was written by Burke, and has been corrected by Wedderburne. Let kings, as Plato said, be philosophers, and then they will be patriots. But no wise man can help laughing when they are exhibited as rhetoricians. And besides, Ned, there is a deplorable want of gravity and dignity in the Manifesto, a want of arrangement and consistence, a want of caution and plain-dealing; I am surprised that Mr. Pitt suffered it to appear in such a form. Thank the Bishop of Lincoln for directing my letter to Liverpool. I am very sincerely yours,

S. PARR.

DEAR EDWARD,

Pichegru's advanced guard, chanting the Marseillois Hymn; or the ragamuffin regiments of Horne Tooke, croaking the Rights of Man, could not have raised a louder alarm than my arrival at Cambridge. Every where was it believed that I was to preach at St. Mary's; and all this owing to the mischievous orthodoxy of Dr. Farmer, in twisting awry the text of my letter by the tricks of interpretation. Tomorrow I convey the Dr. (Dr. Davy) to Ely. Tuesday dine with the V. C. Wednesday with the Master of St. John's (Dr. Craven). Thursday, with the Master of Peterhouse (Barnes). I hope to reach Buckden on Saturday. Give my most friendly compliments to your excellent wife, and my respects to the Bishop and his lady.

When will my rambles end? They are very pleasant, and they shall not end yet. Farewell.

Your most sincere friend, S. PARR.

Farewell!

DEAR NED, *October* 16, 1794.

You have been idle lately; but no news they say is good news, and so, I believe, Mr. Pitt would think at this trying moment.

The monument is put up in my church for Mr. Smitheman, and is very handsome. I will reward your arithmetical labours by sending you a copy of the inscription, and it may serve as a model for your own compositions, if you should be called upon to write on any similar occasion. You know, Edward, that my taste compels me to disapprove of the rhetorical and pompous style, in which modern epitaphs are written; and it is no less provoking than true, that in Westminster Abbey I do not know one inscription that is formed upon the models of antiquity; and even in Oxford, I have met only one which resembles them. In the Abbey there are a few attempts at conciseness, but then it is conciseness without simplicity; and there is an apparent offensive effort to grasp some vast and pompous thought into a small compass of expression. What ought to be done in Latin by us, is known to me after a careful perusal of what has been done by the Ancients; and my opinions are founded upon a diligent and critical inspection of what has been published by Sponius, Reinesius, Fabretti, Gruter, Muratorius, and Morcellus. The latter has written one of the most elegant and judicious books I ever read; and he moreover has published a volume of inscriptions written by his own pen in conformity to his own rules. None of the common classical writers are of much use; and indeed, I venture upon monumental phraseology, for which no example is to be found in their works. I do not say that their expressions are to be rejected, but they must be chosen with care; and with great nicety they must be incorporated with the peculiar and appropriate language which occurs in inscriptions. Now on this principle I have written an epitaph for Dr. Johnson, and I shall soon desire you, with the Bishop's obliging assistance, to calculate for me. Ned, it is very provoking that Johnson should be born under the old style and die under the new; that his body should be buried in one place, and his monument erected in another. All these circumstances are very provoking, and break in upon that chasteness of diction, and that neatness of arrangement, which I hold to be necessary.

However, I have combated the difficulties as well as I could; and if you or the Bishop possess any life of Johnson, pray calculate with the utmost precision, the number of years, months, and days he lived. If you have no such book, I will soon send you the proper materials. I have lately written to Browne, and I am much delighted with your friendly attentions to him.

I shall soon give that booby Combe a little chastisement. You will rejoice to hear that Curtis and I are reconciled. I wrote last year to propose an interview, and he sent an improper answer; which, falling this year into the hands of our common friend, Henry Monro, whom you remember at Norwich, induced him to write to me: and after a few letters, wherein I stood firm, as usual, to my first proposition, Curtis and I met at a neighbouring village, shook hands, dined together, and spent a pleasant day.

As to politics, I am full of terror. The war has produced all the evil effects I foresaw, at home and abroad. I hate conventions, and I love not those who contrived them; but would impeach Eyre for his nefarious charge. This is not the hour for enlarging the system of constructive treason; and blood, if shed so, will in a few years call for blood. Edward, you will live long enough to find my politics wise and virtuous: in regard to Holland, I am for defending it, if possible, by large forces, nay, by expensive treaties, and by a temporary surrender of half the produce of land for the use of Government.

> Hactenus indulsisse vacat—sin altior istis
> Sub precibus venia ulla latet, totumque moveri
> Mutarique putas bellum, spes pascis inanes.

Write to me soon. My wife joins in best compliments to you and Mrs. M. Next year I shall visit you at Buckden. Is there a smoking room, an arm-chair, a spitting-box, a wax-candle, &c.? Believe me yours sincerely,

S. P.

I am still in a state of incubation over my notes. A month ago not one was written. For during the summer I gave myself up to amusements, exercise, and health. I have had three scribes or amanuenses: one expert, one slow, and a third most irregular and provoking.

The notes will be very numerous. They are very important; and in three places the composition equals (in one I think it surpasses) any thing that my mind in its happiest moments ever produced. They will repay the public for delay and expectation; they will do credit to my real principles; they will do service to the state and the church; and they will provoke a rabble of miscreants, whom I disdain to propitiate. Answers will be innumerable. I shall reply to none. I have been candid to all ranks, except bigots, atheists, and nondescript reformers.

It is called a Spital Sermon. You will think it, and I mean it to be, an Anti-Jacobinical and Anti-Hieromonarchical Vade Mecum. Hush, hush, hush!

Mind, in the whole, the whole of the notes will take up nearly five weeks. And in five weeks, Ned, I am able to do something, boy! for the public good.

I was half frantic with ecstasy three times. They chiefly consist of quotations. But, from whom, Ned? and upon what?

Such are the labours of an unpreferred, calumniated, half-starving country parson. And if it had not been for my friendly *τετρας*,* what had been my situation? Farewell!

Nov. 7.

My notes are finished after twenty-eight days labour; and in the *epilogues* to three, I have done my best—my very best. They are numerous, and will be two or three months in printing: for I find it difficult to send back proofs. Farewell!

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* He alludes to the late Rev. H. Kett, W. Adam, Esq., Sir James Mackintosh, and Dr. Maltby, who had been principally instrumental in promoting a subscription, by which Dr. Parr, at a time when his resources were most crippled, obtained annuities on very liberal terms from the late Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford.

I have arranged matters for my pupil, and he will have no occasion to depend upon the clemency of the chaplain tribe.

I am yours very truly, S. PARR.

G. is *off* from us, and *on* with you. He is going on a diplomatic mission, he says. *Saturday*—The Titanian philosophers will be all against me.

Oct. 27, 1803.

Have you seen the Anti-Grenville and Anti-Pitt pamphlet, which makes so much noise, and is ascribed by some to Mr. Montague, whom I know not, and by others to Mr. Bragg, whom I know to be an excellent scholar? Oh, Ned, how vexed I am that my good Fast Sermon is to slumber in my study!

Dr. Maltby, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAREST SIR, *Buckden, Saturday night*, 1806.

I intended to write to you by to-morrow's post. But I this morning received a letter from Mr. Butler, requesting that I would forward to you the inclosed with as much expedition as I could. I have therefore made up a parcel, and sent it by coach. The paper of Greek emendations is by an under-graduate of Trinity,* who has been passing a few days here, and very readily availed himself of my promise to submit to you some specimens of his talent in conjectural criticism. He is a most modest and worthy young man; and from what you will see, you will not wonder that he has already got two medals, and an university scholarship.

I take the same opportunity to return you the papers; for which I feel myself so much indebted to your kindness, and of which I most sincerely hope a better use will be made than you at first intended. However great my desire was to inspect them, yet I have repressed it for very obvious reasons. I have been so much engaged that I could not pay any attention to my own MS., but I hope to find some time this next week, and if I can

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* Who now deservedly fills the high station of Bishop of Chester.

alter it at all to my satisfaction, it shall then go to press; but nothing shall be struck off, till it has been submitted to your inspection and correction.

For many reasons, I deeply lament the death of Mr. Fox; but I shall lament it even more, if it shall prevent you from occupying a station which your learning and talents and virtues have long deserved, and where they may be displayed with so much more advantage than they can in a less extensive sphere. If his friends retain the influence they ought in public affairs, their first and paramount duty will be to bring those forward, who have shewn their attachment to him under circumstances the most trying; nor can they in any way convince the world that they wish to shew respect to his memory so effectually, as by noticing those who would have been the first to attract his attention. Whether you become great or rich or no, may perhaps be very immaterial to your own happiness: you cannot be more dear to your friends, but you may be more useful to the world; and for that reason I say to your forebodings—*εὐφήμει, ὦ ἄνθρωπε.*

My dear Sir, most truly yours, EDW. MALTBY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

March 23, 1807.

MY DEAR AND LEARNED FRIEND EDWARD MALTBY,

By writing me such a letter, you not only are a successful apologist for yourself, but an *ἐργοδιώκτης*, with the force of example, and without the indelicacy of request, to me. I really have no money at command, nor can have any for some time. But I am under an obligation, from my own sense of duty and sense of propriety, not to be an outcast from the train of good christians, with whom you are co-operating for the benefit of a distressed and respectable family. I entreat you to advance twenty pounds for me, towards the benevolent purpose, and to repay yourself, when the rents are next discharged for my living at Graffham.

I suspected mischief, when the angel of the church of Durham presented his episcopal charge to a certain personage. I am by no means surprised at the conduct of that personage towards

my ministerial friends; and I am happy and proud that they have so acted in such a cause, and shewn themselves worthy of their departed, wise, upright, benevolent leader, Mr. Fox.

MY FRIEND,

The dykes in Holland are viæ regiæ compared with the roads from Thrapston to Wellingborough, and from Warwick to Hatton. My chaise broke down in Daventry, and was repaired. I reached H. about a quarter after six on Wednesday, safe and sound, in wind and limb.

I am overwhelmed with business. But I must thank you and Mrs. M. for your most hospitable and friendly treatment of me.

I found Mrs. Bree dead, and I buried her on Friday. The books will be packed up in a week or two, and sent to Size-lane, Bucklersbury. You see, I remember this direction.

My best compliments and best wishes you will present to Mrs. M. and her excellent sister, Harriet. I often think of you all. Remember me to Rivers. The luggage came well to Daventry; and I brought the mountainous load home. I must write a Pindaric ode on the old horse, and Silver Tail,* and myself the charioteer.

Exhort William† to sacrifice to the *νηφάλιοι θεοί*. Farewell, dear Edward! Lord Holland tells me Mr. Fox did not write the conundrum imputed to him.

DEAR EDWARD, *Hatton, July* 14, 1807.

This, under restrictions, is a begging letter; and I certainly would not have troubled you with it, if I had not experienced your kind readiness to co-operate with me in adorning my favourite church, and if I did not bear in mind the increase of your fortune. I really feel some reluctance, as, among the splendid first fruits of your success, I had your promise of £15. for

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* The name of another horse.

† A servant of Dr. M. long since dead, who was about to be discharged for intoxication during Dr. Parr's visit; but the Doctor interceded for him.

Polenus; and I shall call upon you for it, when I can get the book. I therefore desire that you would *bona fide* consult your own convenience in granting, or refusing, the request I am going to make. My last grand effort is to get for Hatton a new peal of bells. The present must be recast with much additional metal. We are to have a large new tenor, with new wheels, stocks, ironwork, and brasses, and with frames nearly new. I have had this business in contemplation these fourteen years; and now, when I have a chance of prevailing upon the parishioners to do something, the price of bell metal is increased nearly two-fifths by the tax on copper. I have levied contributions on my pupils and my friends. I shall give £25 from my own pocket; and I beg of you to excuse me for saying, that some donation from you will very much facilitate my scheme. Ned, I cannot take the liberty of pointing out any particular sum, but as £25 by Cocker's Arithmetic is the square of five, I will venture to say that the sum of the root will be a very handsome present; that I will not suffer you to give more; that I shall thankfully accept less; that I shall gladly insert your name for any sum among the subscribers in my parochial records; and that, after so many instances of your good will, I shall not be at all displeased with you, if, from prudential motives, you shall decline giving anything. I would not have troubled you, if I were not hard pushed. Dr. Butler, of Harrow, and Harry Drury have been very handsome in their contribution. I have read your pamphlet four times with increasing approbation of the good sense contained in it. I have recommended the perusal of it to several friends; and I was not mistaken in my memory about the awkward "doubt" which occurs in the penult. page, and for which you might have substituted "point," as the word "question" occurs a little before. You could not do better than follow the advice of that learned, judicious, and honourable man, Sergeant Lens. Write to me soon, and inclose your money, if you give any, more or less, under cover to Alderman Combe. Give my best compliments to Mrs. Maltby, to your children, and to your pupils. Write soon. I am truly your friend,

S. PARR.

One of the Dies Atri.

DEAR DOCTOR NED, *Hatton, July* 16.

We must have fair dealing. This morning, upon looking into papers which I have had these thirteen or fourteen years, I find that you had, in friendship to me, contributed five pounds to my bells, when you were less rich, and when you were a chaplain; and, if I had known this the other day, I should not have taxed you with so large a sum as I then mentioned. Since writing to you, I find that the expence will be greater than I once imagined; and so I leave it to yourself to determine the quantity of your second donation. To be sure, I am hard pressed; and I have been importunate, and almost impudent in my applications. But my mind is intensely set upon this business; and while it goes on, I shall take my leave of false, and sometimes perhaps of real, delicacy. Farewell! I am truly yours, S. PARR.

DEAR EDWARD, *July* 23, 1807.

The letter I received from you yesterday, shews (aye, Ned, in the fullest and brightest colours, it shews) how prompt, how sincere, how munificent, you are always ready to be, in seconding my views, especially in my favourite scheme for adorning the church where I have long taught laboriously and usefully, and where my bones are to be deposited. Accept my hearty thanks. At least, I must raise £178. Send me three guineas as soon as you can, or, if you please, a £5. note; either will do.

I tell you again and again, that your pamphlet cannot be refuted in argument; nor will it be excelled in style. Avoid further controversy; depend upon it, your pamphlet will do you credit among those persons whom you wish to please, and for those qualities by which you wish to recommend yourself to the wise and good. It is a decisive proof of your goodness, your moderation, your power to write well, and your resolution to act and think well on the subject of politics and religion. I am very much obliged to you for the paper about the parsonage. Farewell! remember me to Mrs. Maltby, and all your household. Go to Weymouth and refresh yourself, but send me the three guineas, or £5. prout res tulerit, directly. I am truly your friend, S. PARR.

I open this to say, that since writing it, one of my resources has failed; and so have the goodness to send me £5. I am sorry to trouble you.

Dr. Maltby, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAREST SIR, *Buckden, Oct.* 1, 1813.

I am most sincerely sorry to hear of your accident; at the same time it is a great alleviation to find that no permanent mischief is done. I can sympathize with you very feelingly, having had a similar fall last year; and it was thought wonderful that the collar-bone at least did not give way; a piece of the ἀκρώμιον was, I believe, broken off.

I beg you will not think of hurrying yourself about my metrical nonsense; for I am so fully occupied with the Lexicon and Gradus part, that I can do nothing till I have got them off my hands, which perhaps will be the beginning of next year. I have printed more than two-thirds of that part. Believe me, I do not shrink from labour, but from superfluous labour; and such, I own, appeared to me the extensive plan you chalked out in your penultimate letter.

I am very happy to find we do not differ so much as I was afraid we did. It is indeed a serious misfortune to me, upon many, many accounts, that we do not live nearer. In the prosecution of such a work, an hour's chat in a morning might resolve the doubts of months, and spare me many blunders. My great object has been to make the work useful; and that, I think, I have accomplished. Of this, however, I mean you should judge, as I will get a copy of the first part done up, and any observations or corrections you will have the goodness to make, shall be inserted in the Addenda; which I must needs have, as many things which I had in my common-place book have escaped me in the mass of materials, and many new words have occurred since the printing of the first part. Of reviews I have scarcely any but the Edinburgh. I hear there are some capital articles in the Quarterly. Porson's Review of Huntingford's Monostrophics will be republished soon by Kidd, with the other tracts of the Professor; and I dare say he can lend me Burney's.

The great difficulty, and the most important part, I still think, will be to note as accurately as possible the rules affecting not only the termination but the increase of words, or, in our technical phrase, the prosody. And here the usage of different writers and dialects must be distinguished. The laws of metre, so far as they are to be ascertained, I do not conceive to be so difficult, or so generally important. And these, I should conceive, might be laid down, after examining the discordant opinions, by marking the admissible feet, and giving specimens, as Hephæstion and Burney have done.

As soon as I get tolerably clear of the parts I am now employed in, I shall collect and arrange materials for what remains, and be able to send them to you in such form, that you will be able to insert additions or explanations, without delaying our printers much. If I could steal a fortnight or three weeks for this concluding part, and get to Hatton with my MSS. it would be the best plan perhaps. But I cannot fix any thing decidedly; as, in the first place, I am uncertain about the progress of the printing; and next, must be in town in the spring, to settle all my nephew's affairs, who is then to be of age. He has been in all the late terrible actions at Vittoria and the Pyrenees, and, thank God, not hurt; though above half the regiment, the 20th foot, has been destroyed.

Of Graffham I can give no satisfactory account. Mr. Sanders is gone, and has left me and John Edwards to take care of his churches next Sunday. Who is to take care of them afterwards I know not. Lady O. tells me she hopes to have a proper person to recommend, but nothing is yet done. I am, in great haste, my dearest Sir, most truly yours, EDWARD MALTBY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

March 26, 1814.

I have rummaged a little my former notices, and read very hard, to make up my mind upon some metrical points; and next week I shall turn my whole attention to more interesting points in metaphysics, that I may write to Dugald Stewart.

On Friday I sent Dr. Gabell a critical letter of twenty-five folio pages, and within this month he has received near thirty other pages. Ned, he is a very wise man.

Ned, Ned, Ned, I have most carefully perused the two volumes of Sacræ Reliquiæ by Dr. Routh. No such work has appeared in England for a century. I wish Joe Scaliger, Bishop Pearson, Richard Bentley, Bishop Bull, Bishop Stillingfleet, and Doctors Grabe and Whitby, were living, to read what I have been reading. Ah, Ned, Martin Routh is of the right stamp; orthodox, not intolerant; profound, not obscure; wary, not sceptical; very, very, very learned, not pedantic at all.

I have lately had two letters from Dr. Keate of Eton, to whom I sent some inquiries about Dr. Barford. Dr. Keate is that very sensible man which I supposed him to be upon the authority of your representation, and the evidence of some letters which he wrote to you. There was none of the Eton flash and bash (*query* bark ?) in his letters. I suspect the Allies; I dread Cossacks; I detest the Crown Prince, &c. &c.

Ned, I am too old to meddle with Methodism. But, like yourself, I see the approach of evil days. If I had worn lawn sleeves twenty years ago, I might have done real service to the Church; and I should have been hated and abused for doing it. But my day is gone by, and I owe nothing to my calumniators but patience; and that I have paid them superabundantly. Take the utmost possible care of your health; and I say again, the utmost. I this winter have felt what it is to be old, and with a vengeance. Farewell. I am truly your friend, S. Parr.

DEAR NED, *Dec.* 8, 1814.

I am not accustomed *ultra fas trepidare*, and though I hold bad health to be more than an *ἀπόνηρον μόνον*, as said the stoical word-coiners, I do not shrink from pain. The illness was painful, and for a time dangerous. The danger has subsided, and the pain is much mitigated. ——— For nearly three months I have had a very unusual *ψυχῆς πλάνημα*· it is getting better.

I am collecting materials for a publication, very learned, I assure you, and Critico-Historical. I believe, Ned, Bentley knew

nothing scientifically of choral metre, and it is hardly worth knowing, and is full of uncertainty. But the fashion of the day makes it necessary for you to notice * * * * * * * them. How go on your St. Mary preachments? Ned! Whitbread, with the country on his side, has compelled the ministry to resist the continental project of spoliation. All will be much corrected and improved; and for this you are to thank our Whigs and the French ministry, and the German minor states. Be of good cheer. When does the Bishop of Lincoln decide the King's College appeal? Mr. Mathias has presented me with a most superb and costly copy of Gray's Works. I have bought many good books.

DEAR SIR,

The title is now disencumbered. But why are you sorry that I objected? For if the objections were well-founded, you gained something; and if the objections were ill-founded, you lose nothing. Again, why did you ask my opinion, if you did not wish to know it; and knowing it, why are you sorry that I gave it? I am not quite convinced by some of your reasoning, though to common readers it might adorn a preface. As you are a scholar, periods are of some little consequence; and as you are a theologian, arguments are of more; and as I am not aware of books containing any thing besides words and ideas, I am not disposed to slight any discussion that might have arisen between us upon either or upon both.

Dr. Maltby, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAREST SIR, *London, April* 24, 1820.

I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Denman for the first time on Friday, and was as much pleased with him as I expected to be from the accounts I had previously heard of him. I had also the honour of dining at Holland-house on yesterday se'nnight; and was charmed with the unaffected good humour and good sense of Lord H. I had the pleasure also of meeting Miss Fox on Saturday at Bobus's, who has been making an electioneering visit to Lincoln, and was most highly gratified by his reception.

By the way, do you know that Lord Liverpool and the Bishop of London have concurred in giving the living of Bishopsgate, £2000 per annum, to Charles Blomfield? And what is lucky, it is within distance of Chesterford. Lord L. has given a better earnest of good-will to the Church of England by preferring such a meritorious man, than by some other promotions which have taken place under his auspices.

We shall see what is to be done by the new Parliament. Nothing, I believe, can be more grievous than the state of the labouring classes, particularly in Yorkshire; and the capitalists in trade and in agriculture are preparing to importune the Legislature with petitions in favour of their respective notions of general or particular interests. You will be very sorry to hear that poor Serjeant Lens must very shortly undergo an operation. There is no one alive certainly in his own profession more universally respected than that excellent man..

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

EDWARD MALTBY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

DEAR NED, *Hatton, Oct. 29, 1821.*

I have been looking at Lingard's History of Harry VIII. He is guilty of no personal invective against Cranmer. He shews a little partiality, but now and then he does what I think justice to Cardinal Wolsey. He states with historical truth, that, while Wolsey was in favour, there was one human being who could and who did restrain the violence of Henry's passions. He contrasts with this state of things, the uncontroled fury and caprice of Harry when Wolsey was no more, and Cranmer, the Primate, bent almost uniformly to the king's wishes. Such, I conclude, was the fact; and I further concede, that in particular instances Cranmer did very wrong deeds in the way of submission. Cranmer, says Lingard, if he had resisted, would have lost his life. True, say I, but he ought to have lost his life rather than his honour. Is there, then, no palliation of Cranmer's guilt? Yes; and it lies in the very circumstance which produced, and which will perpetuate, the hatred of the Romanists. Cranmer's great object was the reformation of the church; and in pursuing it he

had to contend with the religious prejudices and political habits of the old noblesse, and with the fickleness, fury, captiousness, rapacity, and libidinousness of the King. He therefore ventured to do evil that good might come. The end, I grant, will not justify the means; but the motive must be allowed to extenuate the action. I think Lingard the ablest polemic now in England; and next comes Glover of Norfolk; and then succeed Bishop Milner and Bishop Marsh.

Ned, I have long been in quest, as you know, of the second edition of Micyllus. There is one copy in Oxford, in the Bodleian; there is no copy in Cambridge; there was a copy among a Sir —— Burrel's books, and ———, who heard me mention the book, who was on the spot, and who was always eager, snatched it from me: I never saw it in the catalogue of a bookseller. Dr. Askew showed me the first edition; he told me that Bentley was suspected of having used it; he read me particular portions; he never would suffer me to touch the book; and, in revenge, I gave for it an unlimited commission to Leigh and Sotheby at the sale of Askew's books, and I obtained it. I have consulted the Bodleian, and I found in it very considerable additions. Within these three years I have renewed my efforts, and hitherto without success. Well, Ned, within this six months Bohn had a copy, and sold it to Mr. Webb for twelve shillings. Knowing that I wanted it, Bohn called on Webb, and offered him a guinea; but Webb said, that he would part with the book to me sooner than to any other man, but that he was determined to part with it nec prece nec pretio; and Bohn was afraid to seize by vi, and it is useless for me to wait for what may be done with Webb's books morte suprema. Now Webb has published a new elementary work on Greek metre; and he is preparing a large work, in which he will find Micyllus very useful. Ned, when I was in London, Bohn told me of a book which he believed to be yet scarcer, yet more modern than Micyllus, and he told me that Webb might do for exchange what he would not do for money. I said, no; let me have the latter book, and I will take my chance for the other. Ned, I have read the book, and I send you the title:

"Dominici-Mariæ Becucci Florentini Ars-Metrica, seu de Græcorum Prosodia Tractatus cum additamentis, Observationibus et

Regulis nunc primum Latino carmine expositis ad usum Studiosæ in Græca Poësi Juventutis. Colle, 1782."

You will observe, Colle is a town in Tuscany. I have read the book carefully, and it is useful to tyros, but not to you or me. He is seldom wrong, but never profound; nor does he profess to be so. But you ought to mention the book in your new edition of the Thesaurus; and you may give an opinion of it in your name or my own. Of course you will notice the published work of Webb, and also his intended publication.

Pray tell your Bishop how much he has delighted me by his kindness to W. M. who is a very sensible and a very good young man, and in whose happiness I take great interest. His father is a man of learning and a man of genius; but oppressed with a large family. He has lately been rescued from a jail by the kindness of his parishioners; and to preserve him from utter destruction there is going on a subscription, to which I most seriously implore your aid, and your interposition with the Bishop. I will send you the particulars when you authorise me, and must now content myself with adding, that the ingenious, but unfortunate man is now afflicted by the insanity of three grown-up children. His income would scarcely supply bread to himself, his wife, and two or three other children; and yet these three maniacs are to be supported by him. It is a most dreadful case, indeed. I am truly yours, S. PARR.

DEAR NED, *Hatton, Nov.* 18, 1821.

I applaud and I thank you for your noble donation of ten pounds to my ingenious and most unfortunate neighbour, I. M. I sent the case to the Bishop (Pelham), who favoured me with a polite satisfactory answer.

Dr. Parr, speaking in one of his letters (1821), on the subject of what is vulgarly called petticoat-government, terms it "regiviracy;" and then adds,

"Ned, the thing came into my pate t'other night, and remembering something to the purpose in a book which I read

more than fifty years ago, I took it down from the shelf. At first I was interested, by matter physical, matter metaphysical, matter theological, and a charming strain of eloquence, which pervaded the whole. But delightful as was the chase, I did not forget the game which I wanted to overtake, and this morning I caught it in pages 382 and 383, of the thick and precious 12mo. Oh! Ned, Ned, I do not choose to have my wig pulled by female paws, with the connivance and approbation of males belonging to a class which, for the present, shall be nameless. Do not wonder at this enigmatical jargon when I tell you, that the writer, to whom I advert, was a profound ontologist, a profound mathematician, a profound scholar, the correspondent and opponent of Des Cartes, a man of wit, a man of genius, and a most meteoric mystic. He sits on the very highest form, among the worthies and the luminaries of the English church. My grand-daughters and Miss Irwin are coming to me this week; they are to be joined by two nieces of Mrs. Parr, and so I expect to have a merry Christmas. I wish your daughter were among us. Remember me to her affectionately. Charge her not to be giddy with fine clothes and balls. I allow her to listen to the music, and to trip nimbly in the dance, and to talk cheerfully with well-shaped, well-dressed, well-mannered beaux, and to retire from the enchanting scene not before three o'clock; and at three o'clock let her remember my injunction to depart, and reflect upon the impending fate of poor Cinderella, when she was upon the point of forgetting the fairy's command to hie her away home, before the clock struck twelve."

DEAR NED, *March* 27.

Answer me these questions distinctly and speedily. Is it customary, in college testimonials, to notice either the learning, or the attendance upon lectures, in candidates for holy orders? Do the customs of Oxford or Cambridge, or of different colleges in either, differ in these respects? Do bishops take any alarm, when they receive a college testimonial, wherein the word learning, and all predications about it, are omitted? You will have the goodness to answer each of these questions in the very

words wherein I have proposed them, *mutatis mutandis*. Marsh has done capitally well. He writes no language; but his matter and his reasoning are worthy of the best language, either ancient or modern. Yours truly, S. PARR.

I am very ill. You know my evil genius.

DEAR EDWARD,

Your letter, dated the 1st, came to me on the 21st. I read it with delight, because I saw you are paying that attention to your health and comfort I have long wished for. In plain truth, you will not only embitter life, but shorten it, on your old plan, and for this your family and your friends will justly condemn you. I rejoice, I rejoice at your having a curate. What say you to the triple Northern Alliance? They are right. Prussia, I hope, will deliver us from Hanover, and Hanover from us. Surely, Ned, you will now be silent, as to the merits of our governors!

Dr. Maltby, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Buckden, December* 18, 1821.

My daughter, for a rarity, is paying a visit of two or three days to Mrs. Reynolds: so I have got one of my pupils to transcribe the passage from Juvenal; and, to fill up the sheet, I will submit to you the interpretation of a passage in Scripture, which only occurred to me yesterday, and which therefore must be considered at present as a mere adventurer.

What does the conclusion of 1 Pet. iv. 8, mean? ἡ ἀγάπη καλύψει πλῆθος ἁμαρτιῶν. Without adverting to other interpretations, or presuming to think my own free from objection, I cannot help thinking that they are used in the same sense, as the very same words at the close of St. James' Epistle. St. James evidently speaks of the "prayer of faith," which shall save the sick, and so remove those sins, which (according to the opinion of some Jews, and certainly according to the phraseology of the N. T.) occasioned the disorder. The question is,

how ἀγάπη is to have the sense of "prayer." Now it does not seem necessary to contend that it has such a sense in the first instance; but I suppose it to mean "Christian love," prompting to prayer—that charitable anxiety for the welfare of another, which should induce a man to pray ἐκτενῶς for his recovery; such being, in the age of miracles, an appointed means of healing the sick. See the whole passage in St. James, and Archbishop Newcome, on Our Lord's conduct, p. 189, note. We are to observe, that the subject, of which St. Peter has just been speaking, is prayer, νήψατε εἰς τὰς προσευχάς. He directly adds, πρὸ πάντων δὲ κ. λ. This shows that what follows is closely connected in sense with what went immediately before. "Above all," or, "but particularly in this exhortation to prayer, think of one another; of those who, by reason of sickness, have unusual need of your prayers: you must exert for them that species of charity, which shall prompt you to pray fervently in their behalf. Your ἀγάπη must be ἐκτενὴς," which is a word used expressly (though not exclusively, I grant,) for fervency of supplication, and so corresponds with the δέησις ἐνεργουμένη of St. James, c. v. ver. 16. Then follows in both instances the effect which is to be produced; and which, by both Apostles, is expressed in the same words, καλύψει πλῆθος ἁμαρτιῶν.

I am, my dear Sir, with the most sincere wish that the present season may be attended with its usual cheerfulness, and that the new year may produce new enjoyments to you and yours, Yours, most truly, EDWARD MALTBY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

DEAR NED,

Are you dead or living? in bad or good health? idle or busy? ill or well disposed towards the curate of Hatton? Your project of publishing sermons resembles a nascent arc, but so quickly followed by the evanescent, that the keenest eye can hardly discern the form of a line. You sent me one printed discourse. I received, and I returned it. Since that time I have seen nothing, heard nothing. I hope, dear Sir, that you have

not abandoned your wise intention;* and ever shall I be ready to obey your directions.

Have you seen a most able work, written by Bishop Milner, in three volumes, and called "The End of Religious Controversy." It will confirm every Romanist, and is proclaimed with just triumph by many enlightened men. I am more than ever led by it to adhere to the religion which is not Roman; but I must confess that the cause is pleaded with consummate ability, and I doubt whether any of our episcopal controvertists are a match for such a dextrous and sturdy champion. Surely, Ned, we do injustice to the Romanists in our representations. Like other men of reflection, I must in my esoterics stand aloof from all controversies; but the duties and the interests of society require me to make some choice, and certainly I shall not swerve from that which is already made. 'Till we alter the Articles, &c. Romanists and Methodists will beat us in the *argument. ad hominem.* Read Milner's book; you can thoroughly understand it—you will estimate it fairly.

May 19, about 1821 or 2.

I am much pleased with Dr. Kaye's Concio. No publication of Blomfield is more scholar-like than his edition of Callimachus. It has in some instances *really* instructed me.

August 8, 1822.

I have just finished a most important, but most irksome task. I have collected and arranged all my letters. They amount to more than 8000. They have enabled me to read my own life. The letters of Ned Maltby, in magnitude and importance, are a valuable part. You are in the company of the greatest scholars

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* Dr. Parr had long pressed Dr. M. to publish one or two volumes of sermons; and Dr. M. had read over to him several, which he highly approved, and in which he occasionally suggested alterations. The sermon alluded to in this extract, was the first of vol. i., and was sent as a specimen, Dr. M. not intending to trouble him with any more proof sheets.

among my contemporaries. My grand-daughter Caroline will shortly be married to a most excellent man, and this event gladdens my heart. The weakness and the wickedness of * * * become every day more glaring. We shall see strange effects from the change in Russian politics. In less than a century the unholy Alliance will be shattered; and, after a bloody struggle, the once torpid mind will have made a glorious advance in genuine freedom.

Dr. Maltby, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAREST SIR, *Buckden, Oct.* 1, 1822.

Let me first congratulate you warmly, as I do sincerely, upon the marriage of your grand-daughter. This event is so calculated, in various ways, to promote the happiness of those who are peculiarly dear to you, that it becomes a source of uncommon gratification to your friends.

I have to acknowledge your communications on the subject of λελῦκα. I have never seen the work you last refer to; and indeed can scarcely make out the name of the editor of the Nubes. I think, however, there was a time when you were not so satisfied about the quantity of this penult. and that you rather espoused the opinion of Keate and others, who held that it was long. I forget whether I sent you the authority I at length discovered; and the only one I can discover, which is decisive of the question. Macho, apud Ath. p. 581, c.

καταλελῦκώς τῆς Γναθαινίου σχεδόν.

I am preparing a second edition of the Thesaur. and have printed nearly 200 pages. It will be a long time yet before I get to the prefatory matter, the whole of which I shall try to incorporate in one mass.

MY DEAREST SIR, *Buckden, Sept.* 17, 1823.

I reached home yesterday morning between one and two, having left Holkham at noon. You, who have been there so often, and know the admirable qualities of the master of that princely place, and the frank, artless gaiety of his amiable wife, can judge how I must have been delighted in passing a week in such

society and such a house. Thanks to your and Mr. Roscoe's care, the MSS. have been redeemed from the ignominious obscurity to which they had long been doomed, and are elevated to a station, and preserved with the care, to which they are fully entitled. The Homers, the Aristophanes, the Livys, the Gospels, are inestimable; and I conceive must all contain readings which it would be most desirable to offer to the world, if a collator could be found, worthy, from his industry, learning, and honesty, to devote himself wholly to the arduous task, and disclose treasures as yet unexplored, and almost unknown. It would, however, be pedantic to confine the admiration of such a place to the musty remains of antiquity, however valuable; the scenery in the park; the arrangements, domestic, agricultural, horticultural, architectural, and mechanical; the interesting village of Holkham; the magnificent view from the summit of the church; supply a succession of objects, at once exciting and gratifying curiosity by their beauty, skill, utility, and extent. You may be sure that Mr. Coke and I conversed about the curate of Hatton; and you probably know that he expects you at Holkham, to meet the Duke of Sussex and Mr. Roscoe, and that he is only prevented from writing to you because the Duke has not fixed the time.

I must, however, quit such a subject, however delightful, and thank you for your letter of the 12th, which I found on my arrival. You have set forth the evidence so clearly about the penults of λέλυκα and δέδυκα, and condensed all the matter relating to the subject so ably, that it must require prejudice stronger than that of Etonians to resist you. I must, however, assure you, that I sent the passage from Athenæus as soon as I discovered it, and before I sent it to Keate. It was, indeed, long ago, and I do not wonder that it has escaped your memory.

When I come to that part of the introductory matter connected with this subject, I shall draw up a note, which I shall send for your inspection; and if I have mislaid the citations which you sent from the old grammarians, I shall beg you to supply them again. I quite forget now whether you quoted the passage from Halewitz.

I am now to call your attention to another subject, and request in it your kind interference. Mr. Stocker, of St. John's

College, Oxford, is a candidate for the Laudian Professorship of Arabic, the electors to which are the President of St. John's, and the heads of All Souls, Merton, Magdalen, and New College. Mr. Stocker, I am told, is a scholar and a gentleman; and qualified also by his attainments in oriental literature for the station at which he aims: and he writes thus to a friend of mine in this neighbourhood. "It is necessary to back my petition by recommendations from persons who have weight. I am given to understand that Dr. Routh of Magdalen is only to be influenced by those acquaintances who possess a high literary character." From this conviction he requested my friend to apply to me, in the hope that you might be prevailed upon to use your powerful influence with the President of Magdalen; to whom, at the same time, I beg that you will present my best respects and warmest wishes for the health and happiness of so good a scholar and so good a Christian.

If you can with propriety apply to any of the other heads I have mentioned, I am sure that you will do so. Mr. Stocker was very much distinguished at his own examination; and, I believe, has lately been one of the examiners himself. He was in the first class of classics, the second of mathematics.

And now, having troubled you so long, let me ask if you know any good edition of the Gorgias of Plato, later than the scholarlike performance of Dr. Routh. Foreign scholars have been paying great attention to this author, and may have collected matter not accessible to your learned friend.

My reason for asking this, is, that this book is appointed (not very judiciously, I think) for the freshmen of Trinity; and I have told the Duke of Bedford that I shall be happy to read the subject of classical lecture with his son, Lord Wriothesley, before he goes to college.

Adieu, my dear Sir. Give the kindest regards of us all to Mrs. Parr; accept the best wishes of all for yourself; and believe me always, yours most truly,

EDWARD MALTBY.

George Newnham Collingwood, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Temple*, 1804.

I am happy to hear that you are preparing another edition of your last sermon, as it cannot fail of affording a new proof of the soundness of your head and heart. That passage, in which you so eloquently refuse to join in the personal abuse of Buonaparte, which has so often disgraced the temple of that benevolent Being who has commanded us to love our enemies, is one of the finest things I have ever read. The sentiments themselves, and the manly and dignified manner in which you avow them, are fully worthy of you. I was unfortunately, on that day, condemned to hear a sermon of a very different character, from a very different man to yourself. It was a heavy, dark, gloomy thunder-storm kind of a sermon, occasionally illuminated by a glaring and melancholy light. There is hardly in our language a word of abuse, however gross and vulgar, scarce a trope or metaphor of contumely, however extravagant, which he did not hurl against the unfortunate consul. Had it been preached by a priest of the Chactaw or Chicasaw Indians (if they ever do preach) at the murder of an unhappy captive, it would have gloriously stimulated their fury and revenge. Some nations, we are told, worship the Spirit of Evil, and in such a service that discourse might have found an appropriate place; but it was surely blasphemy when pronounced in the house of the God of Peace.

The other day I met your old pupil and great admirer, Mr. Maurice. I do assure you that, long before he knew that I was acquainted with you, he mentioned you in the highest possible terms of affection and admiration, and talked with a great deal of gratitude and proper feeling of the many obligations which you, he says, have conferred upon him. I hope you intend to come to town this summer, as I have got a most delightful room looking towards the river for you to smoke in. I beg of you to remember me most kindly and respectfully to Dr. Johnstone; and to Mrs. Parr, your daughter, and all my friends. I am, dear Sir, most unfeignedly, your affectionate and faithful servant,

GEORGE L. NEWNHAM.

MY DEAR SIR, *Southborough, Sept.* 1, 1805.

I have heard frequent accounts of you from many of your friends; and I have received such contradictory tidings on the subject which I know to be the nearest to your heart, that I have for a long time been unable to muster up sufficient courage to address you by letter. Mr. ———, however, (whom I met yesterday), has given me so good an account of your daughter's returning health, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of offering you my most warm and hearty congratulations upon the hopes that are now opening before you. A mind so well prepared as yours is by long habits of reflection and piety, would have drawn from the holiest sources the consolations which would have supported you under such an afflicting blow; yet I hope (and I trust that I am not premature in expressing to you my hopes) that your fortitude will be spared this painful trial. At all events, my dear Sir, be assured that you have entered with too much warmth and benevolence into the sorrows and the joys of others, and have bound too many persons to you by the strongest ties of gratitude and affection, ever to rejoice or to weep alone. The Bishop of Rochester, from whom I have got my frank, made many inquiries this morning about you, and desired me to remember him to you "very kindly."

On Wednesday I shall go for a few weeks to Hastings, where, if the Emperor of France should really come over, I shall be able to see a little of the ceremony of invasion. I hope that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in the winter; and my father begs me to say, that you have long threatened to pay him a visit at this place, and that he is rather angry at your forgetting to do so. We have some things to show you, and among the rest Bishop Dampier's books, which are magnificent. He showed me one book-case, which he estimates at £4000!

Accept, my dear Sir, my warmest wishes for your happiness, and believe me, your much obliged and affectionate friend,

GEO. L. NEWNHAM.

MY DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 12, 1805.

I received yesterday your very kind and affecting letter, and I assure you, that I have thought of you very frequently. I know how absurd it would be to attempt to suggest to a mind

like yours the grounds of consolation; but I cannot help requesting you, as soon as possible, to repair to London, and to endeavour to lose, in the society of your numerous friends, the melancholy thoughts which Hatton is peculiarly calculated to inspire. There are various plans which we have formed together, to the execution of which I look forward with much impatience; and particularly our visit to Harrow, from which I expect to derive very great satisfaction. You will be so kind as to remember me to Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne. I am, my dear Sir, with sincere regard, your affectionate friend and servant,

GEO. L. NEWNHAM.

MY DEAR SIR,

You desire me to send you a copy of your letter, in which you made some criticisms on the epitaph on Addison, and I will comply with your wish as well as I can. As it was written by you εν τοις ιεροις γραμμασι, which too frequently defeat all the efforts of the decypherer, I shall be able to furnish you with but an imperfect transcript of it.

"You were right (you say) in supposing the general air of Addison's Epitaph to be unlike my way of writing, and even of thinking, and you showed some sagacity in pointing to the conclusion of Tacitus's Life of Agricola as the source of much of the Epitaph. It is the common-place treasure-house of ordinary writers. There is, however, something of elegance in the diction of the Epitaph, and something of real harmony in two of the cadences. The defects are these, Venerari memoriam is modern in the cast of writing, and so is fidei patronum. Scriptisque in omni genere exquisitis does not clearly distinguish Addison's prose from his verse. Sacratum exemplum puri sermonis is not classical; and exemplar would have been better than exemplum. Exemplar vitæ. Exemplar is a pattern, and is applied to rules of art as well as to moral actions; exemplum is more frequently applied to the actions of moral agents. Argumenti should have been argumentorum. Bonos erigeret is wrong; something should have followed. Good men are not raised up from a low pitch of excellence, although they may by exhortation and persuasion be elevated to a higher one. Improvidos, standing alone, is feeble and indistinct, " as applied to

men inconsiderate about religion and futurity." These words are rather a guess of mine, and I will not answer for their being those you wrote. Auctisque fortunis is strange after the mention of mere birth, without any previous words to express Addison's rank or pecuniary circumstances. Decessit is better than excessit. In truth, excessit for "he dies" is wrong without the addition of e vitâ. Ætatis is wanting with anno for his age. Virtus bonique mores seems to be tautology. By whom are they so conjoined? I do not much blame (I believe it is), nor do I quite approve, assiduum patronum. Nothing is said of Addison's temper or personal morality. Qui cujus, and quibus, as they follow one another in the Epitaph, are not of the Hatton dialect. Fides Christiana is equivocal as to the meaning. It may be either a faith truly Christian, or the subject commonly called the Christian faith. In either sense fides Christiana resembles the English more than the Latin idiom. Decus et deliciæ is ornamental, trite, and stuff. The sentence ending with flecteret is musical. There is a pretty air throughout the whole, but it is not purus sermo. The deputy curate of Hatton would not have talked in Latin of a consecrated pattern of a pure style, nor of "—

Then comes a long sentence with a word or two apparently Greek, not a syllable of which can I decypher.

Your affectionate servant, G. L. NEWNHAM.

Peregrine Dealtry, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Mount Pleasant, Nov.* 13.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Mauleverer; she informs me she had sent abstracts from the deeds you mentioned to Mrs. Parr the day before she heard from me, and she supposes this will be sufficient; if not, I shall of course be very happy to take charge of the deeds as you proposed. I do not know that my troubling you with this is necessary, as Mrs. Mauleverer tells me she has written; but, as Sir Wm. Milner gives me a frank, I only give you the trouble of casting your eye over this short epistle. I should be glad to know what course our politicians at home mean to steer on foreign affairs; the newspapers, I think, fur-

nish us with outlines pretty strongly marked; but at home, I think the political pilots will proceed as they are going, till the storm arrives when they must obey its impulse. I mean this to apply to both parties, as no one seems to think he can guide the vessel safely. As the storm we may expect will partake of the qualities of an earthquake, no one can be safe in port; and all the vessels must go as the wind drives. I have got a little into deep water, but I will swim out again; and conclude with hoping we may weather the storm. At all events, if we live, we may hope to be able to smoke our pipes, and I hope to enjoy this pleasure with you very soon. I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

PEREGRINE DEALTRY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, December* 15, 1809.

I congratulate you on the triumph over the no popery worthies. I went to Wycombe yesterday. Every body pleased with the event, except Parson Price, who has not only great fear of the influence of the Pope, but has, I hear, *hope* from the Lord Chancellor. Lord Carrington is at Bath, I believe unwell. I will send this to be franked by Lord Mahon, who has been from home, but returned yesterday. Mr. Williams, I believe, is just now in town. I am sure he will be glad to see you, when you are inclined to assist at the festivities of his Temple. Mr. Hollis, though he hates the Grenvilles, is much pleased on the present occasion; he sends his best respects to you. The ladies, the Admiral, and the General, send theirs. I am, dear Sir, always most truly yours,

PER. DEALTRY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, March* 17, 1811.

I am desired to transmit the inclosed copies of letters to you for your perusal; one you will perceive from the Duke of Rutland to the Vice-Chancellor, the other is from the Duke of Gloucester to the Head of Trinity College. These papers are sent to me by an intimate friend of the Duke of Gloucester, they are franked by his Royal Highness, so I think they may be considered as sent for you by the Duke himself. I shall direct them under cover to you at Holkham, where, by what I see in the newspaper, I think they will find you. I hope you have been quite well, and well

amused since we left you. My mother has been very ill of a sort of influenza cold, which in her weak state was very oppressing; but she is now nearly well again; her health may generally be said to be good, notwithstanding her infirmities. I hope young Mr. Coke is well and goes on well; he seems quite open-hearted, and to be full of spirit; these good qualities will not keep him out of scrapes, or prevent him running into vagaries. You will give him as good a direction as can be given to him; but much must be done by his own good sense and by time.

The Duke of Rutland goes about his business like a workman in bringing forward the King's name and the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is very gross; and, as the Duke of Gloucester calls it, shocking.

I am desired to solicit your vote and interest for his Royal Highness; but that ceremony I shall omit, as you will of course be guided by the merit of the case. Do you make any stay in Norfolk, and do you go to London or to Oxford, or pass this way this season? I have not been from home since I left you; my mother's weak state does not very well admit of my being absent; she desires me to present her best respects, as do my sisters and Fanny, the Admiral and the General. I am, dear Sir, always truly yours, PEREGRINE DEALTRY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, Aug.* 30, 1812.

I am in the greatest grief. My dear mother who has always been the delight of my life, died the night before last. She had no previous illness; her death was almost instantaneous, and without any pain or struggle. She was quite well and cheerful to her last minute, I might almost say her last moment; my sister came into my room about half past one, and said, "My mother seems to lose her voice." I was with them in less than half a minute, and all was over. She seemed asleep, and without any change of countenance, and I could not believe she was dead, till Mr. Slater assured me of it. He says he is certain she had no suffering.

Philosophy and reason, and resignation, are good things, but alas, they do not operate immediately; and I suffer much on account of my poor sisters. Jane is on the sea coast for her health; my elder sister, overwhelmed with anxiety on poor

Jane's account, is gone to her. I can hear nothing from them till Tuesday, and am miserable in the mean time. I never have been so unhappy as these last two days, and can be no better till Tuesday; as soon as I have arranged matters here, I shall run down to them; they are at Rottingdean. My dear mother is to be buried at York. I have written to order a place to be prepared in the Minster to hold my two sisters and myself also, when our time comes.

I believe my mother to have been one of the best of human beings, the most of a gentlewoman, and that she was a truly wise person. For my part I feel as if I had lost half myself. I was always in the habit of consulting with her on every thing. I am, dear Sir, yours, PER. DEALTRY.

DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, Dec.* 17, 1812.

My mother's christian name was Elizabeth. She was the eldest daughter of Richard Langley, esq. of Wykeham Abbey in the county of York. My father's name was John. My mother had five children. I was the first born, then she had a son, who died an infant, then another son, who died at 5 or 6 years of age. My sisters you know. My dear mother was blind more than 20 years. She lost the use of her limbs in August 1809. She died Aug. 28th 1812. She had all sorts of good qualities, and virtues of the highest order. It is painful to me to attempt to say any thing concerning her in writing; but as this is always uppermost in my mind, I shall most likely say a good deal on the subject when we meet. I always find it difficult to express what I feel in writing, so, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, I confine myself to answering your questions.

I hope I shall find the books, and I now think I shall. Did you ever lend a book, and forget to whom? I wrote to you two days ago, so I shall trouble you with no more now.

I am, dear Sir, always truly yours, PER. DEALTRY.

P.S. I congratulate you on the great news which I have received since writing the above.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, Christmas Day,* 1812.

I have no words to express how much I am pleased with the inscription, and how much I feel obliged to you for it, and also

for your letter accompanying it. My sisters will not be able to see what you have written, till time has done something more for them than it has yet done; they will be pleased to the highest degree with what you have done in so exquisite a manner.

I am much obliged to you for the copy you have sent me, of your petition for peace. It is all truth from the beginning to the end; but truth does not always prevail in the honourable House! I lament Boney has escaped. His means of mischief are, however, considerably curtailed. Of his army there is a complete wreck, and the Russians have not yet done with them. Never was so complete an example made of invaders, and all owing to the strong measure of burning Moscow, without which dreadful sacrifice I believe their empire would have fallen. I have received a very polite invitation from Lord Tamworth. I mean to be at Stanton Harold on the 24th, the day you name. I hear Lord and Lady Tamworth very highly spoken of by those who know them, and I shall be happy to be introduced to them, by you. How long do you mean to stay at Lord Tamworth's? for myself, I must return home quickly, as my sisters' spirits require my being with them. I am sorry to say I think the state of health of both is bad, particularly my sister Jane, who is more nervous and delicate than ever, and has pains in her head and her side very distressing.

We have thirty or forty persons at dinner in the servants' hall, just now. I mention this, as I know you like keeping up these old customs. Old Mr. King died yesterday of a dropsy on his chest; his sufferings were very great; his loss will be much felt, he was very charitable and a good man in all respects.

I am, dear Sir, your much obliged PER. DEALTRY.

My mother was in her 85th year.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, 20 December,* 1813.

I have sent a fine large turkey, by this day's coach, directed, to the care of Dr. John Johnstone. Your letter came just in time for this to accompany one ordered for Dr. Johnstone; there being no direct communication from hence to Hatton, is the reason I have not hitherto sent you any thing of the kind. I have sent off eight turkeys this day. I am sorry game is so scarce hereabouts that I have none to send you.

Mr. King wrote to a friend of his at Norwich, who looked at your account in Kerrison's books. The sum I was uncertain about is £60. 18*s.* 10*d.* being the amount of the first dividend on £182. 16*s.* 6*d.* the sum proved as due to you. The second sum paid me from that quarter is £30. 9*s.* 5*d.* together £91. 8*s.* 3*d.* The account of all Swann's payments I am sure is right; so now all that matter is settled. If I can get this franked to day, it shall be directed to you at Dr. Johnstone's. My very best compliments and good wishes to him and Mrs. Johnstone. I conclude with most heartily congratulating you on your reunion with your grandchildren. Billy Throckmorton is here, and sends his best compliments, in which he is joined by all here. I am, dear Sir, truly yours, PEREGRINE DEALTRY.

P. S. There is £18. 5*s.* 7*d.* due to you at this time from Kerrison. Owen Williams is just now in town. We were very gay when I was with them.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, 25th February*, 1814.

I will send an eatable present to your cousin. What! are you going to make a beau of him? he is a very good fellow, and that is a very good thing. I like your politics very much, and also I think the company of the ape and the serpent in the sack, and particularly the application of the mullet, is appropriate, and fundamentally right. I hope you mean to be in town this spring. I shall go for a month or so. Shall we see the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, on a visit to this nation; I dont like to say, to the Regent? I hope they will get the upper hand of Boney, and that they will make good use of it.

Now for business. Our account stands thus:

Paid at various times by Mr. Swann - -	665	5	2
Kerrison's first dividend - - - - -	60	18	10
To Mr. Eyre's family - - - - - -	10	0	0
Kerrison's second dividend - - - -	30	9	5
	£766	13	5

1804	300	0	0
1805	150	0	0
1808	200	0	0
1810	250	0	0
	150	0	0
1813	70	0	0
	£1120	0	0
	766	13	5
	353	6	7

I will shew you all the particulars when we meet.

Our neighbourhood is dull just now. Lord Carrington's family are in London, as are the Williams's; Owen is laid up with the gout. I met several friends of yours the last time I was at the Temple. Mr. and Lady Madelina Palmer, Dr. Hughes, Mr. Crowe, and Sir Thomas Mostyn, whom I had not seen before. He is a very gentlemanlike man, though so great a sportsman! and nothing squirish, though so great a country gentleman. Lady Madelina I think delightful. She said a great flirtation goes on between you and her. Mr. Crowe and Dr. Hughes chimed in very well with the party; in short all was as pleasing as possible. Mr. Hollis calls here often; his talk to be sure is never otherwise than very grave, but his character is very interesting. My sisters are I think in rather better health, than they have been. Sir Howard and Lady Douglas are here on a visit. Lady Douglas has been very ill, but is recovering. The college has left Wycombe. I miss old Dalby and some others; they are removed to Farnham, to which place the Douglas's remove next week. We shall be extremely happy to see you and Bartlam, but why not before the summer? I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

PEREGRINE DEALTRY.

MY DEAR SIR, *No.* 149, *Bond Street, May* 4, 1814.

I received your letter half an hour ago. I have seen Sir John Throckmorton: he says he believes Mr. Rathbone will take the living; it is almost certain he will take it, but if he should not, he will be happy to give it to Mr. Barker.

I have been in town about a fortnight. I shall stay to see the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia;

then rest a little at Bradenham, to recover from the fatigues of a gay town life. I shall afterwards go to Southampton for a time to sail with Owen Williams. My sisters are at Cheltenham; I do not think they have received any benefit from the waters, and they do not much like the place. They think of going for a week for change of air to Malvern. I want them to go to the sea coast, as the sea air always agrees with them. Dr. John Johnstone is much better for his trip to town. I dined with him yesterday, at Captain Curtis's, where we had a good party, Sir William Curtis in full blow. I am happy to hear you are in good health and spirits. Why do you not come to see these Emperors, Kings, and great commanders? I dine to day at Mawman's, to meet Dr. Johnstone, Mr. Eustace, Mr. William Spencer, and Owen Williams. I don't know that so much of good dinners is wholesome; but I am pretty well in health, and like London well enough, but I prefer a country life for a constancy. I am going to a ball to night at Lady Throckmorton's. I found the house in a bustle of preparation when I called just now.

Why is not Jack Bartlam in town? pray remember me very kindly to him. I am, dear Sir, always truly yours,

PEREGRINE DEALTRY.

Miss Dealtry, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Rottingdean, Brighton, Nov.* 1, 1814.

My sister and myself would feel mortified indeed, should any change be made in respect to the money in your hands. May we not flatter ourselves, we shall always be considered by you as the sisters of one who had the highest esteem, respect, and regard for you? We are obliged for the kind interest you express concerning us. I believe we are as well as you would expect us to be, after so grievous, so sad a calamity! A parcel will shortly be sent to you, containing a ring; we have likewise ordered a small pair of candlesticks to be put up at the same time. From their being a present from King William to his godson, one of Mr. Boucheir's family, they were valued by my lamented brother; * hence arose the wish that you, dear Sir,

* On this account Dr. Parr bequeathed them to me. J. J.

should possess them. We trust you will pardon the liberty we have taken. My sister unites with me in kindest regards. I am, very sincerely, your obliged humble servant,

ELIZABETH DEALTRY.

Wednesday.—This was written yesterday, before we received a letter from you, dear Sir, that claims our warmest expressions of gratitude; but the feeling heart that dictated it, will excuse any further reply.

George Downing, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Nayland, Suffolk, October* 5, 1782.

As I heard, on Thursday, that Mrs. Parr had been very ill, I could not resist the impulse of inquiring how she does, and whether you enjoy a better state of health than you did when I last saw you. Your partiality to me will, I hope, induce you to excuse the liberty I take, and if I can obtain forgiveness, I shall presume still further on you, and beg you to bestow (I will not say throw away) a few leisure moments in satisfying the request of one, who prides himself on few things more than on having been your scholar. I really feel anxious to know how you both do; and besides I have an appetite, not yet sufficiently palled by deeds poll and indentures, but that it often wishes to receive a few instructions in some of those points, which I have so often attended to hear you upon with the greatest degree of pleasure; though my folly, perhaps, hindered me from reaping that degree of improvement, I might and ought to have done.

Poor Mr. Heneage Legge! a rapid decline has worn out the thread of a life, from which all who knew him derived the most sanguine expectations. An intimate friend and fellow-collegian of his tells me, there were few at Christ Church they could so well have spared; few, who so happily blended greatness of mind with affability of behaviour, or liberal ideas with virtuous inclinations, as himself; and few who were less of the coxcomb, or more of the gentleman, the scholar, or the friend. And in this twilight of morality and literature, when in the pursuit of virtue a man has more than Herculean labours to encounter, and

when every tolerably studious person is little better than a mark for fashionable fools and half-bred wits to level their shafts at, that man, whose wisdom has taught him to despise, and whose constancy has assisted him in surmounting such obstacles, deserves emulation when living, and regret when dead: sin, tanquam illi acerbitatis aliquid acciderit angimur, summam ejus felicitatem non satis grato animo interpretamur.

As to myself, God knows I have little time for reading, or any thing else, but scribbling mortgages and feoffments, releases and settlements, from Monday morning to Saturday night. An, hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi cum semel imbuerit, speramus ——? And my dusty books serve as so many painful monuments to record, if not the sloth, at least the ignorance of their owner. How do I look back on those halcyon days, when I could breakfast on a strophe, and sup on an anapæst! O mihi præteritos! However, I make it a point at present, and I hope always shall, not to omit every opportunity of reading the Classics, though it be but for a quarter of an hour in the day; and whenever I have an hour or two's respite, I fly to my friend Mr. Smith, who is Dr. Cork's curate, and a very good classic, and with him I have promised, if possible, to read Longinus this winter. Sometimes when I have, as I flatter myself, secured an hour's snug retirement in my room, and am just seated at my table with half a dozen books at my elbow, I am called off, and, nolens volens, I must draw a deed, or engross a skin in a few hours time, together with my brethren of the quill, and then occupet extremum scabies is the motto, and my poor books are tossed about till my fatigued pen drags out, "And lastly," and "In witness," and then I have scarce time to replace them on their shelves before supper. It is true, there is no pendens in scalis habena, to terrify me into a compliance; but, as the law is now become my hobby-horse to carry me through life, I am determined to apply closely, not only to the theoretical but the practical part of it, and in this I think you will approve of my conduct; and if I have Dr. Parr's approbation I rest contented, for believe me there is no one in the world whose esteem I am more zealous to obtain, and whose disapprobation I should be more careful to avoid than yourself. Amongst the treats I now enjoy in a literary way, that of reading a Greek play, with the

notes I received from you at school, is one of the first; but, alas! how do I regret the careless manner in which I have penned many of them, that it is with the greatest difficulty I can come at their meaning. I always keep a Greek Testament in the pew where I sit at church, by which means I have an opportunity indeed of construing a few more Greek words than I should otherwise do; but you well know that, while a chapter is reading in English, there is not time for a person (by no means literulis Græcis imbutis) to cast a critical eye over it; but ταυτα μεν τοιαυτα. Permit me once more, dear Sir, to ask the favour of your advice with respect to the means I should take, and the books I should read, in order to improve, to the best advantage, the small portion of time I can now call my own; for, as that is at best but short, I should be loath to throw it away, in loading my memory, or corrupting my judgment, with what you may deem trifling and superficial studies. But, lest in publica commoda peccem si longo sermone morer tua tempora, I will now take my leave, after begging you to present my most cordial respects to Mrs. Parr, and to believe me most sincerely your faithful scholar and humble servant,

GEORGE DOWNING, Jun.

DEAR SIR, *Nayland, near Colchester, Oct.* 24, 1784.

In the beginning of August I received a letter from you, which I did not answer, as you informed me you were at that time going a journey, and gave me hopes that on your return I should receive some animadversions on the verses I troubled you with. I hope you will not be displeased if I remind you of that promise. I have been long in expectation of hearing from you, and I think I need not say that your observations on any of my performances, will be received with the utmost gratitude; the advice of Dr. Parr will never, I think, reach my ears without making an impression on my heart. I thank you much for that contained in your last letters; and I hope, although I am in a great degree alienated from literary connexions, I shall not altogether disgrace the instructions I have received from you,

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem,
Testa diu.

The cautions you gave me in another respect, I felt the force of.

I well know your kindness to, and the sincerity of your wishes for me. Believe me dear Sir, I find some difficulty in encountering the allurements of a vicious age; a natural timidity of disposition is my greatest enemy; still, however, I have been triumphant over dissipation, but the fear of being thought stiff and squeamish, has, I am free to acknowledge, often made the contest for some time very doubtful; but I am determined, if social life is to be retained at the expence of morality, when that is the case, I will bid adieu to the nearest connections, "vivant Arturius istic et catulus." For my own part I have long laid it down as an axiom in moral life, that *Ευσεβιη* is *Σωφροσυνης Γειτων*, and by that I will stand or fall. Farewell, dear Sir, and believe me with sincere respects to Mrs. Parr, your most obedient servant,

GEO. DOWNING, JUN.

Threatening the Inn-keeper at Hatton, who suffered some of the boys to carouse at his house.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, April* 10, 1791.

I was out of town when I received the honour of your letter, as is Mr. Legge at this instant, so that I have had no opportunity of consulting him. This morning I have sent a *fac simile* of the following letter: pray let me know the effect of it; surely there's machinery enough! I beg to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Parr. I am, dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

GEORGE DOWNING.

Quid risum teneas?

Observe the writing: is it not strictly clerical?

"MR. GROVES, *Lincoln's Inn, April* 10, 1791.

"Humanity induces me to acquaint you, that I have this morning been consulted and retained at the instance of Dr. Parr, in and concerning a number of prosecutions which I have directions to institute against you, in the name of the Doctor, and in the names of John Crosbie, Esq., R. B. Sheridan, Esq., James West, Esq., and William Smitheman, Esq.; and, from the steps taken, in retaining the first counsel, such as Erskine,

Mingay, Bower, Legge, &c. I am inclined to conceive he will not easily be diverted from his purpose. The charges against you are of the most serious nature; but, as the inevitable consequence of the prosecutions would be the utter ruin of you and your whole family, I have endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose by arguments addressed to his compassion; and I now write to caution you, that no submission be wanting on your part.

"To be plain with you, the doctor is extremely incensed; and, conceiving that you have been guilty of no common breach of morality, is determined to punish you by no common means; and therefore, instead of proceeding in the common way, at the Quarter Sessions or Assizes, under the 1st Jac. cap. 9, 1 Car. c. 4, or 21 Jac. c. 7, by which you would only be subjected to certain fines, and a temporary suspension from your business as an inn-keeper, he determines to move the Court of King's Bench for a rule to shew cause why an information should not be exhibited against you in the Crown-office, for heavy crimes and misdemeanours; in consequence of which his Majesty's Coroner will be directed to file an information against you, and the sentence of the court will probably subject you to a prodigious fine, besides corporal imprisonment. But, besides this, he is resolved to have the recognizance for your good behaviour, under which you obtained your license, estreated in the Court of Exchequer, in order to obtain an extent from the Crown against your lands and tenements, goods and chattels. And further, he means to libel you in the Spiritual Court, pro salute animæ; in consequence of which, if you are contumacious, sentence of excommunication will be pronounced against you, and you will be deprived of the benefit of Christian communion, and confined in prison, under the writ "de excommunicato capiendo," while living, and be denied the privilege of Christian burial when dead. For all this I have received positive instructions; but as I know that the doctor, though resolute, is not implacable, but ever feelingly alive to the supplications of the distressed, I think he may, perhaps, be still won over; and, if you are wise, you will set about it instantly, taking no notice of my letter.

Yours, &c. GEORGE DOWNING."

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, March 20, 1793.*

You certainly mentioned the dictionary to me, and I as certainly said I should like to subscribe for it. I feel equally the friendliness of your advice and the force of the observations which accompany it; for the one I thank you, for the other I reverence you. But do not misconceive me; I trust I am no bigot in politics, I am sure I am not in religion; I have no leisure to make me so. I do not like Calvinism because I see it has frequently a bad effect on morals; but the principles I do not pretend to have examined, and beyond this I have no decided sentiments. In politics my creed is, that the end of all government is the good of the governed. If I thought the multitude mistook the road to happiness, I would influence their will if I could, but I would never control it. When I could not make them understand the true reason, I would sometimes use a false one, if I thought the effect would be the same. I do not conceive it will always do to show the vulgar things as they are. With respect to right and power, for instance, a mind must have philosophized a good deal before it will resist the propensity of calling a newly discovered power into action. These, my dear Sir, are my principles; and if I have ever defended in generals what I would not defend in particulars, it has been for reasons deducible from them. If my ideas are in theory, or have been in practice erroneous, I know I have ever wished the happiness of my fellow-creatures, and that on the most enlarged scale. Recollect I am not daring to defend any position which you attack, but justifying my philanthropy to a person whose suspicions would hurt me even more than his accusations, *επεα πτεροεντα* as they even are. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged and most faithful friend and servant, GEO. DOWNING.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 10, 1793.*

The receipt of your second letter this morning has surprised and grieved me; surprised me to discover that I have been three weeks without answering the first; grieved me because I have given you occasion to accuse me of inattention. The receipt inclosed will show you I discharged your commission instantly;

and my own declaration will, I trust, convince you that I never advanced a guinea with more alacrity than I subscribe it for your church window. I may add that, when on any other occasion you shall call on me to do the like, I shall assuredly feel the same disposition. The sole reason that has prevented your hearing from me has been that your letter contained some admonitory matter, to which I wished to answer when my head was less full of law than it has been for some time past; and I procrastinated from day to day, without being sensible how the time had elapsed, which your letter has brought me to a distressing investigation. I now answer it as I can. Whoever, then, has suggested to you, and I am apt to think there is some one continually endeavouring to excite prejudices in your mind against me, that I am or even have been a supporter of the war, or that I have ever uttered a sentiment respecting its expediency or inexpediency, must have misrepresented me extremely. To the best of my knowledge, and I have laboured hard to recollect, I have never in any society or company, public or private, expressed my opinion respecting it. If I have talked at all on the matter, I have done so hypothetically, and upon hypothesis not reserved but actually expressed. Not that I would be understood to reprobate it. To you I now say, as I have ever done, that I know not enough of the secret springs of politics, of causes and relations, to have, much less to utter, an opinion on the subject. In the abstract, I hate despots as much as you can, and look upon a combination of them as the most alarming of God's judgments, and I abhor, as much as you can, every attempt to disturb or prevent the happiness of a people which I consider as the end of all government. This is my general creed; as a lawyer engaged in a practical part of the profession, I have seldom leisure enough to examine particular cases by this test. If I hold principles which persons who know me not, or do not think it worth their while to examine what I think, pronounce to you to be arbitrary, it is from believing them to be most conducive to the happiness of the governed, not from consulting the ease of the governing parties. I hold none other than the great and good Montesquieu has done before me; and whatever I know of politics, I have learned from him. I learn that extensive,

wealthy, and commercial states cannot be conducted by virtuous measures alone—that there is another never-failing principle, self-interest, which, in the hands of a good mechanic, will produce more certain ends, and make men who are unprincipled and self-interested as to their own concerns, by means of those very vices to become πιστους εν αλλοτριοις. That where this is best effected, the government will be the stronge and the people perhaps the happiest. If they are corrupted it will not affect their morals in private life; a man may be politically immoral, as it is generally termed, and yet in heart a pure man; venality, when familiar, becomes no crime; for the man who is guilty of it is not conscious of criminality. I think venality less dangerous than power, because it is like a bucket which, oversetting by its own weight, continually discharges itself; the other acquires momentum as it falls. Forgive me, dear Sir, for speaking boldly, though perhaps reasoning foolishly. The truth is, I wish not to conceal my sentiments; I wish you to think of me and know me as I am, and not from the representations of others to adopt wrong notions; and I am far less anxious you should think me a good reasoner than a well-wisher to my fellow-creatures. As to the French, I wish them well with the zeal of a citizen of the world, and without the narrow spirit of an Englishman, and with you I honour them for their attempts to be so: but my opinion of them is sunk when I see their inconsistency; when I find them injudicious enough to apply a blister for the cure of a pimple; cowards enough, after erasing a bastile, to submit to the arbitrary occisions of the guillotine; and wicked enough to be diverted from the contemplation of ill success by the sacrifice of unfortunate generals and disarmed women. Tell me, my dear Sir, that you forgive my silence, and that you are satisfied I am not disrespectful, because in this I should be ungrateful, and for such a seges I trust my heart is not yet fitted. Your most faithful and much obliged friend and servant, G. Downing.

On looking at the receipt, I find it is not dated when paid, so that I am without proof of my punctuality, and it must rest on assertion.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, May* 21, 1795.

I know too well the practice of snapping exchequer process to need half the injunctions you gave me for expedition. I did not even stay to finish reading your letter, and I now send you a quietus. You will see they charged half-a-crown for their admonitory hint. As I know little indeed of the Doctor, and am too much of the lawyer to volunteer a defence without a fee, I shall not pretend to take up his cudgels; but I know your feelings will be much hurt when I tell you that another priest, who has been sometimes the subject of your anathemas, is at present in much distress, from * * * * having eloped—I mean Jones. I do think it will go nigh to break both his and his own wife's heart. The young woman was the darling of their souls, the ewe lamb of their bosoms. Perhaps you will say that this affliction is the purgatorial fire; if so, the devil has laid his tongs upon the tenderest parts of the man's body. Indeed, my dear Sir, I know how quick you are in feeling the woes of others, I know the benevolence of your mind, I know you can allow for prejudice, and pity what you cannot allow for; but I do think you exercise not all these virtues towards poor Jones:* pardon me for hinting it; call him a prejudiced man, and welcome; but do not think him a hypocrite. I have seen him in various situations, and some that would put insincerity dreadfully to the test, and I declare to you I never doubted his honesty an instant. I have that assurance of your general penetration into characters, that, if I knew him a whit less, I would not venture to contend with you, but in my knowledge I feel all the confidence of conviction. My wife, whom you do not know, feels proud of your recollection; to Mrs. Parr, whom I well know and highly esteem, present my most cordial respects, and believe me, dear Sir, most gratefully and faithfully yours,

GEO. DOWNING.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, 23rd May*, 1797.

As to public affairs, I almost despair, and without presending to say how the present dilemma might have been prevented, I see plainly that some important change must inevitably take place. If you knew my heart, you would not ac-

* Rev. Mr. Jones of Nayland, author of a work "on the Trinity," and Life of Bishop Horne.

cuse me of being sanguinary in my disposition; if there is a wish in my heart that tends not to increase the happiness of mankind, I am strangely deceived. I may judge differently of the means of attaining it, but I labour for the same end with you. I have no regard for men on account of any sect or party; scarcely do I feel even a natural attachment. Tros Rutulusve, I consider them as inhabitants of one planet, formed for the mutual aid, support, and protection of each other. After all, my mind cannot grasp much, as yours does, and this may account for a narrowness of sentiment, which is the object of your accusations. My regard attaches itself to individuals, not from personal considerations, but because my mind is equal to contemplate their happiness, and I can indulge in the enjoyment of witnessing it. And I am too shortsighted to see that a sacrifice of personal comforts often contributes to general happiness. If I wish to keep things as they are, it is because I think I see we must wade through blood to a state of melioration; and that, with at least very doubtful prospects of success, all the personal comforts of the present generation must be sacrificed for the trial. Point out to me, my dear Sir, and if any man can do so I am sure you are the best qualified for it, how good may be done without running the risk of this evil, and every effort in my power shall be exerted to effect it. In my boyhood I ever considered your judgment as infallible; in manhood I have thought little less highly of it; nay nothing, if I put politics out of the case. There we differ only in opinion, and if I compared my own weakness with your strength alone, I should not dare to retain mine; but when these opinions are maintained by numbers, who, though not individually, may collectively vie with you in wisdom, you must pardon me for suspending a judgment I scarce know how to correct. I fear you will say I have written stuff, and I am apt to think so, but to the director of my youth, and the man whose friendship is the pride of my riper years, I write as I think, without reserve or industry. I should rejoice to see you in town. Pray make my best respects to the ladies, and believe me, dear Sir, very truly yours, GEORGE DOWNING.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *June* 18, 1800.

I hope you will not forget your kind promise of an epitaph for my good friend Baldwin, when you are settled at home.

I would not have reminded you, but I am afraid that the widow, who is in a hurry to perform the last sad duty of erecting a monument, should disgrace his memory by accepting the offer of some officious, illiterate, and ambitious acquaintance, and damn it with an unchristianlike inscription. I am not insensible to the favours you conferred on us by your visits in town, and I hope you will not forget your promise to let your sagacious and lovely daughter visit us on her return from Norwich. Present my respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr. Frank Hargrave both writes and reads, and I hope to good purpose. Believe me, dear Doctor, affectionately yours,

G. Downing.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Monday Morning.*

I have not answered your letter hitherto, because I was in hopes, from the tenor of it, that the lost books were to be conveyed to you from Cambridge, through Remnant; and I hoped that I should have had an opportunity not only of writing but sending Falster to you by that conveyance. Having, however, called on him several times, and finding that the books have not been sent to him, I conclude they have got to you some other way, and I sincerely congratulate you on having recovered them. I have lately met your old pupil Maurice, two or three times; he left school before I came there, but I am, nevertheless, glad to have made an acquaintance with him; he has some oddities, and seems too suspicious of indignities, but on the whole I conceive him to have a good heart. He has hitherto served God for nought, and, from his professions of orthodoxy, I am rather surprised at it. But you, who know more, and see abundantly further than I do, could, perhaps, account for it. He has formed an acquaintance with the Speaker, from which he professes some expectations, with how much foundation I know not. I have subscribed to his Indian Antiquities, and the History of Hindostan. The mythology of the former seems much on the Hutchinsonian plan, at least so far as respects the cherubimical figures; I conclude you have seen it. My father still continues very weak, but is pronounced to be in a state of convalescence.

I think there is little probability of his returning to his duty this winter. Adieu my dear Sir, I will not forget your truths.

Yours, most faithfully, G. DOWNING.

William Lowndes, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, 21, *Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, April 7*, 1821.

I have been a good deal amused in looking through a volume lately published by Mr. Nicholls, intituled "Recollections and Reflections on public affairs during the reign of George the Third." I do not know whether the book has fallen in your way. Mr. Nicholls himself you are probably acquainted with, as he is an old whig, and was a member of the House of Commons during three Parliaments. There seems to be a great deal of good practical sense in the political remarks scattered through his book, except, perhaps, on the very questionable subject of Parliamentary Reform. Most of the anecdotes he gives, carry my faith along with them; but I am rather puzzled what reliance to place on an opinion, which he expresses, that Mr. Fox had nothing at all to do with the formation of the India Bill. He says "it was prepared by Burke with the sole assistance of Mr. Pigot, afterwards Sir Arthur; that the Attorney and Solicitor-General of that day, Mr. Lee and Sir James Mansfield, both assured him that they never saw the bill until it was printed for the use of the House of Commons, and they doubted whether Charles Fox himself had ever seen the bill, before all the main parts of it had been completely arranged by Burke; that Lord North certainly did not see it until it was completed." Mr. Nicholls expresses strong disapprobation of that India bill. Now I have heard it frequently mentioned as an instance of Mr. Fox's long views, and as a remarkably wise measure for the effective superintendance of India. If you think the point worth settling, how far Mr. Fox was concerned in devising or framing that bill, you will oblige me by being my Œdipus.

I remember once, in conversing about the test act, you mentioned some tract in which the arguments in favour of its repeal were ably put together; drawn up, if I remember right, by Mr. Serjeant Heywood. I have been on the look out for the tract

for a long time, but have never had the good fortune to meet with it. You will do me a great favour by letting me know the exact title of it.

Last Christmas, in holiday time, I busied myself with reading some of Plato's dialogues, and among the rest the Io. The account there given of the inspiration of the rhapsodists, seemed to me to be secret banter, and that sort of indirect satire, which has since been so adroitly managed by Hume. But I observe that Sydenham is much more serious in his view of the gist of the dialogue, and that, though he does not reject, he rather discountenances such a construction. Yet it agrees very well with Socrates' character for irony. Plato's imagination indeed, on many occasions, seems to have carried him along, and made him more than half serious in building castles in the air, which Socrates would have smiled at.

I dare say you will consider this a letter of very idle questions and prattling; but I have fewer scruples about writing, as I am favoured with an opportunity of conveyance by a private hand.

Believe me, dear Sir, with great respect, your sincere friend,

WILLIAM LOWNDES.

DEAR DOCTOR, 21, *Henrietta-st. Nov.* 5, 1821.

I received safe the parcel forwarded by the Crown Prince, and cannot sufficiently express my acknowledgements for your most valuable present of Bekker's Plato. The handsome and flattering expressions, which you have prefixed to the first volume, so far exceed any deserts of mine, that they would rather fill me with shame than vanity, if I did not consider them in a different point of view, and appreciate them, as I do, most highly, as marks of your kind esteem, and of the partiality of your friendship.

I find Bekker considers many of the dialogues commonly attributed to Plato, as spurious, and among the rest, I was rather surprised to see that he rejects the two Alcibiades, the Io, Minos, and the Epinomis. Ever since your parcel arrived, and indeed at present, my time and attention have been and are occupied in my profession; and I have delayed writing to you until I have been really guilty of rudeness, in the hope that I should have

leisure to look into these matters, and be able to see on what grounds Bekker rejects these, particularly the second Alcibiades, and the Io. As it is, without having made any research myself, I dare scarcely take the liberty of asking you whether you concur with Bekker in rejecting the five dialogues above mentioned. I confess, however, that I do feel some curiosity to learn your critical judgment upon this head.

Believe me, dear doctor, with great respect, your affectionate and obliged friend, WILLIAM LOWNDES.

Richard Parry, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Saturday, August* 1.

I am happy to find that my opinion concurs with and is sanctioned by yours, respecting the propriety of a monument to poor Jones,* as well as the place where it should be erected. I do not, I confess, quite see in the same strong light with yourself the liability to imputations of "arrogance or officiousness." At least I am sure that, if imputed to you, they would be false and groundless. However, as I know your delicacy on the subject, I make no doubt of being able to remove the only difficulty which exists in your mind; and also to be able, when the plan is more matured, to make a proper application in a proper manner.

It will be necessary, I apprehend, that a proposal for erecting a monument in the chapel should be made to the Fellows, or that part of them called the seniority; and, as nothing can be done without their acquiescence, it may perhaps be requisite so to manage the matter, as to have it appear that the measure originated with, and proceeded from, them in the first instance. This precaution may be proper, though it is not likely that there would be opposition or objection from any quarter.

I beg my best regards to Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne. I am very sorry to hear that the former is indisposed, and that the latter has so much of domestic disquietude. To have her children withheld from her, must, I well know, be a deep mortification to so affectionate and attentive a parent. The retention of them is surely very hard, if not unjustifiable. Can no means be

* Late Tutor of Trinity college, Cambridge.

devised, if not of reconciliation, at least of compromise, which, by conceding something to the mutual claims, might add to the mutual comfort of the parties? The principle of reciprocal concession is essential to the well-being, if not to the existence, of the connubial state; as I remember the great philosopher, who teaches quid utile, quid non, plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore, briefly and beautifully lays down, when he makes Juno tell her consort, Ταδε παντα εεικομεθ' αλληλοισιν: and I cannot but consider that person as defective in this principle who resists a demand which the claimant founds upon the strongest ties of natural affection. Whatever the legal right may be in the case, the natural claim is surely clear, and should predominate. Believe me, dear Sir, yours very truly, R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

As it is impossible to me not to feel, in common with your friends, a considerable degree of interest in an event of so much importance to your happiness as the matrimonial union which you have lately formed, I cannot refrain from joining mine to the numerous congratulations which you have no doubt received; and I trust I may be allowed to add that, if they should be the last in point of time, they are not the least sincere which have been offered to you on this occasion.

As I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Mrs. Parr, I can speak only from report; but if I may trust to its testimony in her favour, you have selected a lady whose good sense will do credit to your judgment, and whose good disposition may engage your affections, and add comfort to your fireside.

That you may long, long enjoy life, health, and all the happiness that your friends can desire for you, or your fondest hopes have anticipated in this state, is the fervent wish of, dear Sir, yours very sincerely, RICHARD PARRY.

Walter Pollard, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Barbadoes, Feb.* 25, 1781.

I wrote to you by a former packet; and, that I may omit no invitation to encourage your answer and a future communication, I once more repeat, that any script of paper assuring me of your welfare will give me the greatest satisfaction. Among the passengers of a fleet that called here on its way to St. Kitt's, I saw Julius, and spent a day with him. He seems in better hopes than formerly, and I most sincerely wish he may obtain the just end of his wishes. He informed me of your promotion in the Church, and you may suppose that your success made me happy; for indeed nothing less than the success of friendly characters can atone for that evil which I feel, amidst many a melancholy thought of the past and of the future, and in a scene of desolation and distress far beyond the most gloomy imagination to conceive.

In my last I gave you some faint description of my studies; these, from the nature of the climate, the want of a proper society and assistance, and, above all, from the shattered condition of my mind, must necessarily be both languid and desultory, and void of that energy and consistency which afford solid, or even elegant knowledge. I retain the same passion for the endowments of the mind, the same abhorrence of inactivity; and some uneasinesses I have suffered at an early period of life, make me resolved to lay up those resources which accident cannot diminish, and death alone can ravish from their owners. But how, or where? that is the important question. I hate these climates, but dire necessity and duty to my father called me to them, and here I am, and consequently must be, till those duties are satisfied. In this corner of the world, this ruined, wretched place, the relics of hurricanes, to say nothing of the living creatures, ranks, individuals, masters, and slaves, &c., separated from those I love, esteem, and admire, and destitute of that private consolation and internal tranquillity, which I had a right, at least, to have expected, what is to be done, and what can be attempted? To you, my dear Sir, if accident or the friendly hand of death do not relieve me, I must refer for assistance, and in the way you are

so eminently qualified to afford it. For, however I may in some respects have departed from your instructions (the prey of passion and the victim of many evils), yet may I not say, Me tibi supposui, teneros tu suscipe annos? but I cannot say with Persius,

——————— amborum fœdere certo,
Consentire dies, et ab uno sidere duci;

for I hope your fortunes are fixed, and all your cares ended. If you answer my letter, you will do more than some of my other friends, of whom I know nothing. Adieu, my dear Sir, and believe me most truly yours, W. POLLARD.

P. S. The merchant, Mr. Le Mesurier, to whom I begged you to address your letters for me, is dead. Write, if you please, by the packets, or send to Lloyd's when a fleet sails. My best respects to Mrs. Parr.

Sigismund Trafford Southwell, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DOCTOR, *June* 21.

I shall divide my letter into three parts; an assurance, an abuse, and a stipulation. The assurance is, that, with respect to the money, it was only to gratify a caprice; and as I am not much of a metaphysician, I often dignify caprice with the name of feeling. That this was only caprice, I know well, by the easiness with which I overcame it, when once I began to exert myself. The abuse is, that you are a Presbyterian, a rank one too; forasmuch as that, like the rest of your sect, you never answer a question. I asked you for a plan of your operations this summer, in order that I might know how to see you, which I much wish; in return for which you say a great deal of nothing at all. The stipulation is, that if you give a categorical answer concerning your plan, I will endeavour to snatch a few days, or a week, at the end of next month. My compliments and best wishes to Mrs. Parr and yours. My mother and sister send their best compliments. I am, dear Doctor, yours sincerely,

SIGISMUND TRAFFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Exmouth, April* 30.

The knowledge of every accession of income, or any increase to your pleasure or happiness, contributes always something considerable to mine; and I have such a regard, and love, and respect, for Mr. Coke, that it is only short of idolatry; therefore I feel in this instance a more lively, and almost a selfish gratification. I should conceive Buckingham to be a better residence than Hatton; it is a good town, if I may judge, who have only once passed through it, and its nearer approach to the capital and the two universities must render it more agreeable to you in many respects. Allow me to beg this favour of you, namely, if you should determine to relinquish Hatton, let me know before any other person, that I may write to my mother, and beg it for Love Robertson; poor fellow! he is balked of his Herefordshire living.

Since I have seen you, many events have occurred; my house at Tuck's Wood is down, and "grass now grows where Troy town stood." I have hired that house in Surrey-street, where Richard Gurney formerly lived, on a lease of seven years, in order that I may wait for a chapter in the book of accidents. We do not take possession before Michaelmas. In the mean time, we spend our summer in Devonshire; this month, that is, until the middle of May, we stay at Exmouth; thence we go more south and west, to Teignmouth, or Torquay, or Dartmouth; there we wait over my second son's holidays (the Charter House has three weeks in June); thence to Ilfracombe, where we shall receive Sigismund from Harrow. I flatter myself he goes on very well; he is in the sixth form; he is intimate with a very good lad, Lowndes, who is intimate with you. S. brings me home his verses, which are passably good, and the ideas flow easily. My wife, who, like yourself, is suffering from this cold weather, unites with me in kind wishes, and respectful compliments to yourself, Mrs. Parr, and Mrs. Wynn; and I remain yours most truly, S. TRAFFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, *Wroxham Hall, May* 16, 1815.

I thank you, and feel proudly grateful to you for your good opinion; wisdom, or sense, or graceful-mindedness, are (as Paris observes on personal qualities) gifts of God, most estimable, and most desirable where they are bestowed, not matters for envy. But honesty is every man's duty and in every man's power; yet such is the frailty of our nature that you may see ten thousand wise, or sensible, or agreeable men, sooner than one honest man; and if we did not both of us know Mr. Coke, I should find it very difficult, if not impossible, to point out a man of strict uniform integrity in great and small, in business or pleasure, pursuit or relaxation; to all these qualities he unites native dignity.

With respect to Bonaparte, I separate him from his cause; he was a traitor to liberty, and through him no good can come; if I were in a humour to sport, I should say liberty in her early youth, and in the hey-day of blood and spirit, produced a bastard, who when grown up disowned his illegitimacy, and denied his mother with insult and injury: from such a wretch what good can arise? Yet, could we rescue the mother, innumerable benefits would attend us.

My son, who is not yet wholly recovered from his Spanish hardships, is on his route to Belgium; I feel there is some nature in the Scotch Tramper's remark, "Hoot, hoot, you fool! the deel take the just cause, the Lord deliver Mark Kerr's regiment, I say;" so say I to the royals.

Be so kind as to remember me most respectfully and affectionately to the Bishop of Cloyne. I remain, my dear Sir, most truly yours, S. T. SOUTHWELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *September* 4, 1815.

You are going to travel with that great and good man Mr. Coke; I hope you will have fine weather. Sir J. Smith to soft manners unites great knowledge; and, though he possesses classical knowledge in a degree far, very far, beneath you, his taste is truly classical; you must have a very agreeable tour. With respect to foreign affairs, the French are as bad, and profligate, and perfidious, and have been as tyrannical, as a people can be; and

the Allies are the same with power. The English, you among the rest, gape about and look abroad too much; liberty, constitutional, practical, orderly liberty, is of true English growth: we have lost much of it by pursuing foreign Will-of-the-wisps, and as long as we chuse to amuse ourselves in that manner, ministry will indulge us, and make us pay. Believe me we never did, and never shall acquire any accession or security to our liberties from France. Mr. Fox originally wished the French to be left to themselves, and I am convinced we must do so at last. Mrs. Southwell unites with me in best regards, and I remain, my dear Sir, most truly yours, S. T. SOUTHWELL.

MY DEAR SIR, *Wroxham Hall, January* 22, 1821.

I am sorry to hear you have an erysipelatous complaint; generally they are very harmless; but, if neglected or ill managed, they become highly dangerous. Let me advise you to consult some eminent physician, who will treat your complaint with an alterative system, and mark out a proper diet; all acids are bad, you are a very moderate man in wine, but wine acts as a powerful acid in the habit. As to the situation of the country, it is so dreadfully bad, so near ruin, public and private, so near revolution, either despotical or anarchical, that people now, though too late, see and tremble. Do not let the Toryism of your brother trustees vex you; I have been disgusted so long with the universal corruption, that I am always rather surprised when I meet with a man who is not a Tory. Gibbon, somewhere says, corruption is a symptom of liberty existing in reality; if so, let us hope selfishness may be directed to a good end.

We celebrated Fox's memory the other night, Lord Albemarle in the chair. The Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Coke, and many gentlemen of fortune and influence were present, who all united in the wish for Parliamentary Reform, without which they said change of men could be of no service, and change of measures not permanent. Thank God, my wife and children are all well; my wife begs to unite with me in best wishes and compliments to you and Mrs. Parr. On the other side of the paper I write as trustee, according to your direction. I remain, my dear doctor, yours truly and affectionately, S. T. SOUTHWELL.

I, S. T. Southwell, one of the trustees for Mrs. Throgmorton's Charity for repairing and beautifying Hatton Church, do hereby authorize the Rev. Dr. Parr, to lay out fourteen pounds from the church fund in the purchase of new coverings for the pulpit, desk, and communion table. S. T. SOUTHWELL.

Jan. 22, 1821.

In a copy of Dr. Battie's Isocrates, which Dr. Parr presented to Sigismund Trafford Southwell, Esq. are the following hendecasyllables.

" Sit hoc *μνημόσυνον* tui magistri,
Quod legas relegasque—vive semper,
Et tui memor officî, meique,
Qui te discipulo usus et patrono,
Ingratum haud videor mihi tulisse,
Aut tibi, juveni optimo, laborem.

Non. Mart. 1780. S. P.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. John Bartlam.

DEAR JOHN, *Hatton, 24 December,* 1804.

I send over my boy with panniers for the wine. Pray write SΦH in capitals on the sherry: you need not mark Mrs. Parr's. I thank you for this friendly present, and I beseech you to be very careful in packing up all the materials with plenty of hay. Moreover be so good as to have my old horse fed with half a peck of corn on Sunday and with a quartern on Monday morning; and do not fail to send off the boy before eleven. Be punctual in this. I shall be with you on Monday, the 7th January. Johnny, the covers are come, and one has your name. Now, you have extremely embarrassed me; for depending on what you said about your own convenience at the close of November, I told the silversmith that I would send him £26 as soon as the goods were delivered; but they are delivered, and the money is not sent, which is extremely painful to my feelings,

and contrary to my practice. I therefore earnestly desire that you would do as follows: By Monday's post send a bank post bill, payable in nine days from the date, and let it be for £26, of which I will pay you the one pound surplus as soon as I can. Mind this. Pin the bill in very safe, and direct it to Messrs. Harrison and Co. silversmiths, successors to Mr. Coly, Fetter-lane, Holborn, London. Write them a short letter; tell them you send the post bill by my direction, and desire them by return of post to acknowledge the receipt thereof, directed to you at Alcester, Warwickshire, and to me at Hatton. Indeed, Johnny, you have exercised my spirits. I hope you have brought Morhoff and T. Maurus from Oxford. I am sorry you did not share in the pleasant time I spent with Dealtry and Dr. John last week. We should all have been happy to see you. I meant to come home on horseback on the Friday; but the fear of bad weather led me to come home on Thursday in the chaise with Dealtry, who, in his good-natured way, returned through Warwick instead of Stratford for my accommodation. Dr. Percival's son came to see me: he is a very sensible man, and I have promised to write a Latin epitaph for his father. Give my best compliments to Robert, to Mr. Bartlam, and to Booker. Be punctual about the post bill, and send off my boy in good time.

I am truly yours, S. PARR.

Dr. Priestley's committee are pleased with the epitaph, and have voted me the Cambridge Beza in return for my services. This is very proper.

Rev. John Bartlam, to Dr. Parr.

Merton College, November 24, 1805.

MY DEAR AND MOST VALUABLE FRIEND,

I have received all your letters. I am particularly grieved at the contents of the last. It is in vain for me to offer any consolation to a heart so tender, and to a situation so afflicting as yours. The resources of your own fortitude, piety, and wisdom, will do more than all the assistance which you can experience from the kindest sympathies of friendship, or the most judicious and best-meant exertions of those who grieve for the severe

trial to which you are at present exposed. I feel most sensibly for the sorrows of you all; and I pray God to afford you as speedy and effectual a release from them as His wisdom and goodness may appoint, or human circumstances and human sensibility may allow. The sincere regard I bear to you all, and the affectionate interest I take in the situation of her who suffers, and in the afflictions of those to whom they are most afflicting, will secure my heartiest concurrence in every thing which may be proposed to me, or expected of me, either to alleviate present miseries, or, upon the melancholy termination of them, to shew the sense I feel of a daughter's inexpressible value, and a parent's inexpressible loss. May God bless you, and support you. Pray do not fail to give my best remembrances, and to express my tenderest regrets to Mrs. Parr. To Catherine, if you say what my feelings prompt, and my prayers ask, you will deliver a message of as much personal tenderness as the sufferings of a most valued friend can excite, or the worth of a most exalted character can demand. I am glad that you have reached Teignmouth. It will afford you, in future, a melancholy satisfaction, that the affectionate assiduities of a parent attended her last sufferings, and that his anxious eyes beheld her when she drew her latest breath. I was at once affected and consoled by your letter of this morning; it describes at the same time the anguish of your parental feelings and the support which is afforded you by the purity and strength of your religious principles. May God continue His goodness to you in every trial which may await you.

I have called frequently upon our excellent and righteous friend, the President. He desires me to express his deep concern for the cause of your present and aggravated sorrows. He desires me also to express his disappointment at not having received you as his visitor at Oxford. You will be a welcome guest whenever you choose to make his house either a refuge of sorrow, or a resource of happiness. I have asked his opinion of the passages in the inscriptions. He has, I think, made them both out satisfactorily and clearly. I went to the Bodleian on Saturday, to consult Anton. Augustinus, and the other authors referred to by T. Warton, in the notes. As I did not go before two o'clock, I found it closed. I will, however, make a second

visit. Your first letter I could not make out till I had an interview with the President. He was much indisposed with a cold, for some days after its arrival. When he was at leisure, we looked it over in part.

Ast hæc Grajugenam resonans Arcontia linguam,
Nomina Virgineo non tulit apta choro,

means as follows. But the Arcontia sounding like the Greek language, had other names which could not be brought into verse. Virgineus chorus is a synonyme for the verses, or rather a periphrasis for them. The muses again are synonymous for verses. I find Virgineus chorus used once in Ovid, in the third book, Artis Amatoriæ, line 168:

——————— venire videmus
Herculis ante oculos Virgineumque chorum.

This I found out; and I find also that there was a temple in Rome dedicated to the Muses and Hercules, by Fulvius Nobilior. This temple is alluded to in this Ovidian verse. In Burman's Ovid, Heinsius reads "Pieridumque chorum." It would seem that he could not construe Virgineus chorus. But the inscription vindicates the Ovid, and Ovid the inscription. Virgineumque chorum, I suppose, is the true reading. The President so construes the inscription, and Ovid, I think, supports it. Et antecessi genita post leti diem, he construes thus: "And I, born after my father, have gone the day of my death before him;" "or," in other words, "anticipated him in my death." This seems clear and satisfactory. I will consult Anton. Augustinus, as you desire, and let you know the result. The President is not aware of the passage in Ovid. I found it out, by consulting Gesner in voce Virgineus. The information about the temple is under the word Musæ in Gesner, and also in Burman's note. It was dedicated to Hercules Musagetes. I leave Oxford on Friday next for Alcester. Pray write to me at Alcester.

Vaughan sends his best remembrances of affection to you. Griffith and Pigou do the same. I am perfectly well, and perfectly happy, in all my concerns. I only wish that the one of such importance to you could be regulated according to my wishes; but God's will must be done. Hail and farewell!

I am, your most affectionate friend, J. Bartlam.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. John Bartlam.

DEAR JOHNNY, *Hatton, October* 2, 1820.

I am glad that you were amused by your tour. I not only allow, but wish you to extend the term of your amusement to the 9th. You must however remember, that after the 9th you must have uninterrupted labour for six weeks, and I will hear of no apology. I am preparing for death by that which I am doing, and intend to do; and mark my serious words seriously. Mr. Shackleton has been incessantly and meritoriously employed; he has inserted in my catalogue some thousand volumes, and the volumes reserved for you exceed two thousand. Mr. Shackleton will resume his labours in the spring for a fortnight. He will be here again in the early part of the summer, and I hope within nine months to finish my catalogue. Call upon Bohte and Bohn, and inquire about Micyllus. But call first, and call as soon as you get into town, and be sure to call, upon Mr. Payne, in Pall-mall, and tell him I will not trouble him to get the Origines Sacræ of Stillingfleet, which I had commissioned Mr. Foss to order from Mr. Payne. Present my very best respects to this excellent man. Desire him to send me his catalogue; and assure him, that in all my dealings with him, I feel the greatest satisfaction and the greatest confidence. You must be here to finish Taylor for John Nichols. I would not interrupt the catalogue, and this task properly belongs to you, and must not be delayed. I ordered the Oxford edition of Cicero at a cheap price. Where is it? You are answerable. Call, if you can, upon Mr. Fellowes. Call on Mr. Phillips, and tell him that, immediately on my arrival, I sent Ben Jonson to be smartly bound at Warwick. I ordered the book to be done immediately, that I might have it conveyed by a friend. Sharpe delayed. He then sent the book, and it has been mislaid amidst the masses tossed about for the catalogue. I am provoked at this; but the book is not lost, and I will take care to send it to Mrs. Phillips. Do not fail, Johnny, to make this communication. The eldest son of William Spencer is with me. I am charmed with his taste, his vivacity, his urbanity, and his ingenuousness. He is rambling to see our curiosities. He must see Ragley, and I have told Robert to expect us on Thursday next. I cannot wait for you; but you must come over on Tuesday, in

next week, and take your chance of seeing him. Remember me respectfully to Lord and Lady Say and Sele, and to Lord Eardley and to Mr. Eardley. I positively forbid all engagements with Mr. Eardley for the present, and you must explain to him. I am most impatient to find the French King's inscription; you must come and rummage. The losses I discover in books are most tormenting. My memory upon things past is almost miraculous; but I feel the growing decay on things present, and neither bookseller nor scholar could do what I am doing for my library. I am truly yours, S. PARR.

A specimen of the manner in which Dr. Parr vented his ill-humour, when Bartlam had failed in attending him at Hatton.

Hatton, Wednesday afternoon.

Disappointed Dr. Parr is not, when he reflects upon the numberless instances in which fatality, combined with very lax morality, has led Mr. Bartlam to violate his promises. Displeased Dr. Parr is often and justly; he does not, however, put down Mr. Bartlam's attendance upon Mr. Tracey and Sir Thomas Salisbury so much to the account of apathy, sybaritism, and other evil qualities, as to fatality. Mr. Bartlam is desired not to think of coming over on Friday; and though Dr. Parr's mind is employed upon very important and perplexing subjects, he disdains to play the fool with himself, in suggesting any other day in any other week for Mr. Bartlam to expose himself to the trouble, and perhaps the mortification, of riding over from Alcester to Hatton.

Dr. Parr goes to Leamington early on Friday, he expects company on Saturday at Hatton; he can transact business on neither of the days with runagates. The letters are not yet finished; every thing goes on very ill with John Wynne; but what are all these things to the weighty considerations, which exercise and elevate the mind of Mr. Bartlam?

Dr. Parr hopes that Mr. Bartlam will make all proper inquiries about the curacy of Coughton, and make the utmost endeavours to facilitate the appointment of Mr. Shackleton. He also begs the favour of Mr. Bartlam to make out a full and correct list of Dr. Parr's epitaphs; and having found the sermon long ago lost,

Dr. Parr is beginning to form a serious purpose of publication and republication. He will republish his Sermons, the Letter to Irenopolis, some Political Extracts, and his Inscriptions. Whether or not he will affix any additional sermon, is yet uncertain. He very much wants the second edition of his Preface to Bellenden; perhaps Mr. Bartlam can assist him in getting one, or desire Dr. Charles Burney to look one up.

Hatton, June 21, 1822.

I know nothing of Mr. Bartlam's movements; I suppose that he will attend the funeral of the Marquis of Londonderry. I wish to do justice to his memory in the Gentleman's Magazine. Nothing can be done this month;* but I think that Mr. Nichols should be prepared to receive an article for July, and probably Mr. Bartlam will vouchsafe to assist in drawing it up; but he must get from the family some particulars. S. PARR.

DEAR JOHNNY, *October* 14, 1822.

While I read your letter, and thought of your companions, I now and then muttered, his epulis et tali dignus amico! yet I am glad that your stay was long and pleasant. I do not choose to ask you to come over, but I tell you seriously, that I have more than a week's employment for some auxiliary in making up various and important accounts. I want also to trace our thief in some books and papers, and you must write to him what I will dictate. John Lynes, Caroline, and Augusta, left us last Friday; we are to meet at Dr. John's, on Thursday, the 24th of this month. The church is going on; it shall be a complete business; and I think, Johnny, that you might make a little experiment upon the Precentor, and get for me a little donation; let him send me £2, and if you do not ask him, I will. Nothing can please me so much as a contribution to my church in this, my last plan for it. The expence will be more than £700, and my share will be very heavy. I have bought two young coach-horses, and Sam is training them with his usual skill and courage. They will be fit for use at the very time I shall be able to drive four, the grand, and indeed sole

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* Nothing was communicated from Dr. Parr.

object of my ambition. Johnny, you shall buy and you shall read O'Meara's book; you will often hear my voice in it, and you will not wonder at the triumph I feel in my own political sagacity. With one exception, it is the most interesting book I ever read, and there is only one strong point upon which Dr. Parr differs widely from Napoleon. If you were to read Tacitus and Suetonius, you would form a right judgment of what passes in my mind about your associates. You are guilty of treason in the use of your favourite word society, and I shall fine you sixpence whensoever you utter it. You confound social and convivial; and your convivial differs essentially and quintessentially from Cicero's account of the word, when he contrasts the Latin convivium, with the Greek symposion. Remember me to your brother, Mr. Eardley, Lord Eardley, and Lord and Lady Saye and Sele; call if you can upon Bohn, Bohte, and Robert Fellowes. I saw Augustus Legge last Saturday. Miss Elizabeth Coke is soon to be married to Mr. Stanhope, of Yorkshire. I have got the contagion, and am beginning to be a news-monger; but I hate the office, and so good bye.

I am truly yours, S. P.

Rev. J. Bartlam, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Exeter, January 22*, 1823.

I am more than commonly concerned that I shall not be present at the celebration of your birth-day on Monday next. I shall not forget it wherever I may be, with the best wishes of my soul, for its renewal to you with the same health of body, the same powers of mind, the same cheerfulness of spirits, and, above all, the same undeviating integrity of life and benevolence of heart, which have distinguished you above your fellow mortals in all former kinds on which that day has been celebrated to your honour, and your friends' happiness. You will be rejoiced to hear that I continue in *perfect health*; and that I have passed my time in every way calculated to preserve it in the soundest state, by avoiding *intemperance* of every kind, and partaking every day of that society, and those amusements, which refresh and sustain the spirits in the best tone, and produce every auspicious effect both upon body and mind. I look to the day of my departure with gloom and

misery. But it must come some day in the course of next week. I shall go from hence to London, where I shall pass ten days, or perhaps a fortnight with Mr. Eardley; we had arranged to have spent a fortnight at Bath together. But he has entreated me to come to London instead; having the greatest desire to see me, not only for the pleasure of doing it, after my recovery, but for some purposes of business connected with interests of some importance; in the progress of which my help may be very serviceable. I heard the other day from our friend Tracy, who mentioned your kind invitation to him to be present at your birth-day. I dare say you will see him, though he mentioned to me his engagements at Stoneleigh as likely to prevent it; *unless* he could find them in the humour to allow his departure for one day. As Mr. Leigh will be of the party, there can be little doubt of Mr. Tracy joining him; at all events Tracy will pay his respects to you before he leaves Warwickshire.

I saw the Bishop very frequently. He always behaved to me with the ease and familiarity of an old acquaintance, and very often invited me to dine with him. He is upon the whole much liked in his diocese by the Clergy. My brother's brethren of the Chapter, and all his friends and visitors, have shewn the most striking marks of respect to him, by their kindly and most sincere kindness to myself.

I was never in a country metropolis, where there is so much to love and so much to enjoy, as in Exeter. It is a land of beauty, a land of plenty, and a land stored with all the choicest and most abundant materials for the promotion of happiness to persons of all ages and and stations.

I hope that brother Palmer made every thing agreeable to you while you was at Alcester. I answered the contents of your last letter to me, as far as I could understand them, to *him*, and desired him to read what I wrote to you; we still have some stirring work when Parliament meets.

Is ——— a government spy? I can scarcely swallow this—At the Norfolk meeting he proposed the confiscation of the Church property in so many words. In 1802 he wrote as follows. "The Clergy are *not paid* by the people any more than the Landowners are. The tithes are as much their property as the rent is the property of the Landlord; and why the Clergyman should

receive as pay what the Landlord demands as his own, we cannot perceive. A man who should attempt to defraud his Landlord of his rent, would be deemed a cheat; yet we see no loss of character attached to him who is in the constant habit of defrauding his Rector or Vicar. This distinction, together with all the plunder that has been committed, and is daily and hourly committing upon the Church, is solely to be attributed to the false, dangerous, and degrading notion, that the tithes are given by way of payment to the Priest for services rendered, for so much work done for the persons by whom they are raised. Nothing can be more erroneous; the tithes do not belong to the husbandman. They never can be called his, and therefore he can never give them in payment. The Clergyman claims them as his right, unfettered with any condition whatsoever, other than those he enters into with God and the King. It has been the fashion of late years to talk very familiarly about abolishing tithes. Those who have lands would do well to consider how they would relish the abolishing of rents; for they may be assured, that the latter will never be far behind the former. Those who would make a law for abolishing tithes, would probably not wish to make another for abolishing rents, for they may rest assured, that the latter will never be far behind the former. We hope that no project of secularization, of commutation, or of compulsory composition, will ever for a moment be entertained. The law for the redemption of the land-tax has already broken in upon the Church; let the breach go no further, or the whole fabric will come to the ground, with the throne tumbling upon its ruins."

In the same paper it was also observed, that "a half-starved Clergyman, amidst a crowd of big-bellied, rosy-gilled farmers, is to be found in more than half the parishes of the kingdom, instead of a big-bellied Vicar amongst his half-starved parishioners, as has been usually represented for the last forty years."

"Let us hope that the reign of delusion is drawing to a close; and that this worthless political empiric, detected in his hypocritical pretences to public virtue will soon cease to be mentioned but as an object of derision, and a monument of dejected imposture." From the British Press, January 6, 1823, a very sensible paper in opposition.

C——— was met at Hereford with a rehearsal of his former opinions against the Farmers; and a Gentleman made a very able attack upon him, and he was beaten completely. The Provincial papers should republish this tithe subject, and the "rosy-gilled big-bellied farmers." Would Sharpe publish it in his paper?

My brother Tom begs to be kindly and most respectfully remembered to you. Give my kindest wishes to Mrs. Parr and Eyre, and believe me your obliged and devoted friend,

J. Bartlam.

REVEREND AND DEAR JOHN, ALIAS JOHNNY,
ALIAS JACK BARTLAM, *Elmley Lovet, 8th Nov.* 1823.

We the undersigned congratulate your reverence upon your progressive recovery, and shall have unfeigned satisfaction in knowing that your health is completely restored. We rejoice that you are under the auspicious protection of Dr. John, as your physician; that you have the faithful, kind, and judicious aid of Dr. Jones; that you are blessed with the wise and affectionate attentions of Mr. Chanter; and that your spiritual comforter and guide is Francis Palmer, the recently and deservedly appointed Secretary both for the Home and Foreign Departments. Our minds dwell with particular delight upon your possession and your enjoyment of a Royal receipt for broth: and we humbly hope that you will, in due time, condescend to favour us, not only with a faithful copy of the precious discovery, but with the authority of your testimony upon its transcendental efficacy, and with your profound remarks, theoretical and practical, upon the ingredients themselves, upon their peculiar mixture, and upon the various manner in which they affect the palate, the stomach, and the intestines. We do not presume to make inquiry into the medicines which are prescribed for you; and at the same time, we can assure you of our entire confidence in their operation as diaphoretic, diuretic, and deobstruent; and if there be occasion for the addition of narcotic properties, we are quite sure that your consecrated carcase will not be bereaved of this inestimable benefit.

Caroline is in anxious expectation of being illuminated in

culinary matters, by such aid as yourself and the Chanter can supply from the stores of your experience, and the depths of your science.

Augusta expects to receive from you some consolatory information upon the privileges and blessings of old bachelorship.

John Lynes pants with curiosity, and burns with impatience, for some instruction on the subject of tithes.

The Doctor relaxes a little from his usual sternness, and gives you a dispensation for not applying your most industrious, most diligent, and active mind to study in theology, philology, and ontology.

Caroline confesses, with sorrow, that the lanes which lead to the Parsonage are dangerous to man, woman, horse, mule, and donkey; and she is disposed to support the Doctor's cause, when he inveighs most indignantly against the want of skill, or want of exertion in John Lynes, as surveyor of the roads; and you know very well, that explanation, and apologies, and promises, are employed in vain to alter his opinion, or to soften his objections. Your reverend name has been profaned by an atrocious calumny; for John Lynes, like Jack Bartlam, has more reliance on the number of accomplices, than upon the justice of a cause; and he this moment has audaciously declared that you spoke with rapturous admiration, upon the rapid approach of the Elmley Lovett roads to the Macadamite system. Caroline hangs her head; Augusta giggles; and the Doctor frowns and growls at these audacious attempts of John Lynes to vindicate the character of the highways and byeways committed to his charge.

We all join in best compliments to the Rector, and the Precentor, and in the most friendly wishes of our souls to you.

John Lynes.
Caroline Sobieski Lynes.
Augusta Eliza Wynne.
Samuel
the mark + of
Parr.

Reverendo sacerdoti et miserando cælebi, Johanni Bartlam, Alcester, Warwickshire.

Rev. William Beloe, to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND SIR, *London, Dec.* 13, 1783.

I should take shame to myself for not having given you earlier information of my success, but that I conceive I have a sufficient apology in the great hurry of business, which has employed me ever since my election. You will be so good as to accept this letter as the resignation of my submastership of Norwich school, and to receive my acknowledgments for the politeness which has, on various occasions, distinguished your behaviour to me. I shall be happy in any opportunity of expressing myself your obedient humble servant, W. BELOE.

P. S.—If the enclosed meet your approbation, I will beg the favour of you to send it as directed.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sure you will not expect a formal and elaborate letter of thanks; be assured that I shall ever entertain a becoming sense of your kindness, and eagerly seek for an opportunity of returning it. I shall cancel largely in the third sheet, but so as not to omit any observation of importance. My bookseller is Johnson of St. Paul's Church-yard, an honest man, although Horne Tooke's friend, and a democrat. I am under covenant with him, that the book shall be ready for delivery on this side Christmas. The index is made, and the whole work finished, except the preface. If you will have the goodness to send me a little which I may transcribe, merely to keep the printers from what they call striking, that is, throwing the work aside, you will most essentially serve and oblige me.

I represented to Lord Orford the favour you had done me; he has in answer expressed himself so pleasantly, that I enclose his letter. In its complimentary part, you will of course separate the praise which I do not deserve, from that which you unquestionably do. As to the dedication, I was thinking that perhaps a neat Latin inscription, as the work is somewhat of a classical kind, would not be improper, and would allow one to scatter a sprinkling of the praise which I am desirous to communicate where it is really deserved. Pray favour me with your opinion on this subject. Mr. Street did not favour me with a call, so I took your packets, and left them myself at his house in Cowley-street. I am, with great esteem, yours truly, W. BELOE.

MY DEAR SIR, *August* 13.

I should have written to you immediately on my return from Norfolk, but that you did not tell me where to direct to you on your leaving Oxford. My calculation is, that you will by this time find yourself quietly settled at Hatton, and remembering with more delight the charming scenes of Wales than the polemics of Oxford, will be tranquilly occupied in canal business, or other such silent and salutary employments. I have the pleasure to tell you that Gellius is finished, and, except two or three sheets, printed. We now wait for nothing but the preface, which I entreat your kindness to accelerate as much as may be compatible with the more serious claims on your time and attention.

I sent you some time since the Delphin edition of Gellius, with Wakefield's Horace, of which last Nares and I entreat your acceptance. I enclosed also a small tract relating to Gellius, in which the circumstance of the name is discussed. It is certainly proper you should know what other editions of Gellius I have used, as well as what critical books I have principally examined. I subjoin a list of the former:

Editio Secunda, Venet. 1472; the edition of Aldus, Venet. 1515; Hen. Step. 1585; in usum Delphin. 1681; Elzevir, Amst. 1651; cum notis varior. L. Bat. 1666; Gronov. 4to. 1706; Conrad. 2 vols. 8vo. Lips. 1762.

You will best judge how far it may be necessary to specify in the preface the use made of the following critical books. I have examined every reference to Gellius to be found in Barthii Adversar., in Turneb. Adversar., in Salmas., in Solin., and in Gataker, Rutgersius, Muretus, &c. The other books I have principally consulted are, Heineccius, Taubmann, Quintus Curtius, the notes of Pricæus to Apuleius, of Casaubon to Theophrast., Scaliger in Varro, H. Stephens, Pignorius, Miscell. Observ., with innumerable others, the recital of which would seem pedantic. I do not know that I have omitted making acknowledgments where due for the assistance found in the notes. I have not always thought it necessary to say of things well known to myself, that they were also to be seen in such and such of the Commentaries on my author; but I am so little desirous of shining in borrowed plumes, that I would wish you to express generally

or particularly, as shall appear to you expedient, that I have without reserve introduced from the above-mentioned authors what seemed necessary to my purpose; though I repeat that I believe I have done this in nothing of importance, without citing the place and the author.

If you will have the goodness to remember that it will be highly important, both to myself and the publisher, to have our book published early in the autumn, perhaps you will excuse my again urging you, on the score of friendship, to be as early as convenient in your communication. Lord Orford, to whom it is to be inscribed, is very infirm, and has expressed something like anxiety about seeing the conclusion of my work. The publisher also importunes, and the printer hurries me.

I have hardly any space left to express what I feel and wish on the subject of your services, but I trust that, as you will now have more leisure, you will look over your papers for this purpose. The British Critic continues to flourish; we are very sensible that it would flourish yet more by your occasionally administering refreshment to its roots. We have had a very hot summer, and plants used to a greater variety of seasons than ours have languished for the dews of heaven. If you would now help us, we might say to you from Euripides (I believe),

επικουρον νοσου
ὡς ἡδυ μοι προσηλθες, εν δεοντι τε.

I hope, my dear Sir, to hear from you soon, and am most truly yours,

W. Beloe.

DEAR SIR,

Your letters have essentially obliged and gratified me. Your injunctions of secrecy are very natural, but, in the present case, unnecessary; we are bound to observe them, by our respect for you, by every principle of honour and delicacy in ourselves, and by a regard to the interest of the undertaking in which we are engaged. I have Colman's book before me, and, lest you should have forgotten them, I transcribe the following transpositions, which he strongly recommends. Both should have been noticed, though I think one far happier and more important than the other. Colman wishes to have these two lines,

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto,

carried four lines back, and inserted immediately after the 207th verse,

Et frugi, castus verecundusque coibat.

He thinks also that much entanglement will be removed by transposing the lines betwixt v. 251 and 275, to the end of the 284th line. It would little become me to tell you what is my opinion of this latter transposition; but, with regard to so very important a poem, it was certainly the duty of an editor of Horace to examine and to notice the criticism of every ingenious man.

If you wish to have Colman's book sent to you, or any other, at any time, you have only to write to me, and I will take care you shall have them immediately. I entirely subscribe to your opinion, that we should announce our intention to give an early review of this splendid work, and I mean to do so in some such terms as these, if you do not disapprove the form:

"In reply to different friends and correspondents who have urged us to take early notice of the splendid Horace lately published in London, we inform them that it is our intention to make a careful examination of the whole work, and that our first critique will appear next month."

It is strictly true that we have received such applications, and nothing more pertinent at present occurs to me.

Whoever would republish De Nores in any form would render a most acceptable service to scholars; but it is really surprising that any man, having a particle of taste or common sense, should omit so fair an opportunity as was here presented. I never could procure them, and indeed have seen them but once.

Mr. Nares desires you to accept of his most respectful compliments and grateful thanks, for the friendly part you have taken towards us. I can assure you, from almost ten years intimate knowledge of his character, that, if you had opportunity of seeing each other frequently, he would venerate you, and you would esteem him.

You have not, and I forbear to teaze you, said any thing about the Virgil. Porson, I fear, will be hurt in his feelings, for the booksellers are proud to call it his Virgil; yet the eagle-eyed

Steevens boasts that he has discovered 92 blunders, and I, who squint, have found near 50.

Somebody is about to publish a splendid Persius, with notes, and with Brewster's translation in company. A new Claudian is also in the press. Lord Hampden has printed at the Parma press, some Latin poems by his father, in praise of Britain, at the desire of the King: that is, the King said, publish them, publish them. My friend Mr. Cracherode shewed me them yesterday, and they are full of errors. I am your much obliged W. Beloe.

Archdeacon Nares, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *James-street, Westminster, April* 10, 1794.

I am much concerned at the omissions you complain of, which were occasioned doubtless by the extreme hurry in which we always are unavoidably during the last ten days of a month: for our intention most clearly is to insert whatever you wish to have inserted. On looking back, I find nothing about Wakefield's accents, except in p. 138 of the February Review, the general assertion that he omits them, but so worded as by no means to make it necessary to specify, that he in one instance employs them; were not that one instance the very case of the observations on Horace. Whatever amends we can make by subsequent remark or correction shall readily be done. Care shall certainly be taken to insert the note upon Mr. Gaches's observation on Jerome; and the second proof shall undoubtedly be sent in every instance wherein we shall be favoured with your remarks.

Bryant will doubtless be highly pleased by the notice taken of his anonymous tract on Justin Martyr. We now begin to look forward to your remarks on Wakefield, which shall have a place as early as possible, and as distinguished, whenever it may suit you to furnish us with them. The credit of the Church for learning cannot be in better hands than in yours; and the credit of the British Critic, in that respect, has already risen very high under your auspices. As to dogmas, my inclination, as well as our original declarations as reviewers, keeps me strictly to the line of orthodoxy; wherein, if you will not always fight with us, you will not, I am persuaded, fight against us.

I rejoice, as well as Beloe, that you begin to think of putting some of your sermons together; and we also rejoice jointly that you so kindly accept our little tribute of the Variorum Edition. I am, dear Sir, most truly yours, with much respect,

R. NARES.

Rev. W. Beloe, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Sept.* 9.

The interest you take in what involves my interest and reputation, I feel with the warmest gratitude. The critique of Howes I hope to receive a month hence, with a few marginal notes from you. I shall be ashamed to impose a new laborious task upon you, as it will do. With regard to Wakefield, you will do as you think proper; we had an idea, that, as his notes were so few and concise, it would not be necessary to bestow more notice upon it than might be compressed in one short article.

As to myself, whom, as I ought, I mention the last, I should be sorry indeed that any circumstances in which I could possibly be placed should interrupt your progress towards health. Use me as you do any succedaneum you may think proper to apply towards the confirmation of your strength; take a dose of me at intervals, and throw me aside when nausea is excited. I confess that I am hurried, but this is no reason why I should hurry you. I still think that I have always stated the sources whence I have derived any important and original information in my notes. You well know that there must have been much intelligence in the Variorum notes by no means new to me; it seemed, therefore, odd to me to put the name of Gronovius, or Thyrius, &c. &c. to matter which would have been found in my observations, if I had never seen theirs; such, for example, as the popular customs of the ancients, with etymologies of popular names in which nevertheless I think I have introduced some new and interesting matter from modern writings and subsequent facts. I confide every thing to your judgment, as I have every thing to hope for and expect from your friendship. Suppose I were to say that, as to the notes, whatever the curious reader does not remark in the commentaries to the more popular editions of

Gellius, are to be ascribed to the translator alone. Yet I repeat, that it was ever my intention to ascribe to the real source the benefit which flowed from thence to me, nor do I recollect any important incident in which I have omitted being thus faithful.

I have another matter to propose to your consideration, which also I shall leave you to determine. Shall I say that I am indebted for the preface to a learned friend, or will you allow me the honour at once of ascribing it to you by name. I hope that neither the work itself will disgrace such an introduction, and I am willing to flatter myself, that the circumstances of my situation and character, and the communication known to subsist betwixt us will warrant this. I beg you to decide in this, knowing you will decide wisely.

I did not imagine that the Delphin edition would be of any use to you in writing the preface, but you will remember that you expressed a desire to have it. I hope to hear from you soon, and am, truly yours, W. Beloe.

Rev. Benedict Chapman, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Caius College, June* 1, 1803.

Being in London when your letter arrived at Cambridge, I did not receive it till last Saturday evening. Since that time I have been fully employed by my journey hither, and the business of yesterday, so that it has not been in my power to write to you sooner.

Be assured, my dear Sir, that the very sincere regard and the high esteem I have always entertained for you, will ever render me extremely desirous of deserving and obtaining your approbation. From an intimate knowledge of Davy for many years, I am thoroughly acquainted with his worth and merit; and in supporting him on the late occasion I had the satisfaction of gratifying my own personal feelings, as well as of discharging my duty to a society to which I feel and owe many obligations. The latter I look upon as of the most importance; and if, in my endeavour faithfully to discharge it, it had been necessary to have sacrificed the former, I trust I should not have forfeited your good opinion. It gave me great satisfaction that

it was in my power conscientiously to fulfil both. For the kind interest you have taken in my brother's concerns, we all feel much indebted; his competitor being removed, I hope nothing will intervene to prevent his succeeding to the situation he is so very desirous of obtaining.

I was much concerned to hear that you had been so unwell; it will give me great pleasure to learn that you are quite recovered.

Our new Master is highly delighted with his situation, and desires me to give his best compliments to you, as do also the rest of our college party. With compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr, I remain, dear Sir, your sincere and obliged humble servant,

B. CHAPMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Norwich, Sept.* 9, 1813.

As I had left college when your letter arrived there, it was sent to me at Cromer, where I have been spending part of my vacation; I should have answered it immediately, but that you desired me to defer doing so till about this time.

I cannot say that I am at present engaged as to the Botanical Professorship, for I have in general made it a rule not to promise my vote for any office, till it is positively vacant; but I have been so earnestly solicited by a person who intends being a candidate, and with whom I have been acquainted almost ever since I have been a member of the University, that, if no other graduate of Cambridge better qualified should come forward, it is my present intention to vote for him. I should be very happy to oblige you or Dr. Smith on this occasion, if I could do it consistently with my notions of justice; but those who have been educated among us appear to me to have such strong claims upon us for our academical honours and emoluments, that I must confess I feel surprised that Dr. Smith should have found sufficient encouragement to induce him to think of standing for the situation. I leave, however, every one to think for himself, reserving to myself the same privilege. I have not yet promised the friend I have mentioned, nor do I intend doing so till the professorship is vacant; and then I shall endeavour to give my vote in such a manner as will, at least in my

judgment, best contribute to the honour and advantage of our University.

My brother and sister, with their six little ones, are quite well, as are also my mother and sisters; they all desire me to present their best regards to you, and I remain, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

BENEDICT CHAPMAN.

MY DEAR SIR. *Norwich, Jan.* 23, 1818.

I was glad to hear that Dr. Kaye's sermon has your approbation; it has been generally praised. As he has not been much used to English composition, I was previous to the delivery rather afraid for our credit; but the little man has raised himself in his chair two inches at least. Maltby was so good as to send me a copy of his sermon, and I was much pleased with it. Did you ever see the sermon he preached on the King's accession, which was kept as a jubilee? I will order Hall's sermon on my return to College. I had not heard of his having published one till I received your letter. I shall expect something very excellent from him, as he has a heart as well as a head; from your Unitarian neighbour I should expect much less, for, however profound his philosophy may be, I should expect to find that coldness in it which appears to me uniformly to distinguish that sect. A sermon on such an occasion must be addressed to the heart as well as the head to have its full effect. I remain, my dear Sir, yours most truly,

B. CHAPMAN.

Rev. C. J. Chapman to Dr. Parr.

REV. SIR, *Norwich, Aug.* 14, 1786.

As I have had the honour to be educated under your protection, and to have been distinguished by many instances of your kindness, I hope you will not think me too assuming, if, in gratitude for the many friendly offices and favourable instructions, which in my early youth I received from you, I now take up my pen to return you my sincere thanks. It looks rather, I confess, like ingratitude, that, where I have been so often obliged, I should not have written before, to testify the grateful sense I have for the many obligations which I owe you, and

where (at least such were my expectations) my letter would have been well received. I assure you, it was not out of any disrespect, or unthankfulness, that I have not addressed you before, but an ignorance where to direct my letter.

When I reflect, Rev. Sir, on the many fruits which I have received from your instructions, and the many virtues which you have imprinted on my mind, I pronounce myself happy, that it was my lot to fall under such a virtuous and learned master; before I was under your protection, I can compare myself as sailing in the wide extended ocean, without a pilot to direct me through the uncertain and difficult tide of learning; but on a sudden you auspiciously appeared, and under your guidance and assistance, I have arrived safe at the haven, laden with every kind of instruction which my abilities were capable of receiving, and with every kind of virtue, which, I hope, I have so rooted in the tablets of my heart, that no time or place will ever be able to extirpate. But why do I mention myself alone, who have received these advantages, when there are many others who have tasted of the same benefits, and who, I hope, cherish the same sense of gratitude as myself? The generosity, which you alway displayed toward us, the sincerity which you always shewed us, and that great attention which you exhibited in directing us in the paths of virtue, and turning us from those of vice, have in them something so uncommon, that even the most unconcerned and indifferent persons must be moved with them, but how must we be, who have experienced them? 'Tis evident you can have exercised your superior abilities from no other motive but your regard for merit, from your entire love for learning and virtue, and from that sincere affection which you have always entertained for the general welfare of all mankind. 'Tis incident to an elevated understanding like yours, to find out the errors of other men; but 'tis your prerogative to pardon them, and to forgive the failings of those (among which number I place myself) who by their inferior abilities and wretched art cannot arrive at those heights of learning, which you have from a happy, abundant, and native genius. But as my words are too weak and deficient to express my gratitude, I must explain myself in the strong and sincere language of Persius, whose good sense you pointed out, when I had the honour to read him

with you, in so striking a manner, that I have ever since retained it.

"Cum primum custos pavido mihi purpura cessit,
Bullaque succinctis Laribus donata pependit,
Cumque iter ambiguum est et vitæ dubius error,
Deducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes,
Me tibi supposui; teneros tu suscipis annos
Socratico, Cornate, sinu. Tum fallere solers
Apposita intortos extendit regula mores;
Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat
Artificemque suo ducit sub pollice vultum.

I have kept three terms at Cambridge, where I have endeavoured to with labour and industry to cultivate the instructions which you taught me, and to improve and bring to perfection the virtues, which you deeply imprinted in my mind. The noble and generous sentiments which I imbibed from you have taught me to shun the company, and to look down with contempt and scorn on those, "quos," as Tully says, "pexo capillo nitidos, aut imberbes, aut bene barbatos videtis; quorum omnis industria vitæ et vigilandi labor in antelucanis cœnis expromitur," and to love and esteem those whose minds are enlightened by learning, and whose morals are adorned with virtues; among whom, I think, I may with propriety and justice reckon my friend Sutliffe.

But, I fear, I have presumed too much upon your goodness, in troubling you with such a dull and long letter; and after having been so bold in thus addressing you, I ought to think myself very fortunate if you are pleased to pardon this freedom.

That you may live long and happy, for the good of virtue and religion, and the encouragement of learning, is the sincere and earnest prayer of your most obliged, and faithful servant,

CHARLES JOHN CHAPMAN.

DEAR SIR, *Norwich, Oct.* 15, 1805.

It is with the greatest pleasure, that I send you an account of our proceedings at our anniversary dinner, last Thursday. Trafford, after regretting that the thought had not occurred to him sooner, expressed in the most handsome and animated

language, his wish that some other testimony of our esteem and gratitude should be shewn you, than merely annually meeting together, and drinking your health and happiness. The suggestion was not only well supported by myself, but by all who were present; and the following resolution was proposed by Trafford and myself, and unanimously passed.

Resolved,—that a Subscription be immediately entered into for the purchase of a piece of plate, to be presented to Dr. Parr, as a testimony of that affectionate esteem and regard which his former pupils entertain for him; and that a committee, consisting of the following gentlemen—Mr. Dalrymple, President; the Rev. G. Norris, Vice-President; S. Trafford, Esq., the Rev. C. J. Chapman, and the Rev. Robert Sutliffe, be appointed to carry the same into execution.

The following sums were subscribed at the meeting.

Mr. Dalrymple, President	£2	2
Rev. G. Norris, Vice-President	2	2
S. Trafford, Esq	2	2
C. J. Chapman	2	2
B. Chapman	2	2
James Willins	2	2
Jonathan Matchell	2	2
Robert Sutliffe	1	1
John Pitchford	1	1
John Humfrey	2	2
John Howard	1	1

The Committee met last Monday—we drew up a letter which will be sent to the absent members of the club, and to others who were educated under you: the letter states the resolution of the meeting, &c.; and mentions that subscriptions will be received by the Secretary, C. J. Chapman, until March 25, 1806. What the sum will be, I cannot tell—I expect, however, from the list of names we have made out, that it will amount to 50 or £60. When the subscription closes, it is the intention of the Committee to consult you what piece of plate will be most acceptable.

The Gentlemen of it requested me to inform you of these particulars, and to add their kindest and most respectful remembrance to you. They are, I assure you, as warm and zealous in

the cause as Trafford and myself. Your answer to this letter, you will recollect, must be such as I can shew to the Committee. Should any thing occur which you wish to be done, you will have the goodness to write privately to Trafford or myself.

I have added a list of those to whom I intend to write. Should we have omitted any names that may occur to you, inform me, and send Mr. Legge's direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Parr are both remarkably well, and request to be most kindly remembered to you, Mrs. P. and poor Catherine, whose ill state of health gives us all great concern indeed. Pray God you may be able to send us a more favourable account of her. Accept, my dear Sir, the united respects and regards of this family, and present them to Mrs. and Miss Parr. Believe me to be your most sincere and obliged friend,

C. J. CHAPMAN.

Rev. J. Longe,
Robert Longe,
Rev. R. Norris,
— L. Robinson,
Dr. H. Beevor,
Edward Beevor,
— Palgrave,
Rev. J. Church,
Rev. T. Scott,
Rev. Mr. Gordon,
Forster,
Corbould,
— Tomkins,
Legge,
Munro,
Fountain,
Hogg,
Smeer,
Norgate,
Watson,
Messrs. Howes,
— Straceys,
Alexander,
Ward,
Storey,
Deere,
Burton,
Maltby,
Davy,
Goddard,
Girdlestone,
Murray,
Allen,
Crisp,
Matthews,
Holly,
Browne,
Drake,
Beloe,
Sutliffe, jun.
Jermyn.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Norwich, St. Giles, May 22.*

The strong, warm, and friendly language with which you have clothed your opinion of my brother, myself, and all that belong to me, is indeed most gratifying to our feelings; and I hope, notwithstanding our Toryism, dogmatism, &c, we shall continue to deserve it. Ben is indeed, a right hearted, noble spirited fellow; he loves our children almost as much as their parents do, and I am confident there is nothing he would not do to promote their interest and welfare.

To send eight children into the world, is indeed, a serious concern; but thank God, it creates in me no improper anxiety, I trust, by my own honest and industrious exertions, aided by Providence, they will do well, and never in any period of their lives disgrace their parents.

My income is certainly limited, but when I look around me, and see numbers not blest with half the advantages I enjoy, I sit down not only contented with, but truly thankful for, my lot. My profession brings me in about ***., and no increase probably will arise from that source: for the independent son of an independent father cannot cringe, and fawn, and disguise his sentiments, for the sake of filthy lucre. We cannot indeed say how far we are able to resist temptation; but I hope I should be enabled to withstand the offer of the first living in the land, if it interfered with my liberty of thought or action.

I sent my eldest boy, who was eight last March, to Mr. Valpy. I was much pleased with him; he said, he felt an interest for all his pupils, but probably he should feel a greater interest for one whose father was educated at the same school, whose character stood so high in his native city, and whose large family justly demanded every attention from every one. Should you ever write to Valpy, or see him, will you have the goodness to say, how gratified I was with his reception of me?

I am an enemy to Methodist teachers, disciples, missionaries, &c.; and it would have been the greatest treat to me to have been your hearer. Perhaps one day, you will cause "my eyes to sparkle, and my heart to glow," by sending me the substance of your successful attack—I dare not ask for the whole. Methodism is here prevalent, and propagated not only by dissenting teachers, but by some ministers of the establishment. Divine

grace is exalted beyond all bounds, and man represented as a mere machine. So zealous and active are they in diffusing their wild, absurd, unscriptural notions of irresistible grace, that I felt myself compelled to preach a few sermons on the doctrines of divine assistance and human liberty. I took for my guide, that great man Jortin, and enlarged on his sermon (Eph. 2. 5, by grace are ye saved). His inference at the conclusion is admirable, and ought to have been written in letters of gold. "Thus the doctrine of divine grace, and the doctrine of free will, or human liberty, unite and conspire in a friendly manner to our everlasting good; the first is adapted to excite in us gratitude, faith, and humility; the second to awaken our caution, and quicken our diligence." This, I trust, Doctor, you will not call dogmatism, mysteryism, &c.

Probably you will think that I have caught the scabies scribendi. I shall only add, our sincerest thanks for your distinguished kindness and regard, and our sincerest wishes for your health and every other blessing. I remain, dear Doctor, yours truly and gratefully, C. J. CHAPMAN.

P. S.—I did not receive the music from Mr. W. till this morning.

Rev. T. Maurice, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Clay-street, Walthamstow, Oct.* 13, 1786.

If I have, for a longer time than I ought (from the obliging interest you have ever taken in my concerns), delayed acquainting you with one of the most important events of a life not much diversified with vicissitude, you will be kind enough to impute it to that natural pressure of business and engagement which is incident to a change of situation. I was married last month to an amiable young woman, of whom I shall at present say no more than that her virtues and accomplishments make me love her more and more every day. To trace back the history of our acquaintance, the ebb and flow of mutual passion, frequently interrupted, and sometimes expiring; to relate the thousand difficulties I have had to surmount in obtaining this inestimable good, from the interested opposition of relations and the jealousy of infatuated rivals, would be a task neither pleasing nor useful.

Many and severe conflicts have I undergone in the struggle between honour, interest, and inclination, and under circumstances that exercised all the feelings, and called forth all the resolution of human nature. For the honour of my wife, let me add, that she twice refused my offers, while I pursued the inconsiderate and dissipated life I lately led; but when she found my repentance sincere, and my reformation radical, she herself, with resolution dauntless as delicacy would permit, stood forward the vindicator of my fame, and invited me to love, happiness, and fortune; crowning at length my perseverance with success, and rewarding my virtue with the excellence that gave it birth and stability. When I inform you that all this goodness, discretion, and fortitude, were exerted at the age of eighteen, combining, at the same time, every elegance of person, and many shining accomplishments of mind, you will agree with me that I may be the happiest of men; and that, if Providence has reserved to a late period its favours, they are of such a bright and transcendant nature, of so pure and unrivalled a water, that repining should be crushed, and murmur annihilated. In fact, there never was any very substantial reason for it. Every body says that I have ever been my own most inveterate enemy. Some excuse, however may justly be urged on the score of that domestic misfortune which early in life deprived me of a home; of those volatile spirits that in company have betrayed me into errors; and that scanty income, inadequate to the claims of an ambitious mind, and an association with company far superior in rank or resources to my own. The die is now cast, and it will depend on myself principally by what character the rest of my variegated life is to be distinguished; of this I am deeply sensible, and at the same time anxious to fix it on the most solid basis, that I may thus regain the friends I have lost, and confirm the regard of those whom it is my happiness to retain. My wife was a Miss Pearce, the daughter of a captain in the service of the East India Company, who died in the year 1776. If she has her right, she will have between 3 and 4000*l.*, the whole of which, in justice to her worth, I settled upon herself previously to our marriage, and likewise, in obedience to the precepts of a friend, by whose advice (as no other avenue was open from the obstinate, interested, and unwarrantable opposition of an unprincipled father-

in-law) we were married by banns at a church in London. They are raising heaven and earth to deprive us of the fortune, and prove the marriage illegal; but I have the best opinions to the contrary, and immediately as my income becomes certain and established, I hope to fulfil every obligation to my friends, and to none prior to those of my best friend Dr. Parr. With respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr, I am, dear Sir, your ever obliged

T. MAURICE.

52, *Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury,*

DEAR SIR, *18th March.*

Those sentiments of justice and honour which you originally inspired me with, have, I trust, remained unshaken amidst the various distresses of my past chequered life. However clouded its aspect, or gloomy the scene that surrounded me, they (in the pride of conscious integrity I dare assert) have glowed with unabated lustre, and I hope will only be extinguished with the fire that animates nature. I am emerging, not emerged, from difficulties that are rendered more heavy by the reflection that they were brought on by voluntary folly, by false pride, and unfounded hopes. How often has your elegant and forcible pen endeavoured to impress upon my mind the unwelcome truth; for I am conscious you were never harsh, but when I was headstrong and absurd; and that he alone who was the friend of virtue could aspire to any exalted place in your friendship. The day of levity is over; to do justice to all who have formerly obliged me, is the first wish of my heart, and has lately been the principal object of my meditations. From an income not much exceeding 200*l.* a year, I have put by 50*l.* for the gradual liquidation of my debts. That I have been obliged, in consequence of being teazed with some petty debts, to postpone as yet the consideration of some larger ones, equally just, is a truth that I both avow and lament. Of yours, however, I have neither been negligent, nor, for its discharge, improvident. I glory in informing my best friend, that I have at this moment in Mr. Farrer's hand a large portion of the money, which I waited only his coming to town (which I was told would be shortly) to reimburse him. I glory in adding still more by telling him that it

will shortly be in my ability to make up the whole sum so generously lent me. I say my ability, because it was engaged otherwise; but if my friend has real occasion for it, every claim shall give way to his, and the strong plea of superior justice shall excuse me. Rely upon my words; nothing shall alter my determination. Your declining to take interest is truly liberal, and deserves, demands, my instant and utmost exertions. I regret that for some years I have been too often a stranger to the social odours of your pipe. In your company I have the delight of a son in the presence of an indulgent father; for you have stood in that situation to me ever since you took me from domestic distraction, from methodistical gloom, and transplanted me into the garden of literature and poesy. My literature, alas! (notwithstanding the glorious opportunity I once had of ranging widely through the regions of classic antiquity) is still but English. Had I improved my talents properly, had I broken through those fetters of indolence that enchained me, I might have been an ornament to your school, and not unuseful to the world. The thought often fills me with shame and despondency. I see men of no gigantic genius, no striking cast of thought, or prominence of classic feature, extolled, caressed, and even idolized by the public, while I am doomed to pine in obscurity, and suffer the very seeds of emulation to die away in my mind. Repeated disappointment annihilates hope; yet, had I a proper subject for that muse, whose infant labours you took formerly so much pains to encourage, I would strenuously set about it; and, as I have long estranged myself from the company and conversation of the dissipated, such employment would at once amuse leisure and prevent relapse. My altered ideas, and my situation, lead me to attempt some moral work, and I could wish you to be my better Bolingbroke, by whose expanded sail I might guide my little skiff.

I hope speedily, and, if not too much engaged with the great and learned, often to have the pleasure of your conversation. We are not yet blessed with any family, which leaves my hand unshackled to do that universal justice which your letter strongly recommends, and your life more. My wife desires her best respects to yourself and Mrs. Parr. She has not yet forgot your charitable disposition, and the clamour for two-pence for the

poor beggar-girl. Mr. Stephenson directed your letter to Epping, so that I only received it on Sunday, when I went, as usual, to my little chapel there. I am, dear Sir, sincerely yours,

THOMAS MAURICE.

DEAR SIR, *Great Russel-street, June* 19, 1792.

My health completely restored, and my book nearly finished, I am making up my list of subscribers, which, alas! after all my labours, is but a contemptible one. I mean as to number, not in rank or fame. You were once so regardful of my interests as to write me word that you would endeavour to promote the undertaking as much as lay in your power; and, at my rooms in London, you kindly intimated that I had not furnished you with the means (my proposals) to serve me. Upon this ground, therefore, I presume to solicit the following favour, and I trust the execution of my historical enterprise will not degrade any exertions you may please to make for your reformed scholar, emerging from poetry and idleness to solemn prose and intense application. I lately sent to Oxford a considerable number of proposals and receipts; my answer from Fletcher brings me only eight names, among which, however, are those of Cyril Jackson, the Master of University College, for two sets, and the Library of University College. These are honourable, but slender acquisitions. I could wish, from the University to which I belong, to obtain a little increase of patronage; for my work is truly literary, and, in the former part at least, will not be intelligible at the India House. Have you, dear Sir, sufficient friendship remaining for me, among your Mackintoshes and more novel acquaintance, to be the obliging instrument that a few more Oxford men may leave their names at Fletcher's. "Have you no blessing for me, Oh! my father?" I assure you there are no politics in my volume. Francis and Hastings, Salisbury and Lansdowne, alike adorn the respectable catalogue. Whether I may be able to add a few names of literary eminence besides your own, Sir William Jones's, Sir William Scott's, and the Rt. Hon. William Windham's, which last, with many others of considerable rank, was obtained for me by Sir William Scott, because I was his pupil at University College, and because he

thought the specimen I sent him had merit, will depend upon the success of this letter to him who did more for me than Sir William Scott ever did; who snatched me from Methodism and total ignorance; who taught the young idea how to shoot, and bade my poetic genius expand.

I enclose you a proof sheet or two, which need not be returned, of a prospectus, drawing up by me, of what is written in my second introductory dissertation to the History; and I trust that you will, in the perusal, observe that I have not been idle, and that I deserve encouragement. I sincerely hope Mrs. Parr (for whose illness I deeply felt) is by this time perfectly restored; and not forgetting the lady whose nativity was celebrated by me in certain verses (long ago, I deem, forgotten), I remain, dear Sir, your ever-obliged and faithful friend,

THOMAS MAURICE.

DEAR SIR, *British Museum, 27 April,* 1804.

Having obtained, at our Easter vacation here, leave of retreat for a short time, I was tempted to extend the period by Mr. Planta's goodness to nearly three weeks, during which your obliging note arrived, and my acknowledgment of the favour has been consequently delayed. I did no more than both duty and inclination dictated, in shewing every possible attention to your friends; and was charmed by the modesty of the one, and improved by the sense of the other. The pleasantest part of my friend Mr. Brand's wager-dinner was the too transient moment, when *your* health was drunken; that's a horrid word, but I cannot write *drank*, at least to you. Mr. Const, Dr. Cooke, and many of your friends were present, and they would insist on my mounting an ancient chair, in which Mr. Brand's ancestors had, for many generations, reposed *post prandium*, and repeating that famous "Crisis," which you were so cruel at my rooms to say you had never read. At one emphatical part, more vehement exertion being necessary, the crazy pulpit gave way, and both the orator and the shattered receptacle were on the floor; the latter in many a fragment, to the extreme dismay and remorse of Mr. Brand. You asked about this banquet; and I have ingenuously told you what perhaps my prudence *ought* to have concealed.

It is however principally for the sake of reporting Mr. Const's wit, who said "I was a far greater poet than Orpheus, since he only *moved* the wood, but I had *shivered* it." This reminds me of the two last lines (I have forgotten the preceding ones) of an epigram Mr. Planta recited at dinner yesterday, on two Cambridge men of the name of Clarke, one who played well on the fiddle, the other who has lately transported hither from Asia some famous marble, the statue of Isis, I believe. These great clerks,

for high degrees applied,
The first was accepted, the latter denied.
Yet their actions were equal, 'tis very well known,
For the one moved a *stick*, and the other a *stone*.

Now this is neither history, nor theology, and scarcely poetry, which constitute, you know, my *triad* of distinguished qualities; yet I am certain you will not be *very* angry with this little burst of facetious eloquence, originating in my constitutional good spirits, which have been not a little inflamed by the following paragraph, which I have just read; "yesterday the civil list began paying up to Lady-day Quarter, 1803." Morning Post. Oh! rare Crisis! for thou certainly didst contribute more than all my Indian Trinities, and my laboured historical page, to procure me that moiety of Government favour, the pension! For this hodge-podge I am fearful I shall lose all my character with you for *writing a good letter*, but in truth that is the best letter, that flows

Warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires,

with all the ease of after-dinner conversation, and not like Pope's ridiculous conceit, of laying by, and waiting for a *thought*, that unmeaning thing! as he somewhere else calls it. Beloe has, at length, become an inmate among us; and, I conceive, prefers Mr. Planta's gentle reign to that of the turtle-eating aldermen, only benignant when thus engaged; nor does he, bilious wight as he is, when opportunity invites, play an inferior part at the table, groaning with that amphibious animal. We shall never perhaps be extremely intimate; but I know my obligations to him, and have well balanced the pro and con of his character. He is exactly suited to this place, by habits of literature, by the

most guarded caution, and by being all things to all men. May he long enjoy its monastic blessings, display Mr. Cracherode's beautiful prints and splendid bindings, be humble to our lay lord-trustees, and prostrate to our mitred ones—while I, who have little learning, and alas! (*have had*) little prudence, but growing daily wiser, and I hope better, with renovated connubial vows, retire to some snug little rectory, somewhat better than Wormleighton, to pass the remainder of a chequered life in easy independence, with a due sense of past preservation amidst numerous perils, with becoming penitence, and modest hope. Mr. ———, patronized by the Duke of N——, has, with his Grace's permission, just offered me a living far exceeding in value this situation, if I should chuse to resign it to him, who is both a scholar and an antiquary; enquiry is making for me, and I hope the change will take place. While I am thinking whether to apply to Mr. Kingston, or H. Alexander, or Mr. Fonblanque, to *frank* this, a very old friend of yours calls upon Museum business, and kindly does it; desiring at the same time his best compliments to yourself. I hope that you have your health well, and that events are rolling on, that will be the cause of exhibiting to the world that genius and those powers which have too long laid, not concealed nor wholly inactive, but unemployed in that extent to which their comprehensive grasp entitles them to be employed. With true and grateful respect, and best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parr, I remain, dear Sir, your ever obliged and faithful, T. Maurice.

MY DEAR AND GOOD SIR, *Brit. Mus. Dec.* 13, 1817.

As I have been for a very long series of years accustomed to venerate whatever you write and whatever you say, I am sorry that at present, from eyes very much weakened, and from not being of late years much familiarized to your hand, I am compelled to remain in ignorance of a considerable portion of what you have done me the favour and the honour personally to write to me. Have the goodness, in compassion to those debilities which are coming fast upon me, and in the future discussion of an awful subject (for such it is to me, and my bodily sufferings need no increase of affliction, this being the second accident of

the kind to the same limb), to write in a larger and more distinct character, or use, if you can conveniently, an amanuensis. I do not mean, I need not, to shelter myself under any plea of an evasive nature, from a direct reply to any thing you may think proper to urge upon me, but whether it be praise, which I love, or objurgation, which I do not dread, from you, permit me fully to enjoy the former, and solemnly weigh the latter. From that moment when I lost, in Monsey Alexander, my dearest friend, and that darkened moment when my beloved Mrs. M. departed this life, I have stood, as it were, isolated in a wide and wicked world. You, dear Sir, and Pollard, and one or two more, from ancient remembrance, may regard and respect me; but almost every other eye, amid the hundreds who caress me, is watching over me for evil; some are inflamed with jealousy at my success, and others want my place. Amid his panegyric you see Beloe could not omit the *οιγος*, or the damnation of my poetry, that poetry, which he had uniformly, for 40 years, praised and admired! By avoiding politics and personal altercation, amidst many deeply regretted errors, I have not hitherto been the mark of public attack and obloquy. Though Dr. Combe and his son never forgave me for the part I took in your dispute with them, and privately maligned, yet they never publicly assailed me. The elder, I know, did all he could to injure me at Sir Joseph Banks', and laws have been made here, evidently levelled at me, and against my promotion in the Museum. Nares, too, was latterly set against me, by a certain invidious person; so that my life has not been the happiest one in this menagerie, and prudential reasons have alone kept me from giving in my resignation. I think the Chancellor seems seriously inclined to emancipate me, and with true delight shall I convey to you the tidings of it. By means of a good banker, (John Stephenson,) and an active broker, together with the resource of my pension, and that half-pay which I owe to yourself and Lord, perhaps Lady, Holland's goodness, and an effective, not an imaginary living, I shall be enabled to pass the few years of remaining life with tolerable comfort. At all events, when I have finished the Appendix to that book, which this Sexagenarian farrago has prevented your taking the least notice of, oh! horrible, I mean, after a certain interval, to resign the care of mummies and

crocodiles! I am delighted to hear that the good Sylvanus Urban has so effectually used his eloquence with you to spare the feelings of the really amiable Mrs. ——, to whom I delivered, by letter, as I could not in person, your most gracious and humane message; and the Monroes are not only satisfied, but charmed with your unaffected, but affecting detail of your conduct to their deceased cousin. Among the innumerable slanders of a certain person, he said to a confidential servant, who told it to me, "When that fellow (meaning me) gets d—k, he is always making love to my wife." His board was never very abundant in wine, and Mrs. —— would have spurned the improper attention of an intoxicated man. But there again was the man jaundiced, jealous, irascible! As this is scarcely an answer to your letter, pray pardon my paying the postage.

Ever faithfully yours, TOM MAURICE.

MY DEAR SIR, *British Museum, June 22nd,* 1819.

I had the honour to receive your encouraging, but laconic letter, in respect to my biographical work, which, however, advances but very slowly; as my whole time of late has been occupied in endeavouring by application among the wealthy to provide for the distressed widow and family of my deceased friend, and your pupil, Walter Pollard. That I trouble yourself at all upon the subject is rather to be ascribed to the mention of your name with that of the Bishop of Cloyne, by Lords Spencer and Hardwicke, than to any desire to intrude upon a purse to me for many years too generous! As, however, there are different degrees of donation from ten pounds to two hundred in order to accomplish this desirable work. I thought you would not like to have your name wholly left out of the benevolent list. The printed circular inclosed will inform you of the general facts of the case, and the names of the subscribers are, first, Pollard's affluent and fortunate friend, Mr. Watson Taylor, in the magnificent sum of £200; second, Mr. John Pollard Mayors, a nephew of Pollard's, and the acting trustee, £100; third, Earl Spencer, £50; fourth, Earl of Hardwicke, £50; fifth, Mr. John Penn, £50; sixth, Mr. Cholmondely, £20; seventh Sir Thomas Plumer, £20; eighth, anonymous, £10; making

£500, which we want to raise to £600, for the purchase of an annuity of £60 per annum for the widow and son, a youth of some promise, about sixteen. My services in writing letters and making personal applications, &c. are all in my power to bestow, and to them they are heartily welcome; for, in the course of my friend's life, he served me much by praising and promoting my various publications. I sincerely hope Mrs. Parr and yourself enjoy your health; and, before the end of the year, as I must visit my living of Wormleighton soon, hope to pay my long-intended visit to Hatton. Do you happen to know where a letter would reach Crooke! I think he would subscribe, which —— declines. With great respect I remain, my honoured friend, most faithfully yours, but far from well, THOMAS MAURICE.

British Museum, September 23, 1820.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

When our great and good friend, the Duke of Sussex, permitted me to dedicate to him the new edition of my "Ancient History of India," now nearly ready for publication, I flattered myself, and indeed hinted as much to his Royal Highness, that you would have the goodness, indeed the compassion, towards a work little comprehended in respect to its nature, and the wide extent of the subjects discussed in it, and consequently grossly misrepresented and underrated, to aid me in writing that Dedication. You were too much occupied when in London, and, at your departure appeared to my anxious exploring eye too exhausted, to permit me to mention the subject to you; but now, in the fervent hope that you possess improved health with increased leisure, I dare to ask—what? not a mere dedicatory epistle to the good Duke, but something that, while it gives just and due praise to him for his attention to Oriental literature, among other high and laudable pursuits, shall throw a sanction over my abused page, and a lustre over its misrepresented author; an epistle, commendatory of my views of writing, of the wide field I have explored, and the number and importance (to the church at least) of many of the subjects discussed in the course of it; how far I have successfully, with *no learning*, trod in the steps of a man of unbounded learning, and

where—I mean in those three points you once mentioned, I have even exceeded my original, Jones! I labour, as an author, under innumerable difficulties, my subject rather out of the pale of classical learning, little understood, not inviting; but, by my style and manner of treating it, to the heterodox detestable, by the orthodox not patronized or rewarded.

Such is Tom Maurice, and such his work; without almost a friend, except yourself, in the literary world, with many hundred pounds at stake in this said work, to be established only by your commendation, and illumined by your criticism. It might appear either in the form of an address to the Duke, who would receive it, I dare confide, benignantly, or as an introduction to the work itself; in which case I would expunge the present preface, however important to the right understanding of the plan, the progress, and end of the publication. That preface, together with the contents, is herewith submitted to your perusal, but I have no complete copy to transmit; fifteen hundred were printed, and have been all disposed of.

Should you, my dear Sir, be persuaded by this candid representation to undertake any thing of this kind, which may be the last, the only, opportunity you may have of effectually serving a man attached, or rather devoted to you beyond the usual limits of earthly attachment, my nephew, the pupil of Pettigrew, shall mount the box of the Warwick coach, and be the scribe of your earliest leisure; for there is no time to be lost, if you kindly nod assent. With affectionate respects to Mrs. Parr, I remain, my revered friend, your ever obliged, THOMAS MAURICE.

P.S. On recollection, you must have my "Ancient India;" which, as the preface is not altered, you can consult. My Memoir, part 2, is in great forwardness.

MY GOOD SIR, *British Museum, March* 15, 1821.

I am quite miserable by the reflection that I may have given offence to my best friend. Certainly I should have written respecting you with with more reverence and caution than I have, though to give offence was the furthest thing from my heart; but, as we passed in the Duke's carriage near where once stood

the "Hercules' Pillars," you permitted me, I think, to tell that story, which I had long ago heard both from Lytton and Roderick; indeed, if I am not mistaken, your expression was, "Say what you please, Tom." All I can do, if I have offended, is to acknowledge my error, and request your forgiveness, which I have never hitherto implored in vain.

There is also another circumstance which, on reflection, causes me great pain, as it may give you the idea of my being highly and culpably inconsistent, if not insincere. Alas! I am eternally inconsistent, but not, I hope, insincere. I am hurried on by a natural precipitancy of temper, uncorrected by sound judgment, of which I have not an atom in my constitution, to do things which require long periods to amend, and many tears to expiate. It was my firm intention to say not a word respecting Beloe, and I thought myself highly, infinitely obliged, by your permission to preserve silence upon that subject. A heart-rending letter which I received from Mrs. Beloe, and more than one of her sons, after my first part was published, saying, "He did not desert you, Maurice, when you wanted pecuniary aid, or when your literary fame demanded the zealous assistance of the British Critic, to inculcate your publications; he joined with Nares in raising a subscription of about £500 at Walwyn's, the banker, to forward your Indian work, and free you from a great onus of debt; whose praise has he so resounded in that abused book, but yours? and can you be wholly negligent of such a friend and benefactor?" All this, and a great deal more, with my knowledge of your own appeasable disposition, after due time and concession, led me, in page 169, to say those civil things of him, and his conduct towards me personally, with which I have reason now to know that this agonizing family—agonizing from their father's misconduct—are satisfied. It is his abilities, not his heart or his virtues, that I have lauded; and what of praise may hereafter follow, will be confined to the conduct of the Review by Nares and himself, and their warm patronage of my productions. Having thus unburdened to you my full and beating heart, and under great indisposition, that hardly permits me to hold my pen, from an affection of the liver I fear, I leave what I have above submitted to you, to your kind and candid consideration; requesting if, or whensoever

your just resentment is appeased, that you will, as soon as possible, condescend to tell me so under your own honoured hand, that has often been held out to me in moments of almost despair. There was no neglect in me about the Duke. I wrote immediately, being then first attacked by this distressing complaint, to Pettigrew on the subject; but before I saw him your own letter had reached me, and the offer benignly, I was going to say rapturously, accepted by his Royal Highness. For the delay of his letter, and other tributary offerings for your birthday, which I heard were going to you from the noble party we dined with about that period, none of us can account; but I hope that you will live to receive many such tributes on the same auspicious day. With respectful compliments to Mrs. Parr, I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your ever obliged and grateful,

THOMAS MAURICE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *British Museum, January 7*, 1822.

I have the great pleasure of sending to you my "Third Part of Memoirs," intreating your candour in the perusal of it, and especially of that part of it where your awful name occurs. These little anecdotes of past times were necessary to enliven the narration and are not, I hope, at least were not meant to be, offensive. A glimpse of these events, and no more, may probably shoot across your mind. I have read most of them, previously to their publication, to our Royal friend, with whom I dined the day before Christmas day; and he laughed heartily, as I hope you will, at the narration, particularly at the battle between Payne and Pollard, p. 55. I have been compelled, by the public exhibition at a minor theatre in London of the Œdipus Tyrannus, to reprint that tragedy, which I have taken the great liberty to inscribe to yourself; and would you favour me with the permission, in the advertisement I am drawing up, to say, "Inscribed, by permission, to Dr. Parr," it might prove of great utility at present; as I am sorry to add, that these excessive printings, 1st, the Ancient India, in two quarto volumes; 2dly, these Memoirs, now growing to considerable magnitude; and, 3dly, this Tragedy; together with the failure of all income from my Cudham living, where the farmers are universally

bankrupt, and my two establishments in London and Watford, and my love affair, and the champagne, &c. &c. are altogether hurrying poor Tom Maurice into an abyss (oh, the obdurate Scotts! as "Jack Bartlam" exclaims), from which he is not soon likely to resurge! I have half a mind to go to Lincoln's-Inn-hall, where the Chancellor is most accessible, and state to him boldly the necessity of his doing something for one who, in his line, has done more for the church than Paley did, and has, in reward, almost the worst vicarage in Kent.

Sir Anthony Carlisle dined at the Duke's, and desired me particularly, when I wrote to you, to present his kind respects, which I now do; and having numerous letters to write, to go out with my books, I must defer till another opportunity many things which I had to say to you. Trusting that you continue in tolerable health, and thanking you for your kind invitation to attend Pettigrew, if he had gone down to you, but we are both chained to our posts, I remain, my dear Sir, ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MAURICE.

It appears by the extract from a will enclosed in the following letter, that Mr. Maurice intended a legacy to his master. It was not finally bequeathed.

British Museum, December 26, 1822.

MY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

I have been for four months, as you may perhaps have heard, in the most dangerous state, from a liver complaint. Thanks to God, the worst is over, and I am now mending, but in a very exhausted state, that hardly leaves me strength to write these few lines to my best friend; who will observe, from the enclosed paper (which I request him to keep *inviolably secret*, as new arrangements have since taken place), that, at my worst, he was not forgotten by his affectionate and attached

THOMAS MAURICE.

P S. Could you give me a fortnight's calm repose under your hospitable roof, how soon should I recover, if I could bear the journey down! Be so good as to use a friend's hand in answering this.

Written at four in the morning, November 25, 1822.

"In the name of God, Amen. Being at present of sound intellect, but weak in body, and not knowing how long in the paroxysm of my pains I may continue to enjoy that intellect, I do solemnly declare this to be my last will and testament.

"IV. To my dear and honoured friend and protector, through a long and chequered life, the Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D. of Hatton, Warwickshire, I give and bequeath my freehold house and premises at Watford, a place and neighbourhood to which he seems so partial, from his being a native of Harrow; requesting of him to make it his residence, when he comes to enjoy the company of his friends in the south, and kindly to remember its former possessor."

Henry Ellis, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

REV. SIR, *British Museum, March* 30, 1824.

I take the liberty once more of writing to you to say, that my friend and colleague in the Museum, the Rev. Mr. Maurice, died at his apartments here early this morning. He did not ring the bell at his usual hour; which, I understand, excited surprise in his servant, who went to his room, and found he was no more.

To you, who knew every point of his character, and to whom he always expressed the deepest obligation of any person in the world, I have thought it a duty to write; because, I am sure, could he know what I am doing at this moment, he would approve it. He always spoke of you to me, as his master, his benefactor, and his friend: his kind adviser in every difficulty.

He appeared to have died without pain. He has left legacies of £100 each to two god-daughters; and £100, with the property in his work on "Babylon," to Dr. Badeley, of Chelmsford. The rest to his nephew, with a recommendation to publish an edition of all his other works. I am, Sir, with great respect, your faithful humble servant, HENRY ELLIS.

LADIES.

Duchess of Gordon, to Dr. Parr.

London, Dec. 9, 1810.

You will think me very unkind and very ungrateful, but I wished to tell you, that your letter was gone to Jamaica with the account of the pleasing days I had spent in your society at Leamington. The days are so short, and our constant inquiries for our good King take up all the morning; and indeed my desire is to tell you that your letter was gone with the best wishes of the Duchess of Manchester, Jane Montagu, and myself. This is an important day for this country, and I hope the true Prince will act to gain immortal honour. If he refuses power, and expresses regret for his father's unfortunate situation, with a desire no change may take place, how popular, how great he will be in the eyes of his own people and surrounding nations! A Regency is always a weak government; to turn out his father's servants would be unworthy him, to keep them would be of fatal consequences; however much I esteem and respect them. How I run on to you, and fancy myself under your hospitable roof, or listening to you at my fire-side at Leamington! Bedford and his lovely Duchess were in town for some days: I never saw her so beautiful, gay, and happy. I am to spend Christmas with them at Woburn; the Marquis of Cornwallis and Louisa are now with me. Your friend and favourite spent a week with me; she went to Woburn to meet Palmer. I must not forget to mention my Jane, who is following your good advice in her studies. Mr....., who teaches her mathematics, told a gentleman whom I did not know, that she had the head of a statesman; and I add, the heart and affections of an angel. If you see Colonel Dormer, assure him of my best wishes. When do you

come? Think how many friends will be happy to see you. Do write me, but write yourself; and believe me to be yours, with every sentiment of respect and regard, J. GORDON.

Mrs. and Miss Forbes spend every day with me.

Leamington, Tuesday Night.

The Duchess of Gordon, who takes every opportunity of tempting Dr. Parr to be of her society, hopes he will meet Sir William Scott here to-morrow at four o'clock. She fears he is engaged, and yet is unreasonable enough to flatter herself that he will break it to meet so agreeable a man as Sir William Scott.

Monday.

Nowhere I am so happy as in your society; but the night air always gives me a pain in my eyes; but you shall still have it in your power to treat Jane: bring your trio here, and we will all dine together. I think your friend Madelina must be here to-day or to-morrow. Do come, my good Sir, and make us all happy. This fatal ring, I said some days ago, would too much agitate the King,* and so often taking leave of a beloved object, awakens feelings reason cannot conquer in the strongest minds. I wrote Lady Cornwallis what would be the effect several days ago. Mrs. Forbes and Miss Forbes will meet you. Adieu! Heaven grant us happier times. Yours truly, J. GORDON.

Countess of Oxford, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

Your kind letter, which I have this moment received, has given me infinite pleasure; and as I have the profoundest veneration for your talents, as well as affection for the excellence of your heart, you may judge how welcome to me are your greetings and congratulations on our prosperous return to our native country.

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* Alluding to the well-known anecdote of the King and Princess Amelia.

I fear you will be sadly disappointed, to hear that neither Hamley nor I could procure Justinian for you; but I hope I shall be able to send you something worth your acceptance when my cargo of books arrive, which is now performing quarantine at Portsmouth. You are aware, I suppose, of the very low state of letters in Italy; nor are they flourishing very much in Germany, at least in the cities that I passed through. The prevailing fashion of the French language has unfortunately so insinuated itself into all societies upon the Continent, that most of the bookseller's shops are filled with the wild and fantastical writings of visionary French authors.

Indeed, my worthy friend, I shall have great pleasure in confessing to you all my manifold errors; with respect to my former belief in the beauty and perfection of French principles, my foreign tour hath been of great advantage to me, inasmuch as it has cleared away a great mist which darkened my understanding; and I shall not be the least afraid of encountering a good natured laugh from you, even if it should have a little mixture of triumph. I am thoroughly persuaded, that nobody who loves his country can be a friend to the French; and I could tell you such facts of the Napoleon government, which would prove that my conversion was sincere; it is, however, melancholy to think that, with all the superiority which England decidedly possesses, together with the prodigious resources she is mistress of, our Government acts such a sorry and unwarlike figure as it does at present.

I sincerely condole with you on the irreparable loss the poor Greatheeds have sustained; I fear they will never feel peace or comfort more; for there existed not a better nor a more amiable soul than Bertie Greatheed. The distracted father and mother are coming home immediately.

I shall be very little in town next spring; but I hope you will do us the favour to come and see us in the country. I easily guessed at your allusion in one of your former letters; but be assured, you shall never have to complain of an impertinent butler or chambermaid again at Eywood; you could not feel more indignation than I did at their low behaviour, and in your next visit I hope it will be completely obliterated from your memory.

Lord Oxford and Hamley join me in kindest remembrance. Believe me to be, dear Doctor Parr, your obliged and sincere friend, J. E. Oxford.

As I shall be confined in January, I had rather receive you in the spring, that I might the better enjoy the pleasure of your society.

I am extremely glad to hear, that my book has safely reached its honourable place of destination; namely, an appropriate corner in the library of so eminent a scholar, as my worthy and excellent friend, Doctor Parr. It is well for me, that you have used your own pen instead of mine, to record the trifling gift; for I assure you, I was reduced to a great dilemna, when you requested me to send you a scrap of my own Latin, with my name affixed to it. A very excellent quotation from Sophocles,

—— γυναιξι κοσμον ἡ σιγη φερει,

was the reply of the celebrated Madame Dacier, on being requested by a very great scholar to write something of her own in a learned language in his book, and whose modesty, not her learning, I now pretend to imitate; for, in my opinion, there is nothing more contemptible than a woman who makes a shew of learning, which, very rarely, is no more than superficial; but which, however, (if kept within the due bounds of modesty and silence,) might prove of infinite advantage to her understanding, as well as her morals. I have always observed that, in proportion as the female understanding is elevated and improved, so much the better is she enabled to fulfil her domestic duties and employments; and, when it is found that a girl possesses a great memory and an ardent imagination, her parents cannot do better than to direct her attention to studious pursuits, sufficiently difficult to exercise the powers of her mind, yet agreeable enough to occupy her hours of leisure and retirement. It is upon this principle, not from motives of vanity, that I have requested Hamley to instruct my eldest girl in Greek, and afterwards Latin; her talents are very extraordinary, and from the excessive docility of her temper, and sweetness of her disposition, I am led to expect, she will turn out every thing that a fond mother can wish or desire.

Hamley says, he knows nothing of the epitaph on Dr. Warton, the author of it, nor of the Committee. Mr. Addington (I beg his pardon, for he is now a Peer) and the Bishop of Gloucester form a part of the learned junto; the former I know to be an excellent man, although an indifferent minister.

I wish you would send me the epitaph on Mrs. Coke, whom I well knew and respected; and also on Burke, of whose writings and principles I am now a very great admirer. If his enthusiasm did lead him into wild extravagancies and panegyrics, on the vices and profligacy of the French court and monarchy; yet, as you say, he was a great lover as well as supporter of practical liberty. In my days of darkness, prejudice, and folly, I never read a line of Burke; but I am now, thank heaven, in a state of regeneration; and I shall endeavour to bring up my children to be honest aristocratical patriots.

Lord Oxford sends his best compliments, and Hamley too; the latter left his pea-green coat on the Continent, and would not now shock your eyes with his unclerical appearance. Adieu, my dear Doctor Parr. I am ever your faithful and obliged friend,

JANE ELIZABETH OXFORD.

P. S.—The house in the Bowling-green is fitted up for your reception; where you, shall, when you please, indulge yourself in a pipe, in solitude, and metaphysics.

Lady Crewe, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Crewe Hall, Nov. 7.*

I return you many thanks for your obliging letter, and should have acknowledged the receipt of it before this time, if I had not been prevented from pursuing my inclination by various circumstances. Very soon after my mother left this place she relapsed into her former illness, and was reduced to such low spirits by it, that she would not even let me or any of my brothers come to her at Petersham; and you may suppose how much anxiety I have suffered since I saw you! She is, however, much recovered now, and I begin to hope all fear and danger is over, and that I shall find her health quite restored in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Grattan passed two or three days here lately, and we were much gratified with their company. His conversation

is animated and entertaining to a great degree, and soon makes one forget the natural uncouthness of his general manner. Mrs. Grattan is a beautiful woman under thirty, very sensible, pleasing, and good humoured. The elder Mr. Wilbraham happened to be here at the time they arrived, and his account of his travels into Greece seemed to amuse Mr. Grattan extremely, and I think you would have liked to have been of their party. One evening in particular, when they seemed to get very deep on the subject of the Greek language, and comparisons between the ancient and modern pronunciation of it, this part of their discourse was (as the vulgars say) indeed Greek to me, but I was recompensed for listening to it by conversing with any one who had actually trod upon Parnassus, and literally tasted of the Castalian spring. Mr. Sheridan came here for one night only from Stafford, and seemed to be very much engrossed by many great plans for the Constitution; and I verily believe he is more useful to the cause of liberty than any person of the party. I hope Tom got safely to Hatton, and was quite recovered. I was sorry to hear of his having been so much indisposed. Mr. Crewe and Mrs. Lane desire I will present their best compliments to you, and I beg mine to Mrs. and Miss Parr. I am, dear Sir, your sincere and obedient humble servant,

F. A. Crewe.

Lady Madalina Palmer, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DOCTOR PARR, *Buckland Abbey, June* 25.

Since my arrival here I have often had it in contemplation to inquire for you, but diffidence, and knowing that I had nothing to communicate that was interesting to you, have prevented my writing; however, I can no longer resist, and you must forgive me for my stupidity, and attribute my letter to the anxiety I feel to hear from you, sincerely hoping that it will be in your power to give a favourable report of your health. It is six weeks since I arrived in Devonshire, and am delighted with the mountains, the rivers, and the scenery. I found my son, Lady Sinclair, and the children, well and happy; the three girls are very sweet specimens of frail mortality. My son and Lady Sinclair have shown me all the beauties in this neigh-

bourhood; she spent a week with the Duke of Bedford and my sister at Indsleigh, which is a perfect Paradise, and resembles fairy land. Nature has done much, and every thing which the best and purest taste could do has been done to add to the beauty of the place. The cottage is so pretty, and fitted up with so much simplicity; then the dear owners appeared so happy, out all day planting, and planning improvements. The Duke has been very ill since we saw him, which obliged him to remain at Indsleigh a month longer than he had intended. Thank God, he was able to start for town yesterday. His complaint is a carbuncle in the back, in consequence of bad cupping; he suffered very great pain. My son saw him on Wednesday last, and gave us a very good account of his looks and spirits. My sister is quite well, and Wriothesley perfectly recovered. I leave here to Plymouth, which is only ten miles from hence; it is a most magnificent sea-port, the head-lands beautiful—Mount Edgecumbe rising in proud pre-eminence. I walked all round this enchanting place. The sea views grand beyond my power of description; very fine timber, the trees and large evergreens growing in the water. We also went to the Duke of Bedford's marble quarries, and to the Break-water, a most wonderful and most stupendous work. The blocks of marble brought from the quarry and placed in the Break-water, weigh from eight to ten tons. We had many pleasant little excursions by sea, and dinner-parties every day, where we met many agreeables, naval and military; of course the general topic of conversation was our injured queen; opinions differed, but I am happy to say the majority was in her favour. At one dinner we met with a Blue—yes, a tremendous Blue-Stocking lady, who frightened both Lady Sinclair and me into silence. The conversation turned upon the Americans, upon which she remarked, that the English they spoke differed as much from that spoken by the higher circles in England as the modern Latin did from that of the Augustan age; she made us believe that she knew all Shakspeare by heart, all Virgil's Æneid, and Tressan's Mythology; that she would recite the Odes of Horace and Ovid; but it is my firm belief that, if you had been there to examine this odious woman, all the perilous part of her knowledge would have flown off; nay, I verily believe that she had only by

rote a few lines of the Witches in Macbeth; that the Ghost of Hamlet would have stopped her; and that she could not have repeated Richard the Third's first soliloquy; nay, I question if she had ever heard of Dido, or would have known that Juno was a woman if she had not heard female dogs called by that name; however, of this I am certain, that so far as conceit and pedantry go, this lady is quite worthy the title of Blue-Stocking. I verily believe that she conceives herself equal to improve the happiest efforts of human genius, to amend the writings of Homer, or add a grace to the paintings of Raphael. However, as her beauty is not to be doubted, in its soothing whispers she will find ample consolation for the neglect of those who were not inclined to rate her abilities very high. Do not think me ill-natured in writing thus freely of this would-be wise virgin; she is certainly a fair subject for animadversion, as she appears pert, conceited, and priggish, and seemed to think that every person in her company was to yield to her in every question of science and art. I did so wish dear Doctor Parr of the party to have given her a dressing. What is your opinion of the Royal question, and what is your opinion of Brougham's conduct and speech? W—— appears to be a little Jesuistical; the Queen cannot agree to his motion, she must and will be firm; and I hope we shall both live to hear her prayed for, and restored to all her rights. What a long letter I have written! Excuse me; and pray, dear Doctor, let me hear from you soon. My husband is attending his duty in Parliament, with little hope of doing much good for the country, and as little hope of being able to join me here. Say every thing kind from me to Mrs. Parr. My son desires you will accept of his regards. Adieu! and believe me ever yours sincerely, MADALINA PALMER.

I had almost forgot to mention, that this abbey was originally a monastery of Cistercians, was founded in 1278 by Amicia, wife of Baldwine de Rivers, Earl of Devon, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare. At the dissolution its revenues were valued, according to Dugdale, at £241. 17*s*. 9*d*. and the site was granted to Richard Greynfield. Of the succeeding possessors little is known, until it became the property of the famous Sir Francis Drake, whose restless spirit is still supposed to wander about the house.

His ghost has frightened many. Joking apart, the servants and country people suppose this a haunted house.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Bedford, Jan.* 24, 1825.

Allow me to offer in Mr. Palmer's name and my own, our sincere and hearty congratulations on the return of your jour de naissance. Could I clothe my ideas with words as happily as Moore, your name should be inwoven in verse; but as I was not born under a rhyming planet, homely prose must bear my good wishes. Accept them, then, with benignity, as they are offered with sincerity.

You will be happy to hear that the Duke of Bedford is better, and able to shoot every day. They had a large party at Woburn last week. The Dukes of York and Wellington, the Lords Anglesea, Jersey, Alvanley, and a long string of great et-cæteras. Lady Tavistock is still confined to bed, and continues to suffer pain; Lord Tavistock's health is improved, he hunts in moderation. If you, my dear Doctor, were a lover of the chace, I could fill my letter with descriptions and feats of our Bedfordshire red-caparisoned Nimrods, of their hair-breadth escapes, of their duckings in wet ditches; but all these interesting anecdotes I will leave to our agreeable friend Mr. Payne, who will relate them *con amore*, and with more animation than I am capable of doing. The intelligence I received in a letter from Cadiz, although most deplorable, may interest you. My friend had been some weeks in that flourishing city, which is now entirely ruined, many of the richest Spanish and foreign merchants have left it, a number of houses empty, and those that were formerly let at £300. per annum, can now be had for less than £100.; the half of the inhabitants are unemployed, and many of them starving and reduced to beggary. The French behaved very well, and until the mad business of Taresa took place, they would not permit the Spaniards to put any of the liberals in prison for opinions, or for past offences; since that affair the French have been afraid to interfere, and many have been taken up. There are three Deputados de Cortes in dungeons in the most miserable state, full of vermin, &c. &c. My friend also adds, that the prisons in almost all the towns were crowded; and they have begun to take up people for being Free Masons. He hopes that France

and England will put an end to all this very soon, and compel the King to give a representative government. The French are completely tired of being in Spain; but, on the other hand, the higher ranks would regret their going till some proper arrangements take place, as the natives would immediately begin to kill one another, and there would be a second revolution, much more bloody than the first. My friend assures me, that there is no exaggeration in his account.

It it said that Lord ——— has realized £160,000. in the South American mining speculations; Mr. ——— ——— (the occulist) £80,000. and a clerk in Rundell and Bridge's house, £60,000. The bubble must burst, and those who sell their shares now, are, I think, the wisest. With kindest regards to Mrs. Parr, believe me, my dear Doctor, truly yours,

MADALINA F. PALMER.

Lady Jane Trafford Southwell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Devonshire-place, Nov.* 19, 1795.

It is with real satisfaction I comply with a request of yours, being well assured I speak from experience, that all your wishes to me have ever tended to my advantage. May I beg of you to inform Mrs. F. that I am concerned for her loss. She need not fear any interruption, and I dare say she will be very careful in the preservation of my estate.

I am exceedingly sorry for your family's anxiety, but hope the mild air of Teignmouth will recover your daughter. Our politics are in a shocking situation. One would imagine that the framers of the Conventional Bill had stole several hints from the play of the Secret Tribunal; if the liberty of speech, and the liberty of the press are to be cancelled, and that at a time when other nations are relaxing the rigour of their laws, is it a matter of wonder if this kingdom be thrown into confusion? Had I been maker of his Majesty's speech, I would have assured my loving subjects that I would open my corn barn doors for the benefit of the honest poor; that I would pay the Prince of Wales's debts; and that I would immediately appoint commissioners for the negotiating for a peace, which was not incompat-

ible with the dignity I owed my subjects. But alas, I am a weak woman, and he is a mighty king.

As you do not mention your own health, I flatter myself that you are well. My daughter's and my esteem, and best wishes attend on you and yours.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient,

JANE TRAFFORD SOUTHWELL.

Hon. Mrs. Damer, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Upper Brook-street, July 8*, 1805.

I have directed a cast of the bust of Mr. Fox to be sent to you by Hand's waggon, and I should think it would be nearly arrived by this time. I should not have been so long in performing a promise which so particularly flattered me in making, had I not understood that you were in much distress on account of the illness of your daughter, and I therefore wished to avoid troubling you with a letter. I now take this opportunity of reminding you of a promise made to me; first, do not forget that we are sworn friends, and secondly, that you have engaged yourself to meet those dear and mutual friends, the Greatheeds, at Strawberry Hill, to pass a day and a night there; and the period is, I trust, not very far off, when I may hope to have the satisfaction. The Greatheeds are, I hear, to be in town some time next week; and I shall think myself very unlucky, if any thing should prevent you from settling a time for your visit to me, with them. Believe me, dear Sir, with much esteem, your very sincere,

ANNE S. DAMER.

P.S. I am just returning to Strawberry Hill, where I mean to remain till the beginning, or towards the middle of August.

Dr. Parr has indorsed the following letter "Verses from my dear friend, Mary Bloom," of Wells, Norfolk.

DEAR FRIEND, *Jan. 26*, 1819.

Though somewhere I have read,
How Epictetus gravely said,

'Twas vain and trifling in th' extreme,
That any one should tell his dream;
Spite of his doctrine, I must write,
To mention one I had last night.

Methought that gentle sleep had shed
His poppies' juice round every head
Save mine—the moon and stars were bright,
And deepest silence ruled the night.

It seem'd (my dream would have it so)
Just three score years and twelve ago,
Myself become, you 'll smile, good Sir,
A sage and stern Astrologer!

Behold me then, my night-watch keep,
In meditation long and deep,
In room aloft, I know not where,
Reclining in an easy chair;
My window, though the cold winds blew,
Thrown open for a better view;
Pale moon-light, peeping through it, found me
With all my magic tools around me;
Myself arrayed in Wizard's robe,
Before me a celestial globe;
My telescope, with nicest aim,
Was fitly balanced in its frame.
Here figures drawn, of sage intent,
Shewed in what toil the night was spent;
While many a pledge of care profound,
Lay, rudely scattered on the ground.
And, thus equipp'd, I look'd so well,
For all the world like Sidrophel!

Oh! 'twas a night for Prophet's view,
The spangled sky so clear and blue,
No "fleecy cloud" to roll between,
But all was brilliant and serene.

Methought I rose with eager haste,
Mark'd how the various stars were placed;

With thought intense, and anxious view
The mystic horoscope I drew,
And, gazing on the skies, prepare
To read what Fate had written there;
Before my eyes, in silent trance,
The scenes of future days advance;
I caught the passing forms, and straight
Unrolled the solemn book of Fate.

"Th' event that now the Fates command,
Is Greatness born in British land;
Arrived at Wisdom's dazzling height,
He shall instruct, improve, delight,
Unrivalled in the classic page,
Profoundest scholar of the age."

Sleep fled before the Morning beam,
Fresh glowed the Night's prophetic dream;
Then Memory whispered, 'twas the morn
Of that glad day when Parr was born.

M. Bloom.

Miss Emily Calcraft, to Dr. Parr.

15, *Gloucester-place, Portman-square,*
February 17, 1824.

SIR,

I take the earliest opportunity of acknowledging your eminently acceptable and condescending letter, in reply to my late communication. For your valuable criticisms my warmest gratitude is due; by your liberal praises my highest ambition has been gratified. To have attracted the attention, to have excited the approbation, of Dr. Parr, will ever be to my mind a subject of unspeakable satisfaction.

Adverting to the conclusion of your most flattering and friendly address to me, I cannot, Sir, with any degree of propriety, continue the concealment of my name. With mingled sentiments of pleasure and pain, of pride and humility, I avow my real insignificance. From the manifest gentleness and generosity of your disposition I have every ground to hope, that

you will pardon the presumption of her who accounts it her highest honour to be, Sir, your most obliged and most grateful humble servant, EMILY CALCRAFT.

P.S. I beg to state, that I am a relation, but not the daughter, of the gentleman who franks this letter. My father, General H. Fox Calcraft, is profoundly sensible of the distinguished favour of your attention to my anonymous communication, which I deem it right to say was made without his knowledge, and the "Extract" printed without being previously submitted to him, or indeed to any person. I have altered my copy of it, in conformity with your suggestions, so far as they went; for "illustration" I have substituted "elevation." In Todd's edition of Johnson's Dictionary I find, "to steady," *v. a.*, from the *adj.* "to make steady;" but, perhaps, to confirm, or to fortify, would be less objectionable; for "opulence of mind" I have the authority (if it be an authority) of Sir James Mackintosh; "fertility" might, however, it appears to me, advantageously supersede it. Again, Sir, allow me to assure you of my unfeigned veneration and gratitude. E. C.

Mrs. Forbes, niece of the Duchess of Gordon, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, 50, *Berkeley-square, March* 15, 1812.

We were very happy to find by your last letter, that you still continued in the intention of coming to town at the time you first proposed. As it is wrong to trouble you with useless letters, I delayed writing, in hopes to have given you better accounts of the Duchess of Gordon; as your friend, Lady Madalina Palmer, though not worse, is not in a way, I suppose, to write so often as usual. The Duchess is, however, I grieve to say, as much as possible in the same situation as when I last wrote, only, as may be supposed, gradually weaker, and other symptoms no better. She still has some appetite, and sleeps occasionally with the help of laudanum; her voice is not changed, and her spirits, on the whole, wonderful. These symptoms flatter those, whose wishes for her recovery outrun their judgment of her real situation; but they do not impose on the me-

dical men about her, who have but one opinion on the subject. For, though they say she may yet linger on for weeks, perhaps for months, yet I see they would not be surprised if all were over much sooner indeed. Thus is the scene soon likely to close on one of the most remarkable characters of the age. At first I only felt as a friend, and for one I had known so long and so well; but her lingering illness has given time to view the loss of her in every point of view, and it will be no common one; for, as I have often said, there is none, no not one, that can exactly fill up her place in society. Enough, however, on this melancholy subject. You will feel the blank sufficiently when you come here; for even were it among the possibilities that she should recover, it is not so that she can be in a way to enjoy your company and conversation. Betsy desires me to say, she will deliver your remembrance to Lady Jane Montagu. One subject, as you can well imagine, engrosses the conversation of all the different branches of the family when we meet, which is very often, but not for long at a time. The Duchess of Bedford came to town the instant she heard of her mother's illness, which was rather concealed from her at first, and has attended her ever since; every daughter, in succession, has done the same. All this is justly the mother's due; but they cannot do more.

Betsy and I will submit patiently to the literary scourge with which you threaten us. It may not correct the Scottish tongue, for ignorance is proverbially obstinate; but it will, I am sure, at least produce good humour and good conversation. Much, however, is to be said in its behalf, though not the fiftieth part on a sheet of paper; only, in the mean time, take this as a specimen, that we look upon you as a parricide, without a pun, and as nothing better, so to vilify your mother tongue. You cannot make sense of your own best poets without our assistance; for I vow, there is not an old fishwoman on the Buchan coast, in the north of Scotland, where the old language remains in its utmost purity, in all its intonations, inflexions, inversions, and with all its idiom, who would not, in all disputed verbal cases, make a better commentary on Chaucer, on Spenser, nay, even on Shakspeare, than Doctor Johnson or Dr. Parr; and, I may surely then add, than Dr. Anybody. I think I see her

laughing in her sleeve at the great ones toiling and drudging in the mines of literature for something they will never find, something to untie the Gordian knot, and, at last cutting it asunder in despair; while she, by the natural and sure means of what you call colloquial barbarisms, brings light out of darkness. Even *shall* and *will*, those stumbling-blocks of the Tweed crossers, do not stand on sure grounds. No Scotsman can possibly misapply them, in any sense of any consequence; and as to the common misapplication of them, it never alters the sense at all. I never yet found an Englishman who could give a decided rule for the right application of them, except learning by the ear; and for a very good reason, because your own grammarians, by making their future tenses shall *or* will, leave it almost *ad libitum*. But a good general, they say, best defends himself, by attacking the enemy. Who then admires the English language, even as it now stands, in all its alleged purity? Who, but the English themselves? Nobody! not one. The utmost the greatest among you can extort from foreigners is, wonder that you can do so much with such uncouth materials; and then you know what sort of a figure your manner of pronouncing Latin, and indeed every other tongue but your own, makes in other countries; whereas a Scotsman is understood all the world over. In short, our original error lay in imitating your reformed jargon. Had we kept to our own, we should at least have been original and respectable; but in the union of language, as well as in other unions, the worst comes always to our share. You have robbed us of our native princes, murdered and exterminated the whole race, then introduced a new one, and are now on the eve of declaring you made little by the change. You have, in fact, annihilated our kingdom, destroyed our national pride, and left us the dregs of every thing. Take then our language, and annihilate it next; but remember, it is not the intrinsic worth of any tongue that stamps the value of currency upon it. Where or when did that of any degraded nation keep its ground? Witness some that have near as good pretensions as the Scottish. In short, the dead languages are all the best; the dying the next: among which I reckon, of course, the Scots the foremost. And the living the worst of all; and among them I give the English the *pas*. I know you will

think by this time I have gone quite out of my depth, and I see your hearty, shall I call it obstreperous, triumphant laugh, which you sometimes indulge in, at the expence of ignorance and folly. You consider me as confounding dialects, with original tongues, &c. &c. but this I deny. You have had enough, however, for the present; and will meet us, if not at Philippi, yet I hope in Berkeley-square. When you see the family at Grove Park, may I charge you with our good wishes to them all? Accept of the same for yourself, dear Dr. Parr, and believe me always yours, with sincere respect and attachment,

M. FORBES.

MY DEAR SIR, 50, *Berkeley-square, April* 28, 1814.

As I make a rule never to fill my letters with idle apologies which nobody believes, I shall only say, that nothing short of impossibility could have prevented me so long from answering two letters of Dr. Parr's. This I can assure you with truth, we are delighted that you like the tankard, and think a thing so kindly and graciously received is richly repaid. But, dear Dr. Parr, what are you made of, and what a compound you are, that you do not heartily and joyfully, and without reserve, rejoice in the heavenly and almost unhoped for news? It never occurred to me till this moment, but I verily believe you are made of Corinthian brass, a composition of every thing precious, and that wears well, but of which, to speak pedantically, nobody knows the component parts, far less the secret proportions, so that the most extraordinary and unexpected sounds proceed from it. I got an immense Chinese gong in a present; I gave it to a blacksmith of ours in the country to examine, a bell-founder moreover, and a very ingenious man; for *you* even confess, that there are very ingenious men of all ranks in Scotland. He said, "Well, Madam, I have been trying to find out what this wonderful thing is made of: I believe it is the composition called in the Bible Corinthian brass, for no one metal that we know of could produce such a confounded noble sound, for it is heard miles round the country when it is played upon." Now what he called played upon is, literally, being well beat upon with a stick; and I would, with all my heart, if I were able, give you a good beating, to make you produce some of those confounded

noble sounds, of which you, as well as the gong, are so capable, and with which you might, I should think, make all Europe resound; and you might do this with a good grace, as I cannot see that you have any one single principle to disclaim or sacrifice, that ever you put forth. You always maintained, that peace, and the general good of mankind, were all you wished for. Humanly speaking, is not that period arrived, when these blessings are to be looked for? I am rather surprised that a long-sighted man like you should quarrel with the restoration of the race of the Bourbons, allowing them even to be what you call them. Do not all races of kings degenerate? Yes, and that generally in the very next generation, because all heirs apparent are spoilt children. What security have you, that that little Bambino, that little urchin, the King of Rome, shall not be as great a vagabond as ever appeared on the earth? He was in a fair way to be so, for he was cradled in pride, luxury, and tyranny. The boy, if he lives, has a much better chance to be a great and a dangerous man, if they send him with his father to Elba. If all this is true, it does not say much for one race of people more than another. Is it not then wisest for the peace of the world, to take that, whose pretensions can never die while there is root and branch of it remaining? Partial as the Prince is to the Bourbons, he could never have carried on the war, if it had not been popular, beyond example popular, and was becoming more and more so every day. All different sorts of tradespeople, and the most common of the people said, yes, we wish for peace, but not such a peace as we can make with Buonaparte. It is only suffering a little longer; we must not give up at a moment when we are likely to gain more than ever we hoped for. Peace with anybody but Buonaparte. Could you wish a better Constitution than ours, or nearly ours, for the French; or one with more restraint over its kings? You can, and have beheaded your kings; you have strangled them, you have smothered them; you can and have done what is too horrible to name; when tired of them, you joined cause with any plausible usurper who promised fair, but never failed to turn out a worse man and a greater tyrant, than his deposed and murdered predecessor. Permit me to say, dear Dr. Parr, that you are too severe on the present family of France. The King is a man of excellent sense, the

sweetest disposition, and has the best of hearts. He is a literary man, is even an author, and whatever he has done he has done well. Above all, he is a great lawyer; law is his forte, and his favourite study from his youth. I wish only that he may live to reign, and not to abdicate, as is reported. If you have not had enough of them, I could give you a sketch of the rest of the royal family of France, some from tried and intimate friendship, the rest from the most authentic information. But if I have wrote myself out of breath with the subject, what must you be? There are but two ways of treating female politicians; either being angry with them or laughing at them. Now pray, dear Doctor, laugh as much as you please, the more the better; there is nothing so exhilarating as a real hearty laugh; and God knows we have all much need of every thing of the sort, the happiest of us, in this vale of tears. It is not easy for me to tell you, how much we were touched by some expressions in your first letter, expressions not easily forgot. Indeed so strong, so affecting they are, that it is impossible to read, or even to think of them, without the warmest sympathy and the most sincere regret. I cannot pretend to be ignorant of the cause of them, though you have very nobly left that untouched, and only mentioned the cruel effects on your feelings and happiness. I feel for you, not only as a friend, but sincerely sympathize with you as a parent. But I still hope you have some of the best comforts of a parent, in the prospect of your children turning out such as you could wish them. On this subject we could perhaps speak better than write; and who knows but you may be in London before we go? Nothing can, however, be so uncertain as our stay here for any time. If Mr. Forbes cannot come to town, nor Lord James' regiment quit France, we shall certainly go to Seaton to Mr. Forbes, for some time at least. And if we could in that case go by Warwickshire, we should indeed be happy; but all this is castle-building: this house we will sell when we can. I always regret that Mr. Forbes and his companion did not go by Leamington, not only for the pleasure it would have given him, and the desire he had to deliver to you himself the little mug * Lord Dormer tells me you like

* A beautiful chased silver tankard, given by Lady James Hay, to Dr. Parr, on her marriage.

so well but I regret it likewise, because I think you would have been much pleased with the gentleman he went to Scotland with, a Mr. Forbes, a near relation, who has made, it is said, 4 or £500,000. in India, and might have made as much more with a safe conscience; but he was the friend of the natives, and adored by them, and came home loaded with their blessings. He is no friend to the missionary system, and sees not only possible, but probable ruin to the European settlements in India, without a possibility of bringing about the desired effect. Yet I hope, and do believe, that he is notwithstanding a most sincere Christian, in belief as well as in practice: as an instance of the latter, the first thing he did on buying a large estate lately in Scotland, was to remit all his tenants a half-year's rent, because, as he said, the times were hard. Alas! not so hard as many of the landlord's hearts are, who too often make the times an excuse for squeezing their poor peasantry. You, who are in some cases no enemy to hereditary honours, will be glad to hear that such a man, whose benevolence is proverbial, has an old peerage in his family which he is going to claim. By the by, the only part of the missionary business I admire, is the translation of the Bible into all the languages and dialects under the sun. Is it not a very noble and praiseworthy undertaking, and likely by fair and gentle means to bring about the wished-for good?

To pass at once from sacred to profane subjects, or I shall never have done, I have seen very little lately of the people you write about; for we literally never go into company. There is something so shocking in a young woman's going about when her husband is in constant danger, that I could not think it a duty to force my daughter to go out, though many of our acquaintance wished to persuade her to do it. But as I shall not see all those you name soon, I shall not fail to deliver your remembrances of them, the Duchess of S——, &c. who, as well as your other friends, is always flattered by your remembrance. My great favourite, her son, is gone to Jersey, but his knee is never right yet. Now I know, if you are busy, you will have neither time nor patience to read this long-winded letter: but over your pipe, who knows? Betsy begs to say that she disclaims all hand in the doggrels I sent you, though she is too respectful to me to give them that name, whatever she may think. She says, she never could tack two lines together; but then she

never tried, and she 's very wise. Let them be drowned in the tankard. Having already said too much, I shall only add, that she begs to be most respectfully and kindly remembered. And I beg you to believe, my dear Sir, that I am always yours, most sincerely,

M. Forbes.

From "the high-minded, kind-hearted, accomplished, and once beautiful Mrs. Galton," wife of Samuel Galton, Esq. of Dudson, and great grand-daughter of Robert Barclay, of Ury, the apologist for the Quakers, to Dr. Parr.

Birmingham, Jan. 30, 1794.

I take the liberty of introducing to Dr. Parr, a subject in which I should greatly rejoice to interest him, as much as I am interested myself. Upon any other occasion, I should certainly have begun by making some excuse for such an intrusion; but Dr. Parr, I am certain, will consider, as I do, that a benevolent intention can need no apology; and my object at present is, solely that of exciting his sympathy, and of petitioning for his kind offices in favour of a young person, who, after having devoted her early years to the sciences, is now suffering, neglected in obscurity.

It was only last summer that I accidentally heard of this remarkable young woman; who, besides the minor accomplishments, such as (to begin with the lowest) an elegant hand writing, a knowledge of Geography, and of the use of the Globes, Arithmetic, Perspective, Italian and French, possesses a competent knowledge of Algebra, and a critical one of the Latin and Greek languages; and most of these branches she taught near eight years, in a very respectable school, which her father had established for young gentlemen. Her father, however, died about four years ago, leaving his daughter possessed of only her learning; a source of enjoyment, it is true, beyond the power of fortune; but which, like virtue itself, is rarely estimated in proportion to its value. After the death of her father, Miss Smallwood endeavoured to establish a school for young ladies; but, I am sorry to say, that those very accomplishments which qualified her so peculiarly for such an undertaking, from the

unaccountable prejudices which prevail, have proved an obstacle to its success. Hitherto, however, she has been only known in a confined circle; chiefly within the limits of a remote village, where her talents are still, as it were, buried in obscurity; and having neither a relation nor friend of sufficient importance in society to serve her, by making her more generally known, I have undertaken to exert myself for this purpose, so far as I can.

The papers which accompany these lines, were printed by the advice of Mr. Galton, Mr. Watt, and Mr. Keir; and I trouble Dr. Parr with this letter, in consequence; not doubting his readiness to serve a deserving character, by circulating them in his neighbourhood; and by recommending a liberal system of female education amongst his friends and acquaintance.

Knowing Dr. Parr's influence in society, I am zealous to obtain his interest upon this occasion; particularly, should he entertain opinions (as I flatter myself he does) favourable to a reformed system of female education; in opposition to the popular prejudice, that we should become less assiduous as mothers, less pleasing as companions, and less valuable members of society, in consequence of learning how to arrange and express our ideas; or of being furnished (like the other sex) with ideas to express. For the advantage, however, of those ladies who have no ambition, excepting that of pursuing the beaten track described by their ancestors, Miss Smallwood is provided with the assistance of a younger sister, who is not learned, but who understands finger works, and other female accomplishments. So that this school seems really to comprise every advantage; and it is therefore calculated for all descriptions of people.

Nevertheless, I cannot help wishing, that Miss Smallwood's establishment may chiefly be supported by those who seek to cultivate their talents, to enrich, to enlarge, and enlighten their minds. I have no learning myself; yet I fully comprehend the value of learning; and shall therefore be exceedingly disappointed should Doctor Parr entertain the usual (I must call them) *degrading ideas*, respecting the education of women; should he be insensible to the advantages of female improvement; should he arise in his might to oppose it.

Miss Smallwood has spent a month with us this winter; which

afforded us an opportunity of introducing her. Mr. Galton, Mr. Watt, Mr. Keir, Dr. Darwin, and some other gentlemen recommend her by all means to announce herself as a scholar to the world, by publishing the translation of some approved author. Some of these gentlemen have proposed the following; Sallust, Quintus Curtius, Quintilian, Cicero's letters to Atticus, Suetonius, or Plato's dialogues. Dr. Parr, who is still more extensively acquainted with the ancients, may perhaps think of some work more suitable for such an occasion; one likewise which has never yet been translated, and which is proper for a Lady to translate. In that case, may I beg the favour of one line upon the subject; troubling Dr. Parr not only to read a letter, but also to write one.

And now, being too slightly acquainted with Dr. Parr to authorize the presumption of concluding myself his friend; in the true style of antient simplicity, he must allow me to bid him farewell.

LUCY GALTON.

Miss Lefanu, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR, *Leamington, March* 13, 1824.

It was only yesterday evening, that I received from my Bookseller, the memoirs of Mrs. Frances Sheridan; a copy of which I request permission to offer you, as a small testimony of my gratitude for the encouragement you so kindly extended to me during the course of the work.

As the admirer of her character, the friend of her husband, and the illustrious guide and contemporary of her son, I trust you will approve of the particulars I have arranged and collected, to set those facts in a just point of view, which have hitherto been much misrepresented.

Your approbation, dear and Rev. Sir, would be the proudest reward I could imagine; and it would be my greatest pleasure, that the work should afford you a moment's amusement.

With my mother's kindest regards, who desires to be most particularly remembered to you, Sir, and Mrs. Parr, I remain, Rev. Sir, ever your most obliged, and obedient servant.

ALICIA LEFANU.

Mrs. Lloyd, "the excellent Widow of the Dean of Norwich," to Dr. Parr.

The more Mrs. Lloyd considers the criticism which Dr. Parr has favoured her with, the more she admires it, and feels her obligation to him for it; but whether she will be able to profit from it as much as she ought, is another story. She makes all due allowance for the praise he has been so good to bestow. The strokes of a Raphael are as discernible when employed on a ceiling, as on greater subjects; and Mrs. Lloyd hopes Dr. Parr will accept her sincere thanks for a treasure she has much reason to be proud of. Mrs. Lloyd means to make her apology to Mrs. Parr in person, for not waiting upon her; and is persuaded she will have the goodness to excuse her. The truth is, that Mrs. Lloyd deferred her visits in hopes of warmer weather; and now she is obliged to leave many unpaid.

Mrs. Lloyd is very happy to hear of a request that was made to Dr. Parr on Sunday, as she need not so much regret her want of memory; and as she believes his extensive benevolence is equal to his abilities, she accepts with pleasure the permission he has given her to send the inclosed.* She wishes indeed, but cannot desire, Dr. Parr to take more trouble than that of sending it. If he favours her with any degree of criticism (quite at his leisure), it must be his own voluntary condescension, and the effect of that kindness he is known to exercise even on minute occasions; and of which the rigours of criticism, as well as correction, may sometimes be the strongest proofs. Mrs. Lloyd was really afraid to trouble him too soon, as she heard from Charles,† that he was preparing notes for his sermon; and Dr. Lloyd desires her to say, what is very true, that his engagements have been such, that he did not deliver Dr. Parr's kind message till to-day at dinner. Mrs. Lloyd need not add that the enclosed papers are proofs of confidence.

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* Some of her literary compositions.

† Archdeacon Goddard.

Mrs. Piozzi, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Streatham, Oct.* 25, 1790.

To say your letter did me infinite honour, would be saying much too little of any letter from you; it were better to confess at once that it made me exceedingly happy. My friends readily embrace the obliging offer of taking their son; and, consenting without hesitation to the terms, seem to feel no other mortification than that the boys should be parted, urging, rationally enough, that one bed, &c. would have done for both. As the second is, however, irrevocably doomed to a counting-house, and as the mother and I have hopes of my godson's escape from a lucrative life to a literary one, I grieve the less; and am only earnest in my wishes that he may please you and improve himself. Our valuable friend Mr. Greatheed is at Grimsthorpe; but I was too proud of your letter not to have told him about it, had he been at a still greater distance. He, as well as myself, will be eager to know the name of the traveller you mention, and it is really unlucky he should, at such a time, be absent from Guy's Cliffe. There, perhaps, on some future, some distant day, through dear Mrs. Greatheed's tender partiality, an opportunity may be afforded me of personally expressing the sensibility I feel for so much honour done by Dr. Parr to his extremely obliged humble servant,

H. L. PIOZZI.

SIR, *Streatham, Jan.* 17, 1791.

Mr. Richard Greatheed having very kindly informed me that you were expected in London about this time, and our friend Mr. Perkins being naturally desirous of some conversation with you on the subject next his heart, the welfare of his amiable son, I take leave to present him to you in this letter, with every earnest wish that preliminaries may be settled to your mutual satisfaction, as well as the *certain* advantage, for such I esteem it, of a youth, whose taste and disposition for literature gives me much hope of future acquirements; and though our dear Dr. Johnson used to say that women always judged perversely concerning the intellect of boys, I will flatter myself that this young man may do credit to your care and my recommendation.

How happy would it have made Mr. Piozzi and myself, could you all have dined here one day; and why may it not still be so? Next Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday (for on Saturday we prepare for Bath), I shall esteem our house most honoured in your company, and myself most delighted in the opportunity of professing personally the veneration with which I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant, H. L. Piozzi.

Miss Seward, to Dr. Parr.

Lichfield, Oct. 29, 1792.

Believe me, Sir, if inextricable engagements had not lately engrossed every instant of my leisure, I had sooner acknowledged the honour of your kind and repeated attention, and of the desire you are so good as to express that we may become personally acquainted. Should my precarious health permit, I purpose visiting Mr. Dewes towards the latter end of November. The known pleasures of Wellsburn will be inevitably augmented, if that visit introduces me to Dr. and Mrs. Parr. Henceforth, when you shall pass through Lichfield, and I am at home, I hope you will no longer scruple to oblige me with a call, though we may not previously have met. Surely the name of Parr is a sufficient introduction wherever literary fame has "honour due."

I regret having missed the satisfaction of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Gell either of the times in which they lately passed through our city. They called twice, but as I had each time company with me, they would neither suffer my being sent for to them, nor join my party, to which they would have formed an addition so welcome. In a day or two after their last transit, a letter came to my house, directed for Mr. Gell. I knew not whence it came, but forwarded it to Hopton. Soon after I had the pleasure of acknowledging your message, sent by Mr. Archdale, I received a letter from Mrs. Gell, containing an obliging and welcome transcript of the letter I had forwarded. Hence I learned that accident, and not any omission, prevented my receiving in time the flattering invitation to Hatton.

I am glad the wit and worth of my friend Mr. Weston are valued there. The circumstance convinces me that Dr. Parr is not

less liberal than ingenious. He will have the goodness to suffer a brief comment upon the surprise I felt at a passage in his interesting pamphlet on the Curtis subject, with which much just and very eloquent political writing is interwoven. He will have no doubt that I mean the following sentence: "that Mr. Pope suffered his own contemporaries and panegyrists to defame the memory of Dryden;—not by failing to prevent, but by failing to repel those attacks, was the distinction most clearly stated and most ably defended by Mr. Weston himself, and by his antagonists either strangely overlooked or grossly misrepresented."

Now the preface to the Woodmen of Arden, which produced this controversy, says nothing about Pope's imputed guilt consisting in failing to repel the public preferences of his verse to Dryden's, but accuses him of baseness in suffering such preferences to appear, which are there deemed insidious arts to undermine the fame of Dryden. This accusation is absurd upon the face of it; whether on its original ground of suffering what there is no reason to suppose he could prevent, or on the shifted ground of failing to repel the preferences of his muse to Dryden's.

Mr. Weston's antagonists, so far from overlooking or misrepresenting the charge, either in its primal or changed nature, have justified Pope on that head at least, as Mr. Dewes observed to me the other day, even in the opinion of those who concur with Mr. Weston in preferring the versification of the elder bard. Against the above imputation Pope is defended by me in the Gent. Magazine for June 1789, page 510, by an appeal to the universal prevalence of self-love, even in the very best hearts; which prevalence, if impartially consulted, must induce our readers to acquit Pope of crime, in neither feeling nor expressing displeasure at seeing his own superiority to Dryden asserted. Again, in the Magazine for September 1789, page 818, where I ask Mr. Weston if he can suppose that, if Pope had been living at the period of this controversy, I should have been so indelicate as to have consulted him ere I published my vindication of his character and of his claims, and, by that question, infer the evident improbability of his being able to prevent the appearance of similar publications. My justifying question was strengthened by observing, what honest indignation Mr. Weston would feel

were he to see me branded with imputed vanity and meanness for suffering his boundlessly partial praise of me to pass the press, since he was conscious that I knew not of its existence till I saw it in print.

Notwithstanding his hasty assertion, I dare appeal to the more deliberate justice of Dr. Parr for Pope's acquittal of guilt in not entering the lists of critical controversy in combat against his own fame concerning the Drydenic or Popeian palm of preference. High as the bard of Twickenham avowedly thought of Dryden's powers of versification, he must naturally think yet higher of his own, to the perfection of which art and labour had co-operated with genius; so thinking, there was no dishonour in not opposing the preference which countless pens were decreeing to his verse.

I am not one of Addison's adorers in his serious essays, however I may admire his comic writings. Supposing I was to say in print, what I sincerely think, viz. that Dr. Parr's language is more nervous, more luminous, more eloquent, than Addison's, he would hardly consider it incumbent upon him in honour publicly to repel the assertion; and were his failing to do so to be imputed to an envious desire of supplanting the fame of Addison, would not he, would not his friends, spurn such injustice? In that exact predicament stands Pope beneath the accusation in question. Let us judge others as we would ourselves be judged.

Obliged to abandon his original ground of censure, Mr. Weston transfers Pope's imputed guilt in suffering general preferences of his versification to Dryden's, to the particular crime of suffering Swift to defame Dryden in his Tale of a Tub. In the Magazine for February 1791, page 140, Mr. Weston says, "Here, Mr. Urban, you find my complaint against Pope to be, not that he incited, but that he suffered Swift to ridicule that work? which Pope himself pronounced to be 'the most noble and spirited translation he knew in any language.'"

In the Supplement to the Magazines for the year 1790, a writer signing himself B. L. A. had proved the palpable absurdity of imputing such sufferance to Pope, by showing that the Tale of a Tub had been written in Pope's infancy, and that he was only sixteen when it was printed.

Then Mr. Weston's prejudice, driven from that post of accu-

sation also, condemns Pope for not publicly attacking Swift on the subject of that foolish paragraph, which disgraces its author, and not Dryden; inferring from my vindication of Pope against himself, and Pope's silence to the absurd attack of Swift upon Dryden, either that I have done too much, or that he did too little. But that plea is no less obviously fallacious than that Swift could have been restrained by a boy from the folly into which personal pique had betrayed him; and its fallacy results from the difference of situation in the respective parties. Mr. Weston and I might enter the critical lists as opponents without any marked disparity to render the contest dangerous to either; but the danger to Pope, from a similar contest with Swift, is thus demonstrated in the Magazine for March 1791, page 225: "Swift was twenty-one years older than Pope; his reputation established; his wit awing the whole literary world; his known moroseness; the proof his injustice to Dryden afforded of unsubsiding resentments. These considerations may be supposed to have operated wisely upon Pope to let the malevolent and impotent sneer from the pen of Swift remain through life unnoticed; his own noble-minded praise sufficiently evincing how much he disdained the malice of his friend."

This writer, who dates from Yarmouth, after having proved the folly it would have been to have made such a friend an enemy, proceeds to observe, that kindred reasons existed to make me prefer silent disdain of Mr. Weston's prejudiced accusations to the vindication I entered upon of the party accused.

Thus, Sir, you see how very far Mr. Weston's antagonists have been from overlooking or misrepresenting his original charge against Pope, that of suffering what it could not be in his power to prevent; how far from overlooking or misrepresenting it in the sense into which our friend sought to explain it—that of failing to repel those attacks—Pope's own warm praise of Dryden being all the repellant which prudence allowed him to use respecting Swift's pointless sneer.

I beg your pardon for having intruded so long on your attention. I hoped to have been more brief. Impute my prolixity to its true motives, the desire of being acquitted of unfair controversy in the opinion of a character I revere, and of acquitting my favourite author on a point, where his innocence is capable of

being demonstrated. I wish he could be equally justified in all the charges brought against him by Mr. Weston in the latter part of our warfare: the revenge on Burnet, Ducket, and Lady Mary, was dark, malignant, indefensible, the impotent attempt to disavow them despicable. I remain, Sir, with the utmost respect, your obliged and obedient servant, ANNA SEWARD.

DEAR AND HONOURED SIR, *Lichfield, February* 3, 1793.

An alarming disease in my head and stomach makes me incapable of writing with any clearness, while I feel the employment is in itself injurious. Impute, I beseech you, to this the true cause of my not having sooner acknowledged my grateful sense of the new obligation conferred upon me by your last letter. I am not better, but confined at present to my chamber, and under the care of a physician. Finding the complaint so obstinate, I am weary of waiting for brighter hours, and impatient of the appearance of cold unthankfulness. You have been a fellow sufferer with me in bodily pain, and oppression; but their clouds were dispersing from about you when you were so good to write to me, of which I am right glad. Of the heart-ache you mention, every benevolent spirit must have partaken beneath their consciousness of that cruel tragedy, those vile, those bloody French have so atrociously completed at their infamous tribunal of mock justice. What dreadful warning does their unbridled guilt afford to the surrounding nations against destroying the links of subordination in station and government, which unite a nation as one common family, and which are congenial to all the economy of nature, all the dispensations of providence, all the precepts of revelation? O! when we see how much more dire the mischiefs of anarchy than were even those of a very corrupt government, surely it will induce us to be thankful, and satisfied with our own, whatever imperfections may be discovered in its texture. It is equally in vain to look for excellence unallayed by defect, in institutions as in individuals. Preponderant good ought to content us.

The gentlemen, and ladies, and tradesmen, of our little city have voluntarily put themselves into mourning for the barbarously murdered Louis, after the example of our Court. No

proofs have appeared even of those imputed treasons to the new State, which if he had practised, his oppressed and enslaved situation considered, together with the prejudices of his education, which taught him to believe his privileges unjustly, and rebelliously wrested from him, could not deserve either imprisonment, or death. Deposition, and banishment from the kingdom formed the obvious limit of the people's power over him, whose absolute sovereignty they had long, with solemn oaths, acknowledged; but alas! he was willing to wave all his hereditary claims; to cede to them the freedom they denied to him. His sole crimes;—refusal to recognize their edicts, which the rules of their own compact empowered him to extend, and the calling upon his guards to defend him against a tumult levelled at his life. As for the suppositious treasons, forged and alleged in the wantonness of that unmotived cruelty which sought his destruction, he had undoubtedly neither the courage to plan, nor, watched as he was, the power to negociate them. The sanguinary tyrants condemned him by the name that belonged to themselves, and the mild and merciful blood they have thus vilely shed,

Does, like the sacrificing Abel's, cry
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To God and man for justice on their heads.

I thank you for all you say concerning my epitaph on Garrick: yet allow me to assure you that the first idea, which presented itself to my mind, on being asked to write it, was the propriety of avoiding particular description of his theatric talents in deference to the solemnity of epitaph; so that it was not indolence, though it might be misconception, which made me first avoid it; and afterwards, in concurrence with the other alleged reason, produced my unwillingness to add a more characteristic couplet. I cannot help thinking that general criticism would express disgust at specific delineation. Such however is my reverence for Dr. Parr's judgment, that I am disposed to consider the fancied impropriety as an ill-grounded prejudice, which I possess in common with the majority, critics as well as illiterate readers: but in this case, as I observed before, to lengthen would be to ensure that rejection which the attempt will probably meet, even under its conformity to the restrictions

as to number of lines prescribed by the Requester, who has the sole management of the twin monuments. I believe—that in his heart he neither much likes me, or at all likes my writings. His request therefore excited my surprize. I have since been disposed to think it made for the pleasure of mortifying me by declining to accept the effort. Such petty malevolences, as you well know, exist in many a heart which dictates to the tongue all the due forms of politeness. The gentleman, who set me this task, was my play-fellow in infancy, my frequent companion in our prime of days. Ere middle life he left our City, and rose into wealth and consequence; yet belongs to us still, and considers himself as a Lichfield man, making frequent, though fleeting visits here. Never, till he asked me for this epitaph, did he mention, or even allude in my presence to my having passed the press. A silence which, in such an old acquaintance, I always construed as civil disapprobation. It gratifies me that you think the epitaph, if it should be inscribed, will not, in the present form, disgrace me; since though I brought no indolence to that revision at Wellsburn which your just remarks excited, I am now utterly incapable of composition, or intense thinking on any subject; and verily believe the capacity gone for ever. I am very ill; the sensations in my head are frightful, and increase. It is several days since I began this letter, and lost the power of proceeding with it, or of writing an ordinary billet without increasing the confusion and dizziness in my head. Mr. Fitzthomas, and other friends, were to have been my guests this week. I have been obliged to postpone their visit, and confine myself to my chamber and arm chair.

God bless you, and yours, dear Sir, and avert from us all the evils of anarchy! Your ever obliged, and devoted friend and servant, ANNA SEWARD.

DEAR SIR, *Bridlington Quay, August* 18, 1793.

The last letter with which you have honoured me arrived a few days before I left Scarborough. The rapid course of the intervening period, and those engrossing engagements which gave it wings, have been regretted because they prevented my earlier acknowledgment of your obliging attention.

Alas! I have no good news to tell you of our highly intelligent, and excellent friend, Mr. Dewes. The patriot pleasure which he felt by the surrender of Valenciennes to the British armies, and their allies, by those of that godless, and lawless republic, could not exterminate the sad disease which preys upon his feeble frame. He and his agreeable party left Scarborough a day or two before your last epistle reached me. I gave its predecessor a reiterated perusal over his shoulder. Not thinking himself at all better for his residence on the gay Cliff, nor for its saline breezes, he shortened his stay, and is now at Calwich. His letter to me from that place contains a mournful presentiment of the event of his disease, which pains my very heart. I hope the lowness of his spirits magnifies his danger, but he is very ill.

We Lichfieldians are, it is true, very unanimous in our orthodoxy, and in our loyalty. The distinctions of Whig and Tory, that once, and long, bred much ill-blood amongst us, have lost their force during the elapse of many years; and, in these perilous times, which have so clearly shown the mischiefs of plausible theories, they are totally dissolved. One common sentiment pervades our bosoms, that perhaps find little congeniality on other themes. We feel grateful for the protection, freedom, and comfort we enjoy beneath the influence of a constitution, which has given to our little island such mighty consequence in the consideration of Europe through a century's course; whatever of human, and therefore inevitable, imperfection may be found in its construction by those Eutopian searchers, who call themselves philosophers and patriots, and who would beguile us from safe holds by visionary plans of unattainable excellence.

I was born, and educated in Whiggism, if Mr. Dewes was not, and have never forsaken its principles. In my infancy and youth the factious and discontented were called Tories. They abused government, and styled it corrupt, on account of its changed form, from kingly despotism, to balanced influence. The factious and discontented now abuse it because it has not that complete perfection, ill suited to the corruption of mankind, and call the quiescent and the grateful Tories; but when they gave to such the title of Whigs, and openly detested the æra of the

revolution in England, the constitution was essentially the same as it is at present; Tests and Septennial Parliaments, now so reprobated by the growlers, existed then.

Beautiful superstructures of polity are raised by men of dazzling abilities, who assume the title of philosophers; but to render them as safe on experiment as they are plausible in theory, mankind must have been created, not as they are, mulish, selfish, and malevolent, but ductile, disinterested, and kind. Thus these fair and promising edifices, being built on sandy foundations, fall on trial into an heap of shapeless ruins, and in that fall overwhelm freedom, security, subordination, mercy, and piety; as the example of France evinces. If to be a philosopher is, as I understand it to be, a lover of wisdom; if to be a patriot is to be a lover of the country we inhabit, the most ignorant amongst the contented, and the grateful, have more real claim to those titles, than the daring innovators who, with the dreadful example of France before their eyes, seek to lift the flood-gates of a torrent which they cannot bank up again.

You are mistaken, dear Sir, in supposing my muse to have been ever what you call a Tory. No loyal, or ministerial verses of hers ever passed the press. As to France, not yourself more exulted in her first liberation till she rushed into barbarous anarchy, and proved that its mischiefs are greater far than those of he most corrupt government, and produce despotism infinitely more tyrannic. An awful warning to surrounding nations! Well may it teach the prosperous, the happy English, to be thankful, whatever of human imperfection may be found in the constitution under which they flourish!

The following Sonnet of mine was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for August 1789. I think it breathes no Toryism.

July 27, 1789.

To France on her present exertions.

Thou, that where Freedom's sacred fountains play,
Which sprung effulgent, tho' with crimson stains,
On transatlantic shores and widening plains,
Hast, in their living waters, wash'd away
Cankering spots, shed by tyrannic sway

binson, if the composition had been, as a whole, or in part, purloined from the printed sermons of older divines, he seldom failed instantly to unveil the source of plagiarism.

Your attention to the late unhappy criminal does great honour to your humanity; but there was no possibility of saving him consistent with the general safety. Too frequently, in recent times, has madness extended its shield over murder, and under that encouragement instances of the crime multiplied fast. Madness, as well as guilt, is awed by the dread of punishment. People daily walk at large with a tincture of insanity, strong enough to be perceived, yet not strong enough to justify confinement. If a jury is not to consider such people accountable for the blood they may shed, we do indeed stand in jeopardy every hour.

With every esteem, every honour for talents and learning, which are the boast of the present period, I remain, dear Sir, your faithful, obliged, and obedient servant,

ANNA SEWARD.

Mrs. Sheridan, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, Feb.* 15.

Before I say a word on a subject that now occupies every body, I must clear myself from the charge of neglect with which I am at present accused. I do assure you I have never received the letter you allude to; and I have questioned Mr. Sheridan very closely about it, but he persists in denying any knowledge of it likewise, so that I fear it certainly must have miscarried by some accident or other. I should have written, however, long before, to inquire after Tom, from whom I have not received a line since I left Hatton; but I have been very much tormented for the last fortnight by a pain in my face, which made me unfit for anything, and for which I have been obliged to have two teeth drawn. I am now pretty well again, and if I was not, all the fine things I have heard, and still continue to hear, of Mr. S. would cure me. Indeed, my dear Sir, I am proud; and, partial as you are to him, I am quite sure you can have no idea from the papers of the wonderful effects

produced on all parties and all ranks of people by his speech. I I have no doubt that he will exert himself on the commercial treaty; he is at present very much engaged by it. The Chamber of Commerce have petitioned Parliament against it, and Pitt has hurt himself prodigiously by his haughty manner of treating them. Mr. S. attends their meetings constantly, and they have promised to be directed by him; he is extremely sanguine in his hopes of their perseverance, and most people think that this treaty will completely ruin Pitt. In the first debate on the subject, the day before yesterday, Mr. Fox's speech was thought one of the best ever heard, and Mr. Pitt's (which lasted above three hours) one of the worst. In short, our friends are all in high spirits, and seem to think that politics in general wear a better face than they have done for some time. By Stockdale's pamphlet I imagine you mean Debrett's Political Review, &c. it is most ably answered by Mr. Tickell; it is called "the People's Answer to the Court Pamphlet." If you have not read it you will be entertained. There have been many good pamphlets written by our friends, but I do not recollect their names. I will certainly execute your commands if ever I meet any of the gentlemen you mention, but they don't often come in my way. I have sent the letter you inclosed. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Parr; I was sorry I had not the pleasure of seeing her while she was in town. Believe me, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

E. L. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 13.

Your letter was given me only this morning, among many others which have lain equally neglected among Mr. Sheridan's loose papers. This must be my excuse for not having complied with the request it contained before. In regard to news, every thing is as yet so undecided and unsettled, it is impossible to send you any that can be satisfactory at present; only, that in general all things are in a good train, and a very short time now it is supposed will see the Prince invested with all the dignities and powers he is entitled to. His behaviour has been perfect throughout, and his prudence and moderation have made him popular with all ranks of people. Notwithstanding the opinions of the physicians, the K—— is certainly as mad as ever, and no

disinterested person has a doubt of his continuing so. Pitt fights hard, and clings with all his might to the Treasury bench; but it is all in vain; and his mean and unjustifiable attempts to continue in power have made him odious, even to those inclined to be partial to him. An unlucky word about right, made use of by C. Fox in the House, has made some little confusion in the heads of a few old Parliamentaries, who did not understand him; and Pitt has taken advantage of this, and means to move a question about it on Tuesday, which our friends wish to avoid by moving the previous question, thinking Pitt's motion mischievous, and quite unnecessary. It is supposed there will be a great battle; there are five hundred and fifteen members in town, and great interest is making on both sides. We hope to have the majority; but, if we have not, it will not be of any great consequence. Mr. S. is constantly out and engaged, so that I get very little intelligence from him. When any thing decisive happens, I will certainly write again. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and remain, dear Sir, yours, &c. E. L. SHERIDAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Wynnstay, December 27.*

I am infinitely obliged to you for the very comfortable and satisfactory accounts you give me of my dear boy. I trust and hope he will not disappoint the hopes and expectations formed of him. Mr. Sheridan is very busy about the treaty; he begs you will read it, and assist him in the dissection of it. When he was in town he dined with Lord Stormont, Lord Loughborough, Mr. Fox, &c. at the Duke of Portland's, where it was fully discussed, and universally reprobated. The clothiers, and all the wool-growers in the country, are in alarm. Many gentlemen, whose estates lie on the Wiltshire and Dorsetshire Downs, will be completely ruined; and so far from being popular in London, it is imagined Mr. Pitt will be so shaken this session by it, that he will find it difficult to keep his seat. There is a pamphlet lately published, called "A Woollen-draper's Letter;" it is written in a plain, vulgar style, for the common people, by Mr. Tickell. Of course this is a great secret, and I need not caution you not to name the author. It is very well done, and has been of great service. Mr. S. says he will

send you some of them to disperse among those neighbours of yours, who are at present so satisfied. There never was the least foundation for the report of Lord Carlisle's going over. I hope we shall have no more renegadoes. Eden is certainly gone to Paris, and does not mean to stand his ground in the House. There has been some disturbance among the Ministers, and various reports of changes and resignations; but I believe there is little credit to be given to any of them. If they quarrel among themselves, they are sure to make it up again before it becomes too serious; if one wont give way, another will. I dare say there is not one of them would risk their places on any account. It will be a very bustling winter; but I confess I have no hopes of any thing very good happening till the general election. I had a letter from my sister yesterday, who tells me Miss Parr is much better. I am extremely glad to hear it, and hope your alarm has been groundless. I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

E. L. SHERIDAN.

I forgot to mention, that Tom, in his letters, complains of poverty, and requests a little money to be sent him under the seal of my letter. This I have refused, as I do not like to encourage such secret negociations; but I have directed him to apply always to you on such occasions, openly and fairly, as I presume he does not want it for an improper use. Will you therefore, my dear Sir, be so obliging as to let him have any allowance you may judge proper for him, and encourage him to make you his friend and confidant on such occasions? Too much money is very bad indeed for children; but a little I think quite necessary, to prevent their being betrayed into little pilfering meannesses; and I dare say you agree with me.

FOREIGNERS.

Francis W. Gilmer, Esq. (of Richmond, Virginia), to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, October* 2, 1824.

I have taken a birth in the Crisis for New York, and shall embark at Cowes on Tuesday. I cannot leave England without turning a look of profound veneration and esteem to Hatton Parsonage. I have procured professors, who, I hope, will do honour to our university, and to England.

I shall converse with Mr. Jefferson about the offer of Mr. Lynes, and probably he will hear from him. I beg you to present me to Mr. L., and tell him I received his letter, which can be better answered from Virginia.

Again, farewell! peace to you now, and glory and happiness hereafter. Yours truly, FRANCIS W. GILMER.

P.S. My departure is sudden, or you should have had notice, to write to Mr. Jefferson by me.

DEAR SIR, *Cowes, October* 5, 1824.

I received your letter this morning at this place, and thank you most sincerely for it, and for all your favours during my short visit to England. I shall feel myself highly honoured by your correspondence after my return; and shall avail myself of an early opportunity to give you a more detailed account of our professors than is allowed to me on the busy eve of my final departure;

Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.

I told Dr. Davy, and I repeat the same thing to you; what you say of Mr. Jefferson, cannot fail to be highly gratifying to every American, more so to a Virginian, and most of all to me, his neighbour, and from my boyhood in habits of intimacy with him. Adieu, my dear Sir, to you, and to old England!

Yours truly, F. W. GILMER.

Dr. Ingen Housz, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *March* 10, 1794.

A good deal of printed specimens are in the hands of the two booksellers Payne and Elmsley, the most part at Mr. Elmsley's, who will forward to you any number of them by the way you will be pleased to indicate to him. I collected from my acquaintances all the guineas I could squeeze out of them, and delivered them to Mr. Elmsley, who keeps book of them, as does also Mr. Payne. I heard from Dr. Farmer that Dr. Pearce is gone to Cambridge, and will probably settle the correcting business for the fifty guineas, unless by your intended arrangement with one of your friends some of the burden is carried gratis by that friend. I hope you will be so good as to put your scheme into action as soon as possible. Mr. Elmsley will forward specimens to all those gentlemen whose names you mention. I sent one to the librarian of the King. How's name is at the head of the subscribers in Mr. Hoogeveen's book on the Greek particles. I should wish to have again Georgius III. at the head of the present list. I nearly had engaged the Pope as a subscriber for the book on the Greek particles. He died before the business was concluded. If the present Pope should subscribe for this book, I will leave you to decide on the rank he would be placed in among the subscribers. As your king is also a pope, the question would be, which of the two may claim, in your opinion, the first rank. As I hope you are as unfriendly as I am to the never heard of French principle of equality, except in the freemasons' lodges, you must allow the superiority in point of dignity to the one or the other. Would it not be advisable to pro-

pose to the corrector of the press, instead of money, a certain number of copies of the book, to be disposed of by himself? By this the subscription-money would not be wasted. The few poetical specimens of both Messrs. Hoogeveen, father and son, seem to have given you a favourable and just opinion of the old man's accomplishments. I think the son's parts are not less conspicuous, and will be still improved by age. The old man was one of the worthiest characters of the republic in every respect; a sincere believer and admirer of the Christian religion, zealously attached to the established church, even to excess. In the last troubles he was nearly destroyed, by having been mistaken in the choice of the best cause. He and one of his sons, a very learned physician, whose untimely death was owing to this mistake in politics, were somewhat imprudent in their anti-Stadhauderian principles. The son was ill-treated by the mob; and this always unruly and furious beast would have destroyed the old man's house, if a general veneration of the citizens for his person had not protected him and his habitation. His son Janus, the present head of the gymnasium, foresaw the danger, and abstained from meddling in politics; considering that, in politics, that side is always right that's strong, and that that's beaten must be wrong. If old Mr. Hoogeveen had turned his mind to writing politics, I am persuaded he would have been surpassed by few. You would judge well of his abilities on this head, if you had perused his *Forum Socraticum*, which will never see the public light, and I could give you convincing proofs of it by a few words.

Dr. Farmer is still here, which may be disadvantageous to the business on hand. He is of opinion, that no time should be lost in beginning the printing. I am persuaded that you will employ all your interest to forward the business. I am, very respectfully, your most obedient humble servant,

J. Ingen Housz.

Count Zenobio (a rich Venetian nobleman, who sent his book on the French Revolution), to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *London, Piccadilly, January* 20, 1792.

Though I well imagine how closely your time must be employed by studious and professional occupations, yet I cannot refrain from writing a few lines in answer to the letter with which you have honoured me. Indeed, Sir, as I told you before, I am very vain to find, that in matters so important, and about which the world is so much divided, the principles I have adopted are nearly the same as those avowed by such a person as Dr. Parr.

Leading, as I do, a life hitherto free from public occupations, I have full leisure to examine the great and strange events now passing in Europe, and I think England cannot long remain a simple spectator. Animated by a sincere attachment to a country where I have spent the best years of my life, no consideration can prevent me from communicating to the public those opinions which I think can be of any use. I may be mistaken, but I am still of opinion, that a wise reform of Parliament would correct the various defects of this government (and you acknowledge, Sir, that many are its defects and abuses), without risking a revolution; nay, still more, that a just redress of grievances would be the best method of preventing so great a calamity in this country as a French revolution. However, I perfectly agree with you, that, were it not possible to attempt now a reform, without bringing on a total overthrow of all ancient institutions, as the unhappy French have done, it would be infinitely better to endure a little longer its present inconveniencies, and wait for more favourable times.

Whatever your innovators, incorrigible by experience or reason, may bawl about apostacy and inconsistency, I always thought, and it is now my firm opinion, that unmodified democracy, and indiscriminate equality, form, next to Asiatic despotism, the most wretched government in the world; because, while it lasts, the ill-fated country must be a victim to perpe-

tual confusion, to gross licentiousnes, and to bloody tumults; in consequence, its inhabitants are strangers to security and peace, the first objects of civil society.

Awful, as you observe, must be, in the agitated state of people's minds, the meeting of Parliament, and awful, as I mentioned it in my pamphlet, is the actual crisis of Europe. Active therefore ought all honest men to be to avert the impending danger. Several persons, to whom I read your excellent letter, think it would be useful, in such circumstances, to make it public, but I cannot, nor will I, take this liberty, without your leave; which, if you give me, I shall do immediately with the addition of my answer. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, ZENONIO.

DR. PARR'S PLAN OF TEACHING.

FIRST FORM.

	BEFORE BREAKFAST.	AFTER BREAKFAST.	AFTERNOON.	EXERCISES.
MONDAY	One Lesson, Accidence or Grammar.	Two Lessons, Accidence or Grammar.	Two Lessons Accidence, and English Reading.	Ten or twelve lines in some English author to be transcribed every night, except Friday night.
TUESDAY	The same.	The same.	One Lesson, Grammar.	
WEDNESDAY	The same.	The same.	Two Lessons Grammar, and English Reading.	
THURSDAY	The same.	The same.	One Lesson, Grammar.	
FRIDAY	The same.	The same.	Two Lessons Grammar, and English Reading.	
SATURDAY	The same.	The same.		

The first form every week, when they are not regularly under the care of the Assistant, will say one Lesson in Grammar on Tuesday, after breakfast, to the Assistant. On Thursday the same. And on Friday they will read English to him in the afternoon.

SECOND FORM.

	BEFORE BREAKFAST.	AFTER BREAKFAST.	AFTERNOON.	EXERCISES.
MONDAY	One Lesson, Latin Grammar.	One Lesson, Selectæ e Veteri.	One Lesson Selectæ e Veteri, making four sentences from the Exempla Minora, and English reading.	Selectæ Lesson into English.
TUESDAY	One Lesson, Latin Grammar.	One Lesson, Phædrus.	One Lesson, Phædrus.	Five sentences Latin.
WEDNESDAY	One Lesson, Latin Grammar.	One Lesson, Selectæ e Veteri.	The same as Monday.	Four sentences Latin.
THURSDAY	One Lesson, Latin Grammar.	One Lesson, Phædrus.	One Lesson, Phædrus.	Five sentences Latin.
FRIDAY	One Lesson, Latin Grammar.	One Lesson, Selectæ e Veteri.	The same as Monday.	No exercise.
SATURDAY	One Lesson, Latin Grammar.	One Lesson, Latin Testament.		Ten sentences Latin.

N.B. If Monday be a holiday, the English exercise must be performed on Tuesday; and at all events there must be one English exercise each week.

Every Wednesday afternoon the Second Form, though not regularly under the Assistant, must read English to him.

Every Monday afternoon the Second Form will construe and parse the Selectæ with the Assistant; and the fourth repetition will then be heard by the Under-Master.

THIRD FORM.—*Upper Division.*

	BEFORE BREAKFAST.	AFTER BREAKFAST.	AFTERNOON.	EXERCISES.
MONDAY	Greek Grammar.	12 lines Electa ex Ovidio, and Greek Reading.	Selectæ e Profanis, Gr. Gram. and English Rudiments.	Ovid translated.
TUESDAY	Grammar and Rudiments.	Six sentences in Latin.	Selectæ e Profanis.	Five sentences Exempla Minora.
WEDNESDAY	Greek Grammar.	The same as Monday.	The same as Monday.	Three sentences ditto.
THURSDAY	Greek Grammar.	16 lines Ovid. Metam.	Ovid repeated.	Verses, nonsense or sense.
FRIDAY	Electa ex Ovidio repeated.	Electa ex Ovidio.	Selectæ e Profanis, Greek Grammar, Electa ex Ovidio repeated.	No exercise.
SATURDAY	Greek Grammar and verses.	Turselline.		Three sentences Exempla Minora; and 20 nonsense or 8 sense verses.

OBS. 1.—N. B. When Monday is a holiday, the sense verses to be increased to ten, and nonsense to thirty.

OBS. 2.—The nonsense verses before breakfast must be six or ten, and the sense verses two or four, according to the respective proficiency of the boys.

OBS. 3.—Between each vacation one week must be assigned to both divisions of the Third Form, for the purpose of construing the whole Latin Grammar.

THIRD FORM.—*Lower Division.*

	BEFORE BREAKFAST.	AFTER BREAKFAST.	AFTERNOON.	EXERCISES.
MONDAY	One Lesson, Prosodia and Scanning.	With the Upper Division.	1st Lesson with the Upper Division 2—Scanning. 3—English reading.	The Ovid Lesson translated.
TUESDAY	One Lesson, Prosodia and Scanning.	With the Upper Division.	With the Upper Division.	Four Sentences Exempla Minora.
WEDNESDAY	One Lesson, Prosodia and Scanning.	With the Upper Division.	The same as Monday.	Three Sentences Exempla Minora.
THURSDAY	One Lesson, Prosodia and Scanning.	With the Upper Division.	With the Upper Division.	Four Sentences Exempla Minora.
FRIDAY	One Lesson, Prosodia and Scanning.	With the Upper Division.	The same as Monday.	No Exercise.
SATURDAY	One Lesson, Prosodia and Scanning.	With the Upper Division.		Eight Sentences Exempla Minora.

In every week the third Form in the first Division must scan and prove once. The second Division make verses once with the Assistant.

FOURTH FORM.

	BEFORE BREAKFAST.	AFTER BREAKFAST.	AFTERNOON.	EXERCISES.
MONDAY	Cæsar's Commentaries.	Greek Gram. and 20 Lines Electa ex Ovidio.	12 Lines Farnaby, Ovid Repetition.	Ovid translated, and Greek Rudiments.
TUESDAY	Farnaby repeated and four verses.	30 Lines Ovid. Metam.	Cæsar's Commentaries.	Five or six Sentences in Willymott's Particles, & Greek Rudiments.
WEDNESDAY	Greek Grammar, & Greek Rudiments.	20 Lines Electa ex Ovidio.	Farnaby.—Ovid repeated.	Four Sentences in Willymott.
THURSDAY	Greek Grammar, and four verses.	Terence.	Making Latin.	Verses.
FRIDAY	Ovid Metam. repeated, and Greek Rudiments.	Terence, and 20 Lines Farnaby repeated.	The two Lessons in Farnaby construed and parsed.	No Exercise, except Monday be a Holiday; and then 10 verses to be translated from Ovid between Morning and Afternoon School.
SATURDAY	The 2 Lessons in Farnaby repeated.	Greek Testament.		Verses.

The Fourth Form once in three weeks to the Under-Master; when the Assistant is to receive in exchange the first or second, or first and third.

OBS.—In those weeks which the fourth Form falls to the Under-Master's share, he will hear the first Form one of their Grammar Lessons after breakfast.

Every Saturday morning, the Greek Testament will be heard by the Under-Master.

FIFTH FORM.

	BEFORE BREAKFAST.	AFTER BREAKFAST.	AFTERNOON.	EXERCISES.
MONDAY	Dionysius repeated.	30 Lines construed in the same.	20 Lines Homer construed and parsed.—The same repeated.	Latin Lyrics.
TUESDAY	The same, and 300 Lines more construed	Scriptores Romania.	An Epist. in Ovid, or 100 Lines in Tibullus repeated.	
WEDNESDAY	The same and Epigrams.	Dionysius construed.	The same as on Monday.	Themes.
THURSDAY	Dionysius repeated.	Dionysius construed.	Scriptores Romani.	Elegiacs.
FRIDAY	Virgil Ecl. 30 Lines construed.	The same repeated.	50 Lines construed and divided. One half to be repeated.	No Exercise.
SATURDAY	The remaining half of Virgil and Epigrams.	Odes, Horace construed and repeated.		Hexameter.

N. B. When Dionysius is construed after Breakfast; this Form are to bring up some portions translated from the Syntax of the Greek Rudiments.

Dr. Parr's Letter to Mr. Berry, on the Plan of Teaching.

DEAR MR. BERRY, *Dec.* 19, 1819.

I was on the point of dictating some just and salutary strictures upon the undisciplined curiosity of non-con sciolists, on their overweening fondness for refinement and singularity, and on the mischievous influence of that sectarian spirit, which in manners as well as polemics indisposes and disqualifies them for setting a proper value upon that which is established by the practice of real scholars; but remembering that you, dear Sir, are endowed with good sense, with good manners, and with more than usual capacity for good taste, I shall give you some advice upon the questions you propose to me about the instruction of your children. I tell you explicitly that, in your present way of reading, nubes et inania captas. But I will endeavour to put you and your boys in a strait path, and upon strong ground. But I must plainly premise that you are not to turn to the right or to the left; that you are not to raise petty or puerile cavils; you are to admit what I state, and to execute what, for your sake, I recommend. Open your Eton Greek grammar, read the Prosodia three times over with your boys, let them construe it to you, and make them understand, when they have construed. Read three pages every day; bid your boys get one page by heart thrice a-day. Do this at the first reading; at the second reading bid them get two pages by heart for a lesson; after a third reading bid them get three pages by heart at each lesson, and then let them repeat the whole in four or five masses. Pursue exactly the same process with the account of Greek accents, and when your boys understand these two articles, and can promptly repeat the words of the Grammar each, then proceed to apply what they have acquired in the following manner. If they are reading Greek prose, take four or five lines, and bid them explain the accentuation of every word, in every line. If they are reading Greek verse, bid them account for the quantity of every word in four or five lines, and fail not to call forth the very words of the rule. Mind this injunction, for it has an importance quite invisible to the teachers of your academies. Now you must pursue the business thus. I suppose you to have, or I earnestly ex-

hort you to procure, the editions of Vigerus, one by Hoogeveen, and the other by Herman. When you have a third time read the Greek Eton grammar upon Prosody, let your boys read over with you three times some useful chapters upon Prosody, by Vigerus, and be sure to point out to them the differences, the similitudes, and the additions. But they need not get this additional matter by memory, though in the meaning of it they must always be ready to answer your questions. You must pursue just the same process with the accents in Vigerus. Mr. Berry, learn from experience the usefulness of these suggestions. But, further, I must suppose you to have Nugent's translation of the Port Royal Greek Grammar, and I exhort you to pursue just the same process with the contents of that Grammar on accent and quantity. Be sure to pursue that process in the order which I prescribe, and without interruption from other studies. Dedicate six weeks, or rather two entire months, to these things, and in every future stage of your lad's education recur to the very words of the Eton grammar, and to the contents of the Port Royal and of Vigerus. Again I tell you, give two months to the business. They will now be qualified for Clarke's Homer, and be sure, dear Sir, I say again and again be sure, to read with them, the Latin parts of every note, and the Latin quotation of parallel passages, and the more easy Greek quotations. If Clarke in a note refers, never fail to make your boys attend to the reference. Particularly attend to Clarke's most useful notes upon prosody; and though, in common with other critics, I know that Clarke is sometimes mistaken, do not you for the present regard these mistakes, and be content that your boys are accumulating much knowledge, and acquiring a habit of investigation. I entreat you in the same way to let them read Clarke upon the tenses, in his notes on Homer, and leave the discovery of his errors to the future researches of your boys. You will teach yourself while you are teaching them. Away with your coxcomical prattle, and your sectarian impatience about Greek choruses. Get Seale's little tract upon metre; you may read the whole with your boys. But work them day and night with trochees iambics, and anapæsts, and make them understand the names, and the properties both of the simple and the compound feet. If you possess Heath's notes upon the Greek Tragedians, you may

read with your boys what he says. But again I tell you to keep close to iambics, trochees, and anapæsts. At some future time, read with them four or five times, the admirable rules which Porson has laid down for iambics, in his preface to the Hecuba.

I shall now advert to other matters. Read over with your boys the Syntax of the Eton Greek Grammar. Familiarize the words to their memory, and the adaptation of all examples to their judgment. This will be sufficient for a year or two. But when they have made real advances in Greek prose, read over with them the whole of Vigerus, with every note of Hoogeveen and Herman, and with the notes also of Zeunius, as contained in the editions above mentioned. Mr. Berry, what I now recommend, is really one of the most useful parts of education. You should make them read Vigerus in this way twice every year for five or six or seven years. Pray mind my detail. Moreover, to increase the stock of phraseology, let them read a good deal of Lucian, and make them consult their Vigerus. You may then go on to Demosthenes in Mounteney's edition of the four speeches, and then to Allen's edition of the twelve speeches, and then to the speeches de Corona, and de Falsa Legatione. And I must now suppose your boys to be far advanced; and while they are reading Demosthenes, let them read no other author, and be sure to let them go over every speech of Demosthenes twice. You may then read the Cyropædia, and the Anabasis of Xenophon, and read them in Hutchinson's edition, with Vigerus at your elbow. You may then proceed to the Dialogues of Plato, edited by Forster and Etwall, then resume Xenophon, and then read Plato's Dialogues the second time. After these things your boys will find easy work in Lysias and Isocrates; but reserve them, I beseech you, and when you have finished them with the knowledge I have pointed out, they may proceed, if they please, to Herodotus and Thucydides. But do not meddle with them for many years. I shall now give you my opinion about Latin. Don't meddle with Sallust yet, nor with Livy. Read the select Orations of Cicero in the common Delphin edition, and his book de Senectute and de Amicitia; then read Cornelius Nepos; then read, and carefully read, Cæsar; then exercise your boys well in some Conciones et Orationes from Sallust, Tacitus, Livy, &c. &c. &c. and then they will be strong enough, without your aid, to read the Histo-

ries of Tacitus, Livy, &c. But this is a distant task, and you must prepare them for it, and you must attempt nothing but preparation. I don't suppose that you have in view composition in Latin verse. But you should make your boys masters of the Latin prosody in the Latin Grammar. You should exercise them in writing what is called nonsense verses. The excellent prosody in the Port Royal Latin Grammar must be read again and again. Mind this. I must have another sheet for additional matter, and you will consider this code of instruction as a decisive mark of my friendship for you.

Now I must tell you how to instruct your boys in writing Latin. Do not vex them with original composition, nor papers in the Spectator. No, no. There are two excellent books, Willymot's Particles and Willymot's Peculiars. Mind what I am going to say, Read over every article. Show your boys the parts, in which the rule bears upon the quotation. In long articles lop off so much as will leave room for the rule, and here you must exercise your own discretion; but do not pass over a single rule. The Peculiars are a store-house of Latin phraseology. Every day let them translate two or three pages; and if they go through both books three or four times, so much the better. I tell you that these auxiliary books are inestimable, if well used. And now I am going to mention a book, which has long been a desideratum.

The under-master of the High School, Edinburgh, has written a very judicious and instructive book upon qui, quæ, quod, with the subjunctive mood. I have recommended it to some of the first schoolmasters in the kingdom. It is a duodecimo. Study it yourself. Read it and explain it to your boys three or four times. Make them apply some passages prepared for the rules, as you have Latin words which boys are to throw in construction, in Clarke's book, called, I believe, Latin Exercises. Mr. Berry, if you make yourself master of this book, you will understand principles not very well known in our public schools hitherto. But I am taking pains to diffuse the knowledge there. Now, dear Sir, I am going to meet your boys at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and mark me well. If they are diligent and clever, do you read over with them the whole, and, I add, the whole of the Port Royal Latin Grammar, and advise them to

read it themselves once a year for five or even six years. You cannot calculate the advantage of doing so, till the experiment is made. Moreover, you must get two other auxiliary books, Heineccius de Fundamentis Stili Latini (or, I rather think, Stili Cultioris), with the notes of Nicles (it is a large duodecimo), and Scheller de Stilo bene Latino. Grammatical accuracy and good taste will be the result of careful, continued, continued, continued perusal of these two books. Get them, study them; make your boys study them some years hence. Mr. Berry, these works of Heineccius and Scheller are inexhaustible treasures of Latin learning. I have heard of some book written by Crombie upon Latin Grammar. I am told it is a good one. You should get it. Again, look unto your boys when far advanced; I earnestly recommend the frequent and careful perusal of Rutzius de Verbis Ambiguis et Mediis, and of Jani de Poesi Latinâ. I can forgive your heresy and your schism. But I think that you ought to be tormented in tortures seven years, if you do not follow my advice explicitly, explicitly, explicitly. I am looking to use, not to display, and I speak with the authority which experience justifies me in assuming.

There is another work which your boys, when they are seventeen or eighteen, should read. I mean Lambert Bos on the Greek Ellipsis. Get the best edition, and with it get Palairet on the Latin Ellipsis. You should also buy the last edition of Mattaire on the Greek Dialects; and if your boys follow the advice I am giving, they will turn Maittaire's book to very good account when they are twenty-one or twenty-two years old.

Mr. Berry, I have shunned mystery, refinement, and ostentation quite as carefully as they ought to be shunned in theology. Away with the trumpery gaudy stuff which has crept into your mind about choruses, &c. Leave these things to professed critics. Make your boys substantially good scholars, and don't take for guides Reviews, &c.

I have only to speak upon one more subject, and I speak feelingly. If you wish your boys to be good theologians, make them good biblical grammarians. There is not much critical information, and there is far too much doctrinal trash, in Hardy's Greek Testament. Buy for your boys the useful book which Mr. Valpy has published upon the New Testament. He is the master of

Norwich school; and he was largely assisted by Edmund Barker, when he was in my house, and had access to critical books on the New Testament. When they read it, follow this order. Let them read it with White's Diatessaron, for the sake of chronological order; but for the phraseology, make them always consult Bowyer's excellent little Testament, and the excellent matter collected in Valpy's book. Pray mind this. You will thus prepare them for reading with advantage the various illustrations of Scripture phraseology by Palairet, Lambert Bos, Kypke, &c., and many other critics, whose names I will send you at some future time, and then they can read with advantage the copious grammatical matter in Wetstein's Greek Testament. I must not pass by one very useful book, Blackwall's Sacred Classics. Never mind the rhetorical parts of it. The philological parts of it are very useful, and your boys will have pleasure in reading them; and pray let Blackwall accompany their first studies in this way, while they are reading Valpy's and Bowyer's Testaments. Hereafter they will come with advantage to the quarto volume of Bowyer's Conjectures upon the New Testament; and when they are good grammarians, they may take their chance for heterodoxy or orthodoxy; but probably they will care little about either. You must take care to let them be furnished with Schleusner's Greek Lexicon, and I do most earnestly beseech you to put into their hands the last edition of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon. My view is to make them good scholars, and I am sure that I have recommended nothing but what is substantially useful. As I seldom see you, I have written also very earnestly. Hereafter your boys will be able to understand what is written by Buttman and Herman upon the principles of Greek pleonasm and Greek ellipsis, and hereafter they will understand also the very learned work of Sturzius on the Macedonian dialect. Much is to be found in Sturzius for the illustration of the Septuagint, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament. But the book is intelligible only to very good scholars, and must be accompanied by Maittaire on Dialects. Parson Berry, make your boys good grammarians. I am, dear Sir, truly your well-wisher and obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

Directions for Study to a Student in Divinity.

For three years successively Gessner's Isagoge and Scheller's Præcepta.

The Iliad and Odyssey, with Clarke's notes, to be read occasionally with the text, and always at the end of each book three months to mark poetic words and unusual etymologies. The Æneid by Heyne to be read through and marked. Theocritus with the Scholiast, in an old London edition, and Valckenaer's readings. Virgil's Eclogues, and parallels to be marked. Sophocles all through. Ditto Æschylus. The four plays in King's edition of Euripides. The Medea and Hippolytus by Pote of Eton. The Supplices and the two Iphigenias by Markland. At the end of each play to read the English translation by Franklin and Potter. After this, Pindar in Benedict. Nota bene, to consult the Pentalogia by Burton. Tully de Claris Oratoribus; de Oratione. Quintilian by Rollin. Tacitus, Dial. de Orat. Longinus. Dionysius de Structura. Aristotle's Rhetoric, to which Burke, Blair, and Kaimes succeed, or rather should accompany Quintilian and Longinus. To read the twelve Orations of Demosthenes. Ditto Æschines de Corona. Isocrates by Battie, and Lysias in the octavo by Taylor, with an Index Græcitatis. The Orations of Tully in continuity. Livy by Homer. Then follow the Greek orators, to be accompanied by Leland's Life of Philip, and Gast's History of Greece, and Tully and Tacitus by Goldsmith's Roman History. Tully de Naturâ Deorum; his Tusculan Questions; de Officiis, et de Finibus. Aristotle's Morals. Aristotle de Virtutibus et Vitiis. Plato by Foster. Ditto by Routh. Xenophon's Memorabilia by Ernestus. Aristotle's Morals, the second time. After this, Hutchinson upon Virtue; Preceptor upon ditto. Price upon the different Questions in Morals. Abridgment of Locke. Watts's Logic. Watts's Metaphysical Essays. Butler upon Personal Identity, and Locke upon ditto. Beattie upon Truth. Clarke on the Attributes. Butler's Analogy. Dr. Doddridge's Heads of Lectures. Bishop Watson's Tracts. Percy's Key. Blackwell's Sacred Classics. Hardy's Greek Testament, with Parkhurst's Lexicon. The four Gospels only, with Clarke's Commentary.

The year before Priest Orders, Butler's Analogy by Halifax.

Doddridge's Lectures. Burnet on the Articles. The Epistles, with Pyle accompanied. Townson on the four Gospels. Michaelis's Lectures. Ernestus de Interpretatione. Blackwall again. Clarke on the Attributes and the Truth of the Christian Religion, by ditto. To buy and to consult Dodd's Commentary, in three volumes folio. To read over every chapter in the Epistles in Pyle and Dodd, before reading the Greek. Leland on the Necessity of the Christian Revelation. Leland's Answer to the Deists. Hoadly and Bell only upon the Sacrament.

A plan of study addressed to T. P——, Esq. a Gentleman preparing for Orders, not having had an academical education.

DEAR SIR, *Nov.* 6, 1804.

Sincere and great satisfaction shall I have if the scheme which you have now formed should be ultimately successful; and let me assure you that I shall at all times be happy to give you any advice which seems to me advantageous for you. There is often difficulty in pointing out the books which a candidate for Orders ought to read, and much time is often thrown away by the well-meant and ill-directed pursuits of the reader. I have considered your case. I now send you a list of the best books for your use, and I must take the liberty of suggesting, that you would do well to read them, and no other, for they are not only proper, but sufficient, and by confining yourself to them you will understand them thoroughly, and you will prepare yourself agreeably, usefully, and amply, for the profession which you have chosen.

The last edition of Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon, in quarto; Hardy's Greek Testament, in two volumes, with Latin notes, which I advise you to read with Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary by you; and read them though you may not understand every note, for that which is dark to-day may to-morrow be clear; and at all events there will be a silent and growing accumulation of knowledge. If you cannot get Hardy, which is grown scarce, buy Bowyer's little edition, and be sure to attend to the

various readings, and look all these words out in your Lexicon, and exercise your judgment in comparing the sense of them with the sense of the common and most incorrect text.—Clark's Commentary on the Gospels, in two volumes, 8vo.—Pyle on the Epistles, in two volumes, 8vo.—Whitby's Commentary, in two volumes, folio.—Hammond, in one volume, folio.—Dodd, in three volumes, folio.

For the present you will confine yourself to Dodd's Commentary on the New Testament, and hereafter it will be of use to you in the Old.

In the way of comment the foregoing books are quite enough. But you must not stop here; for in order to have a general view of Revelation you will read the following books, and you will read them again and again:

Grotius on the Truth of the Christian Religion in the English Translation, with the notes of Le Clerc.—Jortin on the truth of the Christian Religion.—Beattie upon the truth of the Christian Religion, two volumes, duodecimo.—Porteus' Lectures upon the same.—Paley's Evidences of the Christian Religion.

Read these, and no more, but study them well. By all means buy Bishop Newcome's Translation of the New Testament, and study it thoroughly. Get Dr. White's Diatessaron, and let me intreat you to form your chronological views of our Lord's Life from this book; it should never be out of your hands. You will also get Percy's Key to the New Testament, and Gray's to the Old: be content with these. But whensoever you begin any epistle or gospel be sure to read the probable time and cause of its publication. I advise you first to read every chapter in the English Translation, then read the Latin in Castalio's Translation, which I forgot to mention, or in Beza's Latin Translation. Then set about the Greek, and afterwards go back to the English. In this way you will go through the gospels a second time; and then, but not till then, read the Commentators. Before you sit down to a chapter, and when you have finished, read Clarke's Paraphrase, or commentary, and then read Newcome's Translation; read it twice, and the second time reading compare it with the common translation, and be sure to keep a common-place-book, and mark the variations and reflect upon them. By all means avoid commentators till you are master of the

text in the mere way of a school-boy. When you are in the fourth reading you may read what has been written by Mr. Warner, and Mr. Fellowes' Guide to Immortality, though I should wish you to read the latter book in continuity; and also when you are reading the Diatessaron in Greek, you should always apply to Fellowes. I would not have you meddle with the Diatessaron till you have three times gone through the gospels according to their present order. Then read the Diatessaron at least three times over, till the contents assume in your mind a regular history.

I am sure that I have recommended enough to employ you two or three years, and remember how little can be done without diligent and steady attention, uninterrupted by other pursuits. You must excuse me for speaking to you so plainly, for I most unfeignedly and anxiously mean you well. Now as to the Articles, you must read Welchman, and often employ yourself in translating them after you have read the common Latin translation. Moreover, you must very seriously read Burnet on the Articles. After reading Welchman once read Burnet through, then read Welchman again, then Burnet again, and then Welchman a third time; but begin with neither for these two years, for the first and main object is to understand the Greek Testament. Don't puzzle yourself with controversial books, nor let your attention be drawn aside to minuter points. In the third year you may read with profit Leland's view of the Deistical Writers, in two volumes, and Leland's Necessity of Revelation, in two volumes: but do not meddle with these for the present. In the second year I beseech you to read Wheatley on the Common Prayer. No man living feels deeper or more sincere, or more ardent admiration than I do for the founders of the English Church; they were wise, good, and great, and my heart often blesses them. As to the Catechism, I can only say, that at a very distant time you may read Secker's Lectures, and as to the Sacrament, be content I conjure you with Bishop Hoadly's plain way, and with Bell on the Sacrament. In regard to ecclesiastical history, you may in the third year read the translation of Formey's History, in two volumes, octavo. When you are a full-grown Divine you will of course read, but not before, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and you will take care to buy the last edition. Moreover, you

will get an account of the way in which scriptural proper names are to be pronounced; and always before you read the Lessons, and even before you read any chapters. The book was written by a Mr. Oliver, who came from America to Birmingham; it was published at Birmingham; it may be bought, I suppose, there, or from Johnson's, in St. Paul's Church Yard, and it is taken from Simon's Onomasticon on the Greek and Hebrew proper names. I consult Simon, but you will be contented with Oliver. I tell you, from experience, that Oliver's mistakes are not very numerous, nor is it worth your while to mind them. In the fourth year, but not before, you may buy Bishop Watson's collection of Tracts, in six volumes, and another collection by Randolph, Bishop of Oxford. But I wish you not to be anxious about these two collections, for the contents of them will employ and improve you after you have taken Orders. But as long as you live, read and study the New Testament with the aids I have pointed out, and depend upon it you will find yourself an intelligent and a happy Christian. I am sincerely your well-wisher and obedient humble servant, S. Parr.

Weigh well the contents of this letter; it is the result of much discussion and a memorial of my regard.

TOLERATION—CATHOLIC QUESTION.

Dr. Parr, to Archdeacon Evans.

See vol. I. p. 656.

Staunton Harold, near Ashby de la Zouch, January 29, 1813.

REVEREND SIR,

To choose the moment for inactivity or exertion merely in conformity to the wishes, or the example, of my superiors in external distinctions—to talk one day as the advocate of civil and religious liberty, and to act the next as the enemy of both—to palliate what I think oppression by the name of precaution—and to gratify inveterate hatred under the specious pretext of well-grounded terror, are inglorious artifices, which I have ever disdained to employ, from any desire of popularity, or any dread of reproach. I had, therefore, consoled myself with the hope, that the deliberate and explicit declaration which I published more than three years ago, of my sentiments upon the claims of the Roman Catholics, would protect me from any unwelcome summons to engage in the opposition which is now carrying on against a very large and very meritorious body of my fellow-subjects and fellow-christians. But, as "you have thought it your duty" to send me a circular letter, in which "the clergy of the diocese" are desired "to read, and, if they should approve, to sign also, a petition to Parliament, agreed to by a numerous body of clergy assembled at ———, on the second day of January, 1813," I hold myself warranted in stating to you, without reserve and without apology, that such a petition, intended for such a purpose as that which you intimate, would assuredly meet with my decided and entire disapprobation. Not to believe that the "wolf is coming," may be thought by some persons "want of grace," when the shepherds, armed with proper accoutrements, are on every side crowding

together in formidable multitudes, and when their war cry is accompanied by correspondent notes from their faithful associates in toils, and vigils, and perils.

Ἐξαίφνης τρόμος εἷλεν ἕκαστον ποιμένα λαῶν·
ὦρσε δέ τὸν μὲν Ἔρις, τὸν δ' αὖ Δεῖμός τε φόβος τε·
ἐν πόλεσιν, δὲ κυνῶν ὑλακὴ, Θρόος ἦεν ἐν ἀγροῖς
ἠχήεις, θόρυβός τε μελαινομένην ἔχε γαῖαν.

But in addition to other dismal and portentous signs of our degenerate days, it has been observed, that, amidst all the moans of distress, all the yells of affright, and all the bustling interchanges of watch-words for danger and signals for attack between the pastors, their flocks remain in some places unconscious of an approaching foe, and in other quarters appear rather suspicious of a false alarm.

As to myself, Reverend Sir, wishing well to those who agree with me, and to those who differ from me, I have not been altogether a besotted slumberer over the course of human affairs at this eventful crisis; nor am I a bewildered "dreamer of dreams," about the motives or the consequences of human actions. Upon great and complicated subjects, involving the honour and security of the empire, and the real or possible rights of millions among my contemporaries, and their posterity, I am not accustomed to surrender my sense of moral obligation to city, or borough, or University addresses; nor to the tales of hireling pamphleteers; nor to the harangues of ministerial rhetoricians; nor to the versatile ethics of courtiers; nor to the turbulent clamours of demagogues; nor to the grave and well meant admonitions of mitred sages; nor to the sudden recantations and professions even of sceptered alarmists for the welfare of an establishment, not less useful, Reverend Sir, nor less venerable, in my estimation, than in your own.

I presume not to claim any superiority over the clergymen assembled at _____, in depth of knowledge, or soundness of judgment. But so it happens, that, according to the scanty measure of my abilities, I for several years have diligently and impartially directed my attention to the question, which now agitates the United Kingdom of England and Ireland; and the result of my inquiries has been, that the resistance made to the

Roman Catholics is unnecessary immediately for the safety of the church, dangerous ultimately to the tranquillity of the state, inconsistent with the best principles of our free constitution, and quite irreconcileable to the spirit of that pure and benevolent religion, in the belief of which I have never wavered, and from the defence of which I have never shrunk.

Far be it from me to arraign the sincerity or the discretion of my clerical brethren. On the contrary, I suppose them to be deeply sensible of what unprejudiced and virtuous observers will expect from an order of Christian teachers, blessed, more or less, with the advantages of a learned education; authorized from prescription to look for a wide and a strong influence upon public opinion, by their tenets and their measures; and therefore, peculiarly obliged, as well as peculiarly qualified, to speak truth, to do justice, to love mercy, and to promote "peace upon earth, and good will towards men." I admit, that they have called in the aid of historical and controversial reading, upon the different periods and different causes of those disabilities and restraints, the continuance of which they maintain to be necessary, and the principles of which they pronounce to be fundamental; that they have balanced the pleas of innocence, against the proofs of guilt; that they have examined the religious and political properties of the question now at issue, separately and conjointly; that they have compared the past with the present condition of Roman Catholics, in their relations to civil society, as well as to the church of Rome; that they have explored all the latent and intricate springs of action, which make the private views and interests of those catholics incompatible with their public professions; and that they have contrasted both the nearer and remote consequences of concession and resistance. I am willing to believe, that they so far share the infirmity of our common nature, as to have felt some degree of painful reluctance, before they were led by the imperious calls of conscience to distrust the formal decision of several foreign Universities, upon the sanctity of oaths, the reverence due to national laws, and the consistency of allegiance to spiritual and temporal governors; to reject the solemn and repeated declarations of peers and prelates, and a numerous and ancient gentry, and to wound the sensibility of valiant soldiers, industrious tradesmen,

and a simple-mannered, gay-spirited, and warm-hearted peasantry.

More than this I need not grant to the ——— petitioners, in common candour, or in common decorum; and for them to claim less, might imply some disproportion between knowledge and zeal.

In the mean time, having an awful sense of my own responsibility to God and man, I have weighed well my own duty, and am unalterably determined not to swerve from it. I do not indeed exult in the far famed accession of certain auxiliaries, whom you, Reverend Sir, may be disposed to consider as having strayed from the direct and spacious high-road of orthodoxy, into the crooked and slippery by-paths of apostacy. I see their proffers of aid entangled in a fine-spun and gay-coloured net-work of distinctions, to be extended or contracted, proclaimed or abandoned, as caprice, vanity, the gaudy embellishments of a speech, or the petty trickeries of a debate, may hereafter require. I suspect, that their conversion to the cause of the Romanists is to be ascribed, not to laborious and dispassionate investigation for the sake of the common weal, but to the shifting exigencies of that ambition, which, "in the keen glance" of princes and their favourites, "marks" the well known "sign" to love, or "to hate," and which, at one moment, deigns to smile upon the suppliant outcast, and, at another is prepared to crouch before his triumphant persecutors.

Such persons I am not inclined, either to respect as guides, or to encourage as followers. But the affiance which I feel in the justness of my own opinions is, I confess, encreased when I recollect, that, in holding them, I have the concurrence of such a man of genius, as, under the signature of Peter Plymley, instructed and delighted so many readers with so rare and exquisite assemblage of wit and argument; of the writer who, applying the comprehensive views of philosophy to the authentic records of history, has thrown so many new lights upon the subject in the Edinburgh Review; of such ornaments to the English Universities by their learning, and to the English Church by their virtues, as Mr. Copleston, Dr. Martin Davy, Dr. Edward Maltby, and Dr. Samuel Butler; of so judicious, disinterested, and exemplary a prelate, as the Bishop of Norwich; of so peer-

less, so resistless, and upon this occasion, so guileless an advocate for the Roman Catholics of Ireland, as Mr. Burke; of such experienced Statesmen as Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Mr. Fox, and some contend Mr. Pitt; of such wise, temperate, upright Viceroys as Lord Hardwicke and the Duke of Bedford; of such enlightened and faithful champions for our constitutional rights, as Lord Erskine, Lord Holland, and Sir Samuel Romilly; of so profound an observer as Lord Hutchinson; of so acute and animated a speaker as Lord Donoughmore; of so intelligent and intrepid a patriot as Mr. Whitbread; of so distinguished an orator, and so honourable a man as Mr. Grattan.

Sheltered I may be by the authority of these excellent men from the charge of that presumption, which sometimes seduces the mind into ostentatious singularity, and sometimes impels it to froward opposition. But shall I, therefore, be protected from the heavier imputations of lurking disaffection to the Church, or airy indifference to modes of faith, or even treacherous lukewarmness in the cause of Christianity itself? Far from it—reproaches of this kind, though wholly unmerited, would not fall upon me wholly unexpected. That which I have read in the history of this and other countries, and that of which I have been an eye-witness in my own age, and, I will add, my own neighbourhood, must have made me not quite insensible to the indignities and wrongs, which a very slight, and not perhaps a very distant, change of circumstances may bring upon the personal character and personal safety of considerate and well-meaning men, from a legion of protestant zealots, and a tribunal of protestant inquisitors. But, whatsoever may be the probability, and whatsoever the magnitude, of those indignities and those wrongs, I would sooner submit to them than I would incur the perils, which, by co-operating with my clerical brethren against the dictates of my conscience, I should most assuredly call down upon my reputation and peace of mind in this world, and upon those future interests, on the importance of which it well-becomes a man, nearly upon the verge of seventy, to meditate frequently and seriously.

As to the petition to be sent from the Diocese of———, I was compelled to be absent in a distant county on the day which you appointed for leaving a copy of it at———. But, from

motives of courtesy, and justice to the persons who may sign it, I shall endeavour to obtain an accurate transcript.

In respect, Rev. Sir, to your printed circular letter, I have reflected again and again, not only upon the contents of it, but upon the dignified situation of the writer; upon his very advanced age; upon the growing infirmities, which for some years past have prevented him from discharging, as he was wont to do most meritoriously, the duties of an Archidiaconal visitation; and, upon the tendency of these circumstances to lead away his thoughts from the intrigues and struggles of a scene, in which he has but a short time to sojourn, and elevate them to the contemplation of more interesting and more sacred objects. Be these things as they may, I shall keep that letter carefully; I shall exercise my discretionary right of publishing, or not publishing it, at a season that may seem to me convenient: and at all events, I will take measures for having it accompanied with observations, which hereafter may produce more substantial good than can reasonably be expected from them in times so unquiet, and with so slender a chance of their meeting with what I might consider a sufficient number of readers; neither rash from prejudice, nor pliant from cowardice, nor officious from views of secular interests, nor perverse from party, nor obdurate from bigotry, nor cruel from intolerance. Doubtless, if my calm and impartial judgment upon the merits of some recent petitions, and the various topics connected with them, should ever be laid before the public, it will be defended by statements and arguments, which, in this my letter to yourself, it were unnecessary to employ.

I am aware, Rev. Sir, that the printed paper which I had the honour of receiving from you, was an official one; and that in directing it to be delivered to me, as well as to the other Clergymen of the Diocese, you did not intend to give me personally the least offence. But, after the open part which I have formerly taken in favour of the Roman Catholics, I cannot pass over in silence any communication, in any form, which directly or indirectly calls upon me to unite with any classes of men however numerous, or any individuals however respectable, while those classes and those individuals profess suspicions and fears which I do not feel; while they insist upon doctrinal objections which,

under the relative circumstances of the parties, I for the present should not urge; and while they strenuously resist political pretensions, which, with perfect sincerity and after mature deliberation, I had endeavoured to support.

You will pardon me, Rev. Sir, for trespassing so far upon your delicacy, as to believe, that, if the previous and public avowal of my opinions had occurred to your mind, you would have thought it not very likely for those opinions to be very much influenced by the charms of diction, the weight of matter, or the authority of signatures in any clerical petition; and might, therefore, have spared your apparitor the trouble of leaving the printed paper at my parsonage. I really should have considered such an omission as an honourable distinction, and gladly should I have contrasted it with those contumelious slights, which it has been my lot to experience from ecclesiastical dignitaries, in various instances, and from various quarters.

Other Clergymen, not approving of the petition, may be content with not signing it. But my particular situation, as I have before told you, will justify me in expressing my dissent more unequivocally and more pointedly.

In regard to yourself, Rev. Sir, I shall always look back with pleasure to the good manners, and good nature, uniformly shewn by you to the Clergy at your visitations; and as, in all probability, I shall "see your face no more" upon this side of the grave, I will conclude my letter with expressing my sincere wishes for your health, and subscribing myself, Rev, Sir, your respectful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

The following is the Archdeacon's reply.

REV. SIR, *Worcester, Feb. 6, 1813.*

I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, in which you discuss at some length the propriety of petitions to Parliament from the Clergy on the subject of the Roman Catholic Claims, and are pleased at the same time to approve of my general conduct, as the Archdeacon of the Diocese. Age and infirmities, which will not even allow me to acknowledge with my own hands the honour you have now done me, will still less permit me to enter into the merits of the Question. I cannot, however, omit the present opportunity to assure you

of my high esteem for your eminent talents, and to wish you every happiness you can wish for yourself in this world. I am with great respect, dear Sir, your faithful and obliged servant,

THOMAS EVANS.

Dr. Parr, to T. W. Coke, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I shall make an effort to look at London soon after Easter. You are, I hope, aware that my house stands by the road from Warwick to Birmingham; and Birmingham, I think, is very little out of your way to Mr. Anson's. I rejoice at this circumstance, because it increases my chance for the pleasure of seeing you. The best ministry which this country can have, is one in which Mr. Fox is the guide. The next is that which he is disposed to support, and this in all probability is the ministry we shall have. The Prince may not have a thorough relish for the plain-dealing of Mr. Fox. He may inherit a thorough aversion to those strong but salutary measures, which Mr. Fox may deem necessary for the salvation of the country. He may wish to decline the odium which he may incur among the Tories, by hastily bringing forward a person whom his father had always reprobated, and had so recently excluded even from the Privy Council. He may have some uneasy sensations too, from the consciousness that he is completely understood by our friend; and he may have some secret wishes for retaining that junto which pleased his father, which has ruined the kingdom, which has managed the Parliament, and which Mr. Fox assuredly would banish. Again, alarmed at the unparalleled difficulties of the country, sensible of the awful responsibility which would lie upon himself, and understanding both the readiness of Pitt and his associates to raise clamours, and the disposition of the public to quarrel with him for inability to remedy what, with their assistance, he would have been able to prevent,—our friend may shrink from the perils of high power, and indulge his habitual fondness for retirement and study. He abhors political intrigue, he disdains to profess more than he intends; and he may not think it consistent with safety or with honour,

to undertake what he may not be permitted to accomplish. Under all these circumstances, I am inclined to think that our friend will stand aloof.

To Lord Moira I give very large credit for rectitude of intention, and his ministry may be effectual and durable if, with Mr. Fox's approbation, he employs many of Mr. Fox's friends; if he unites with them some persons who are *now* quite hostile to Mr. Pitt; if he brings back the old and respectable families, and if he bars the door against Hawkesbury and his minions.

After all, while the King lives, there will be danger; and so many reserves must be made for his prejudices and partialities, as must cramp the exertions and disturb the councils of any administration formed under a regency. The *first* and great object is to improve the opportunity which has now occurred for laying open the tricks, and correcting the influence, of Mr. Pitt; and I hope that the Prince may deeply feel the importance of this consideration, not only to the credit of his regency, but to the peace, and even the continuance of his reign. Till this point is secured, all other contrivances will be of little effect. I am glad that our friend is upon such good terms with Lord Fitzwilliam; and if the Prince is steady, I shall have some hope.

I find that between the Grenvilles and Mr. Addington there is real enmity, and I shall not be sorry to see Lord St. Vincent, Lord Eldon, and Mr. Addington, forming a part of the new administration: but what shall we say to the emancipation of the Catholics? Here is a swarm of difficulties;—Mr. Fox will not abandon it, Lord Moira is ambiguous about it, Mr. Addington must oppose it, the Prince may not be friendly to it, the King's sentiments will determine many Englishmen to resist it. The Bishops will certainly take fright, and in the meantime Ireland, I think, is lost. I see nothing but confusion and distraction upon this subject. As to myself, I am decidedly for the emancipation, and if it were followed up by correspondent measures towards the sectaries of this country, I am confident that our internal tranquillity will gain one security. But I forebode evil, and you see that Reeves is already busy at his dirty and mischievous work. I have told some of our friends what my opinions are

upon the coronation oath; and I am more and more convinced as to the propriety and usefulness of a previous and distinct act of Parliament for explaining the purport of that oath, and for enabling the King to emancipate the Catholics. If Parliament should afterwards adopt such a measure, there is no real danger of popery; and while its establishment is avoided, the whole question will turn upon toleration. I wish it were in my power to open my thoughts fully to you upon this subject. Remember that I am with Mr. Fox upon the broad principle, and to churchmen I have much to say, which they would not like and could not answer. At the same time, I would secure the established church vigorously; and I hold that by the union with the Irish church it has acquired new strength, and therefore, should be less squeamish about toleration.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very sincere well-wisher, and respectful obedient servant, S. PARR.

P. S. Pray let me know by letter what you do to-day in the house—half a line will be enough.

DEAR SIR, *September* 20, 1807.

I some time ago read a very judicious and interesting book on the Catholic question, written by Sir John Coxe Hippisley, but not published. I hear that he is in your neighbourhood; and if you should be acquainted with him, I shall be very much obliged to you for requesting him to indulge me with a copy of it, and have it left with my bookseller, Mr. Mawman, in the Poultry; but I entreat you not to make the request, unless it be quite agreeable to you. I have been visiting a friend at Bath, and in a day or two I shall go to Eling, near Southampton, where I should be happy to be favoured with a line from you. I am very glad that we are in possession of the Danish fleet; but I still look forward to dreadful consequences, from the violence of the measure. Every nation in Europe, except Sweden, will have a hostile spirit towards us. I have exchanged cards with David Hartley, but we have not met. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great respect, your much obliged friend, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *January* 11, 1810.

Your letter, written, as it was, in a pure and warm spirit of friendship, pierced my very soul. I thank you for it most sincerely. Since I wrote to you, my health has been seriously affected, and my intended measures are very much deranged. The dreadful calamity which now impends over me, will be followed by an imperious and a sacred call to the exercise of many important and arduous duties, in the protection of my grandchildren, for whom their affectionate mother will be solicitous till she breathes her last. I am now making my will, and I am engaged in some other worldly matters; nor can I expect any great alleviation of my inquietude, till they are settled to the satisfaction of my own mind. Perhaps I can do all this in a fortnight; but my very bad health, and my very troubled spirits, compel me almost to renounce the hope of reaching Cambridge by my birth-day; yet Dr. Davy, my excellent pupil, and your very faithful and cordial well-wisher, has, at my request, summoned a party. Will you then forgive me, dear Sir, if I take the liberty of desiring that you would, at all events, direct the game to be forwarded to Dr. Davy, so as to reach him about the 24th or the 25th of this month. Some of my friends will meet to celebrate my birth-day, though I am absent; and the pleasure, the festivity, will be heightened, by the opportunity given them to drink to the health of my honoured patron, Mr. Coke. I suppose that you will take some strong post in the parliamentary warfare which is now approaching. The ministry is not likely to be improved by any change; and the symptom which threatens us with destruction, will continue, I fear, to the end of this inauspicious reign. Be assured, dear Sir, that the senseless cry of popery is at this moment working with wider and more baneful effect than it did at the last election; but, like church and king, it is the general watch-word of a party, and the prejudices connected with it have been earnestly taken up by the great body of the clergy.

Lord Grenville triumphed nobly at Oxford, but the disappointed supporters of the other two candidates are actuated by the same common spirit of intolerance, and thirteen intriguing counsellors of the Sovereign, are very busy and very successful in their endeavours to inflame the passions of the ecclesiastics

through the whole kingdom. You and I are taught by experience not to be surprised at a sudden alliance between high churchmen and those fanatics, whom they justly consider as their most numerous, subtle, and implacable foes. The plain fact is, that we are in a state of national infatuation: the subjects may change with every passing day, but the spirit is the same, and the practical tendencies are the same; and George the Third is the same, and Napoleon the First is the same. I could not refuse myself the gratification of conveying to Dr. Davy the invitation with which you have honoured him and myself, to your hospitable and noble mansion. Let me hope, that at some juncture less distressing to my mind, I shall have an opportunity of accompanying him to Holkham; and sure I am that, from every political and every moral consideration, we shall be among the happiest of your visitors. Pray give my respectful compliments, and hearty good wishes, to Lady Andover, and to your most dearly and most deservedly beloved daughter, Miss Coke. I have the honour to be, with unfeigned respect and gratitude, dear Sir, your faithful friend, and obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

Sir J. C. Hippisley, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Cromer, October* 13, 1807.

My friend Coke has entrusted to me your desire to have a copy of a brochure, which I some time since put to the press, and, indeed, of which a very large portion has been circulated, though not published.

I am very happy to have it in my power to send you a copy without delay, and am greatly gratified with the expression in your note to Mr. Coke. I much regret that I had not more correctly revised it; I mean, rather the language than the facts, as I do not know that they are incorrectly stated. I am so much called upon to put forth an edition for publication in the usual mode, that I cannot avoid complying with the wishes of my friends; and I should be extremely obliged to you, Sir, to

favour me with any observations or corrections, of which I may avail myself.

Mr. Dillon's argument on the coronation oath, and other historical matters connected with this subject (published immediately after the failure of Lord Howick's bill), are extremely worth your perusal, as is his "Case of Conscience solved." I sent the latter to Dr. Sturges, who, you will recollect, was the great advocate of the anti-Catholics. His letter now before me, of the 24th of April last, says, "Dr. Milner's pamphlet on the King's Oath is able and unanswerable. The Catholics, I think, are obliged to me for calling forth his Letter to a Prebendary, written against me, which I see so frequently referred to as a work of high authority."

In the same letter, Dr. Sturges tells me that he is an advocate for the extension of the civil privileges of Roman Catholics; and requires only "the immediate councillors of the crown, and the great officers of the kingdom, civil and military, to be Protestants."

I apprehend Mr. Le Mesurier will not adopt these concessions of Dr. Sturges. Mr. Le Mesurier has lately published another work of antiquated discourses, which have little relation to the great point of concession. I am happy to find the worthy Diocesan here thinks with me *in toto* on this subject.

Two or three duodecimo replies to the Bishop of Durham's Charge are very well worth your attention; also a publication of Mr. Parnell, on the Catholic subject.

Having those in answer to the Bishop of Norwich, I put them in the cover with my brochure.

I left Houghton Hall yesterday, where I spent a couple of days with the Duke of Clarence. I am to meet him again at Holkham to-morrow.

You will excuse this hasty note. I send the book to your bookseller in the Poultry. I am, dear Sir, very faithfully yours,

J. C. Hippisley.

Lord Holland, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. James'-street, Dec. 28.*

..... The illiberality, or servility, for I know not which it is, of the clergy throughout the country, is likely to be productive of the greatest possible mischief, and may ultimately separate Great Britain and Ireland. I cannot, however, write to you without recollecting that there are brilliant exceptions, and that the learning and talent, even of the church, are with us. I wish I could add that there was the same disposition to exert themselves, as there is on the other side of the question. Surely there is no theme more adapted to pulpit eloquence than that of charity and toleration; and there is nothing more false in fact, nor more directly hostile to the first principles of a free government, than the doctrine which the intolerant party are so fond of promulgating; that to exclude a man from all share of political power is not a hardship, and, therefore, not persecution. Your pupil, Dr. Maltby, did the cause some service, and I hope "they know it," during the cry of No Popery in 1807: but I am more grieved than surprised at the general inactivity of our friends in the church when I reflect that, much against my private wishes and judgment, no eminent advocate for toleration was promoted to any ecclesiastical dignity during our short possession of power.

My uncle used to repeat two lines from some modern poet on Ariosto.

Huic datur indoctis pariter doctisque placere
Omnibus et manibus nocte dieque teri.

Do you know where they are? and is the last *omnibus manibus teri* perfectly good Latin for being *generally read?*

I am, dear Sir, ever most truly, your obliged

VASSALL HOLLAND.

Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 27, 1821.*

When I had the honour of meeting you in London, you were pleased to accept a copy of my Historical Memoirs, and to

promise me that, if any observations suggested themselves to you, in the perusal of them, you would have the goodness to communicate them to me. I am now printing two volumes of additions and illustrations; and it would therefore be a singular gratification to me to receive the promised favour.

The chief aim of all my writings has been to put Catholics and Protestants into good humour with one another; and Catholics into good humour among themselves. That the real articles of faith, in which Catholics and Protestants differ, are not so numerous as is generally supposed, I think quite clear. Making this generally known, must serve to remove the asperity of controversy, and produce that spirit of amicable discussion which is so favourable to the cause of truth. I have therefore availed myself of every opportunity which has occurred, of calling the attention of my readers to this circumstance. But I have sometimes found that, if peace-makers are blessed of God, they are not always favourites of fierce polemics.

When my two additional volumes appear, I shall request your acceptance of them; it would be most gratifying to me to be favoured by you with any communication, which I shall have your permission to insert in them. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your most obedient servant,

CHARLES BUTLER.

HONOURED SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Nov.* 10, 1821.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of writing to you, immediately upon the receipt of your letter, to express how much I feel myself honoured and obliged by it.

If I am wrong in my notions of Archbishop Cranmer, it was not for want of reading and meditating much on the subject; but as I knew that you are much better acquainted with the subject, and much more able to judge of it than I am, I am sensible of the possibility of my being in the wrong.

I am flattered by your purchasing the two additional volumes: you will add to my obligation to you by perusing, in the second volume of them, Chap. lxviii. s. 1. p. 231, on the Latitudinarian Divines—lxxi. s. 2. p. 270, on the contest between the High Church and the Low Church—lxxiv. p. 287, on the Methodists, &c.—lxxviii. p. 361, on the Socinians, &c.

Your perusal of these few pages of my work, and favouring me with your sentiments upon them, will be conferring upon me a favour which will never escape my memory or my gratitude. I consider my literary career now finished. I have a pretty large volume of Reminiscences ready for the press; but I am not determined whether I shall publish them myself or leave that task to my executors.

One word more upon Cranmer. Do you think that Juvenal's noble verses, "Ambiguæ si quando cit abere testis," can be applied to him with justice? (Sat. viii. 80.)

The transposition in Virgil which I had the honour of mentioning to you, is in the exordium of the second Georgic: I suspect that the following verses,

Tuque ades inceptumque una decurre laborem,
O decus, O famæ merito pars maxima nostræ,
Mæcenas, pelagoque volans da vela patenti.
Non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto;
Non mihi si linguæ centum sint, oraque centum,
Ferrea vox; ades, et primi lege litoris oram.
In manibus terræ; non hic te carmine ficto
Atque per ambages et longa exorsa tenebo,—

should immediately follow the following verses, which precede them at some distance:

Huc, pater O Lenæe, veni;—nudataque musto
Tingue novo mecum dereptis crura cothurnis.

Permit me, Sir, to avail myself of the opportunity of asking you, if Virgil has not, in many instances, carried the language of his poetry in his high polish of it to the extreme verge of the Latin idiom; and whether, if he had carried it a line further, it would not have been too Grecian? Have not the verses of Terence and Horace more of the true raciness of the Latin soil? But I am sensible that it does not become me, even to entertain an opinion upon this subject.

Two-thirds of the third edition of my Historical Memoirs are printed off. As soon as the work appears, I shall do myself the honour to transmit it to you for your acceptance of it. With the greatest respect and consideration, I have the honour to be, your most obedient and most humble servant, Charles Butler.

DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, Nov.* 16, 1821.

I return you many sincere thanks for your most obliging letter. It will be conferring a very great favour on me, to permit me to print your two letters at the beginning of the edition now in the press, with the omission of the passages which relate to Dr. Milner. Quiquid vult valde vult; and whatever he imagines and wishes to be true, he instantaneously and fervently believes. Still he holds a rank in the church to which I belong, and I therefore wish my pages to contain nothing disrespectful to him.

I am highly flattered by your approbation of my conjectural emendation. Your remarks on Virgil appear to me to be perfect, and to have the merit of novelty. They should not be lost. How flattering to me will it be, if they are preserved in my humble publication?

Permit me to trouble you with another remark, but on a very different subject,—the celebrated mark of the beast 666. You will find that it has at least the merit of inoffensiveness.

You are aware that the Hebrew Language does not contain any modification of an adjective which expresses the comparative or superlative degree; but that it is expressed by duplicating or tripling the word.

You are also aware that 6 is a perfect number; all the aliquot parts of it, 1, 2, 3, when added together, forming its amount; as 1, 2, 4, 7, 14, form 28, the next perfect number.

Then why should not 666 mean that the signatures of this perfect number being thrice marked on the forehead of the beast, was to denote the superlative perfection which he arrogated to himself. I need not mention to you that the mystical import of numbers was familiar to the Platonic and Pythagorean schools, with which, after the Macedonian and Roman conquests, Asia abounded, and in reference to whose theories it might, therefore, be written.

I beg the favour of your acceptance of a complete edition of all my works. By what conveyance do you wish them to be sent?

I will examine the "Quando tandem" in the epitaph, and trouble you with the result. With the highest respect I have the honour to be your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

CHARLES BUTLER.

P. S.—Will you permit me to trouble you with a remark on a passage in Virgil, where I suspect there is an hiatus valde defendus; and with one on Pope's Homer?

DEAR SIR, *London, Dec. 6*, 1821.

Please to accept my best thanks for your obliging letter. A complete edition of all my works is now on its road to you. I have not sent with it the History of the English Catholics, as I mean to send to you the new edition of it, which will appear in the beginning of January.

Of the *Quando vero* I can say nothing, except that most assuredly those words are in no Roman Catholic hymn or prayer.

The interpolation, I suspect, is of the three verses (120, 121, 122) of the 3d Georgic:

"Quamvis sæpe fugâ versos ille egerit hostes,
Et patriam Epirum referat, fortesque Mycenas;
Neptunique ipsâ deducat origine gentem."

To what that precedes or what that follows these verses, can the word "quamvis" be legitimately referred?

They may, however, be a transposition, not an interpolation, as their right place is, perhaps, after the sixty-second verse:

"Cætera nec fœturæ habilis nec fortis aratris."

I suppose you know that the Bishop of St. David's has published a small essay in favour of John, i. 7. At the end of the first volume of my works there is an historical account of the disputes on that celebrated verse.

I beg leave to inquire if the language of the verses 123—138 is applicable to horses or to mares. If it be applicable only to bulls and cows (which I beg leave to say, I suspect), is not the sudden transition abrupt and awkward? With the highest respect and consideration, I have the honour to be your obliged and obedient humble servant, CHARLES BUTLER.

Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 26, 1822.

MOST HONOURED AND DEAR SIR,

I return you many thanks for your letter, which I received this morning. I present you my sincere congratulations on your hav-

ing reached the 75th year of your honourable and useful life. We have drank your health, as you kindly desired; and permit me to assure you, that it has been no where drank with more respect or sincerity.

I send you what I believe to be the pamphlet you mention; if it be not, I will endeavour to procure it.

I never had any notion that the reunion of Christians was practicable. My object, in what I have written upon the subject, is to show that the differences between them are neither so great nor so numerous as they are generally considered; to soften the asperities of controversy, and to bring every denomination of Christians into good humour with the others, and to make them acknowledge and respect the sincerity of the others; and I sometimes flatter myself with the hopes, that my endeavours have not been absolutely fruitless.

You will receive, in the course of next week, the third edition of my Historical Memoirs. They contain all that is in the former editions, and much more. It will be extremely pleasing to me to receive your opinion of them. The tables of contents are very ample; so that without difficulty you may find what you particularly wish to see. About Easter you will receive my *Reminiscences*, containing several anecdotes of the most remarkable persons of our times, with an account of my writings, interspersed with observations which may be thought to flow naturally from them. Permit me to recommend a similar composition to yourself; it would enable you to consign to immortality a multitude of curious facts and observations, which will otherwise be lost to posterity, and the recording of which must, I think, afford you great delight. May I hope to hear that you are engaged in such a publication?

I am much gratified by your approving my observation upon Virgil, and requiring to be informed of that which I had mentioned to you.

I must request you to read from the beginning of the 3d Georgic to the 49th line, at which my observation begins; but it is a little affected by the former verses. At the 49th line,

"Seu quis Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ,"

the poet advises those who aspire to the Olympian palms to pay

particular attention to the bodies of the mothers of the steed. In the 95th and 96th verses he directs that the fathers should be young, and pursues this subject till the 118th and 119th verses, in which he appears finally to impress the precept on his readers. After this these three verses follow:

"Quamvis sæpe fugâ versos ille egerit hostis,
Et patriam Epirum referat, fortesque Mycenas,
Neptunique ipsâ deducat origine gentem."

These three verses I consider either to be spurious, or to be transposed from the 96th verse, between which and the 97th they should be inserted.

Observations of this kind rather speak to the feelings and to the judgment, than to the reasoning faculty; and I shall therefore only ask to what the word "quamvis," as the verses are now placed, can with any propriety be referred?

It would give me great pleasure to print in my Reminiscences those parts of your letters which relate to these passages, and to Virgil in general; and even that part of them which relates to Archbishop Cranmer. Nothing can be so honourable or so useful to his family as that it should be known that you are, at least in a qualified sense, his defender.

The consonancy of the doctrine of the earliest Protestant writers with that of the moderate Roman Catholics, appears in no work so well as in Brereby's Apology. I am not possessed of it, but I could borrow it for you, if you wish to see it. With the greatest respect, I have the honour to be your obedient and obliged humble servant, CHARLES BUTLER.

Lincoln's Inn, March 30, 1822.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

This accompanies the new edition of the Reminiscences. They are so much enlarged as to be almost a new work. I was highly gratified by your approbation of the first edition; and it will be a great satisfaction to me to hear from you that you approve of the present.

I set a very great value on the letters which I have received

from you; and I should consider it a singular favour, if you would permit me to publish them in the next edition of the Reminiscences, omitting what you say of Dr. Milner, but inserting all you have written in them respecting Archbishop Cranmer.

What you have written in them respecting the latinity of Virgil, is important, and, as far as my limited knowledge of the subject goes, is new. Posterity should not be deprived of it. I have great reason to think that the work will reach a second edition very soon. It would be most honourable to me that it should be accompanied by your letters.

You will see in the Reminiscences much new matter on the subject of Junius. Some persons, both of rank and literary talent, agree with you respecting the author. It would be conferring a great favour on me, and communicating valuable information to the public, if you would favour me with a short mention of the facts and reasons which induce you to ascribe them to Lloyd. I think the letters are a production of the Grenville school, and of some person attached to the memory of the late Lord Holland; and I must repeat that I think Burke and Sir Philip Francis are altogether out of the question. There is little doubt of the authenticity of the private correspondence between him and Woodfall; but in these there is nothing remarkable. This confirms my idea that Junius wrote with great difficulty.

I hope you will excuse me for presuming to ask these favours. As an apology, I beg leave to say that I am perfectly sensible how great they are.

What a scene of mean talents and sordid corruption is exhibited in Lord Orford's Memoirs! I waded through the first volume, but I had not courage to begin the second. With the greatest respect, I have the honour to be, your obliged and most obedient humble servant, CHARLES BUTLER.

Dr. Parr, to Charles Butler, Esq.

DEAR AND TRULY EXCELLENT MR. BUTLER,

Plutarch, whom I rank among the wisest and the most learned men, and the most virtuous of the writers of antiquity, has left an admirable treatise with this title, περὶ του ἑαυτὸν

ἐπαινεῖν ἀνεπιφθόνως, and if he were living, he would consider your Reminiscences as an additional and illustrious proof of his own principles. The word "Reminiscences" is almost neoteric; and, to my taste it has not been quite pleasing, from the artificial and luxurious cookery which Lord Orford employed upon his dainty reminiscences.

The work which you have set before me, contains most wholesome food for curiosity, for reflection, and the best moral properties of the human mind. This I shall say to your critics; and turning round to yourself, I should add, Plutarch wrote another dissertation, πῶς ἄν τις αἰσθοιτο ἑαυτοῦ προκοπτοντος επ' ἀρετῃ. Your book will justify you in bringing your studies, your writings, your knowledge, your integrity, and your piety, to the test which Plutarch lays down. I was charmed and I was interested with the varied scenes which you have set before me; and sure I am, that by the guidance of Heaven you will carry through life, and preserve in the hour of death, the precious and sacred testimony of an approving conscience. There are no traps for surprise; there is no artifice in statement; there is no tumult in diction; there is no self-conceit in the spirit. The reader, if he be a man of learning and a man of virtue, must esteem you, must respect you, must love you, and wish to resemble you:—I could not lay the book down for a moment.

Now, dear Sir, in page 7, you assign to Horace a verse written by Juvenal:—

Esse aliquos manes, et subterranea regna,
Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
Atque unâ transire vadum tot millia cymbâ,
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.
Sat. iii. 150.

Your account of John Wilkes and Lord Sandwich quite agrees with my own opinion. When I was young, the apostacy of Pulteney had not ceased to be a subject of conversation; and, at this hour, I read with rapture the ode of Akenside to Curio.

During Lord North's administration I was in company with the Secretary of State, and some other great officers, and I fiercely attacked the fashionable and mischievous distinction of the King's friends. To you I am indebted for the fact, that the

distinction originated in Lord Bath's counsels. There were no distinct vestiges of it before the public eye, while George II. was upon the throne.

You have written very sensibly about the author of Junius; and we must allow that the pamphlet, which ascribes the book to Sir Philip Francis, and Brougham's critique upon it, contain very striking probabilities; but they make little impression upon my mind; for I, for these forty years, have had the firmest conviction that Junius was Mr. Lloyd, brother of Philip Lloyd, Dean of Norwich, and secretary to George Grenville. My information came from two most sagacious observers; and when I spoke to the second, I did not tell him what I had previously heard from the first.

One of my witnesses was Dr. Farmer, a most curious, indefatigable, acute searcher in literary anecdote, and he spoke with confidence unbounded; the other was a witness of a yet higher order, who opposed, and I think confuted Junius, upon the Middlesex election. He was a most wary observer, and a most incredulous man indeed. He had access, not to great statesmen, but to the officers who were about the House of Commons and the House of Lords. He rested neither day nor night till he had made his discovery; and there lives not the human being upon whose judgment I could rely more firmly for a fact. When you and I meet I will tell you the whole story. Let us pursue this subject when we meet; for all I shall now add upon it is, that a very sagacious gentleman of Ireland, who died last year, had, from other premises, worked out the same conclusion. I could, with little effort, refute all that has been said about single-speech Hamilton, Edmund Burke, Leonidas Glover, and Sir Philip Francis.

You reason very well in page 15, upon style. I was much instructed by what you say in page 21, upon entails in France; and, with great exertion, I understood your statement upon the difference between the English and the French laws. I read your account of Mr. Fearne with seriousness and almost sorrow. Hargrave lent me his book. Not being a professional man, I was continually foiled by the Essay of Contingent Remainders, but I saw enough to convince me that his powers of reasoning were gigantic; and knowing that he had been persecuted by

Lord Mansfield, I had very painful feelings in the transition from Fearne to Murray. I have now and then looked into cases where Mansfield presided; and I am nearly, but not quite, blind as to his talents. You rate Loughborough higher than I do. We quite agree about Lord Camden and Sir William Grant. Your observations upon Mr. Hume are very judicious. I prefer Dunning. I never heard such a reasoner. I love Grattan, and to some extent I admired him. What you say upon the taste of an Athenian and a Roman audience is very right; and I have often maintained that an English audience is far superior to either. Your Horæ Biblicæ will immortalize your fame. You have done justice, and no more than justice, to your church, upon the liberty given to laymen to read a translation of the Bible. Pray finish your intended Life of Christ, and your History of the Binomial Theorem. I admire Bossuet and Fenelon as much as you do. I once entered warmly into the controversy about the Quietists. Fenelon was in fact a fanatic, and what we call a Methodist; but his genius and his piety are above all praise. Lingard's work on the Anglo-Saxon Church is the best I have ever seen. You do not expect me to go with you about Becket. We are nearer to each other about the Bishop of Lincoln. You are too good a Catholic about Wickliffe and Huss. I love Fisher and More. You have taught me to hate Harry the Eighth more than ever. I dare not say you have been too indulgent to Wolsey; but on consideration and reconsideration, I am dissatisfied and even displeased with your account of Cranmer. It is quite unworthy of your general candour. You will please Romanists; and knowing the weakness and prejudices of the human mind, I wonder not that you and they have marked him out for a victim. Mr. Butler, I dare not tell you my indignant feelings.

The third volume, upon the whole, has given me most valuable information. I hate Queen Bess more than you do. For once I agree with Sir Walter Scott about priests and traitors. Your History of the Gunpowder Plot is temperate and fair. I cannot quite make up my mind about Father Garnett. I wish that all my Protestant brethren would read what you say about the oath of allegiance. You are more gentle than I should be to James. I was pleased with your blow at Ulysses in your fourth volume. Oh! Mr. Butler, how happy should I be to find that my clerical

brethren were serious, as I am, in reading your book. Leander is a noble fellow! I was particularly pleased with page 40, vol. iv. And now I must desire you, and must earnestly desire you, I must repeatedly desire you, to send me the book which you mention, upon the opinions of the earlier reformers, as resembling, in many instances, the tenets of the Church of Rome. Pray find it for me, pray send it to me, pray give it to me. Talbot's book is now and then flippant and furious; but there are facts which are now quite forgotten by the adversaries of the Church of Rome. My scribe knows the reasons of my importunity. What you say of Panzani is valuable. Charles I. deceived you. There is much eloquence, but something more than truth, in what Bossuet says of Cromwell. I, without any qualification, assent to your praise of the Catholics for their loyalty to the Stuart family. Many and many a time have I insisted upon it. Poor Blacklo! No part of the book interests me so much as the Address of Sir John Arundel and the Apology by Lord Castlemain or Dr. Pugh. I do not go the same length with you in favour of James II. the account of his death can hardly be read without tears. You are more indulgent than I should be to that execrable wretch, Charles II.

There is much good sense in the historical minute of religious tolerance and intolerance. The nonjurors remained in Scotland till within these twenty years; but they are now melted down. I like your account of the Latitudinarian Divines; and you may put me down in the number. But I am sorry to say, that they were too severe against the Romanists. I do not wonder at the violence of orthodox ecclesiastics, who come nearer to you in doctrine; but it is remarkable that in our own days even the heterodox were your unrelenting enemies; Hoadly was so—Jortin was so—Archdeacon Blackburn was so—and even my friend Dr. John Jebb was too vehemently an Anti-Catholic. Once in a vigorous and even a vehement conversation with him, I pointed out his inconsistency. He saw it like a wise man, he felt it like a good man. My friend, why, in page 259, do you talk of imputed attachment to the exiled family? It was a sincere attachment, it was a notorious attachment, it was an honourable attachment; but it justified restraint. The Whigs will applaud you for your History of George II. Boyle, Leibnitz, and Locke,

were laymen; but how comes it about that John Hales, of Eton, and Bishop Taylor are passed by? Most certainly their principles were favourable to toleration. I mourn for Grotius, as I also mourn for Cranmer; they were frail creatures, and so are you and I.

Ward's book was republished in Ireland, and this was a mischievous measure. A very good answer was written by the late Provost of Dublin, who is now a Bishop. My mind was made up upon reading a most able book, written by Waterland. Alas! all my wishes for syncretism have at last fainted away from despair. But if your church and mine cannot agree, why should we hate each other? I like your chapter upon Jansenism. But remember, that I am against the Jesuits, and, therefore, perhaps against you. You have shown great adroitness in your History of the Methodists, Antinomians, and Moravians.

In regard to the Socinians and Unitarians, you have been very temperate. Servetus was only an Arian. Calvin ought to be damned for twenty years. The Unitarians are more numerous than you seem to suspect. You should have said a little more about the distinction between the Unitarians and Socinians. Do you remember Locke's dexterous evasion from the charge of Socinianism? You will find it in his defence of the Reasonableness of Christianity. Boyle was, I think, a Trinitarian. Vanini was a lunatic, and his murderers were worthy of hell. I lately read a defence of Spinoza, from the charge of atheism. I have often been amused to think that Boyle, the sceptic, encouraged the opinion unfavourable to Spinoza. He under-rates Spinoza's abilities; and if I understand Spinoza, Boyle is not always fair to his reasoning; yet I am compelled to acknowledge that Spinoza was an Atheist; and it is a word which I rarely use in the way of accusation. It is plain to me, that Lord Herbert of Cherbury more than doubted the truth of Christianity; but he was a learned, he was an acute, he was a virtuous, he was a pious man; and besides all this, he was an enthusiast, a credulous enthusiast.

Why do you follow Hume in representing Raleigh as an infidel? For heaven's sake, dear Sir, look to his preface to his History of the World; look to his letters in a little 18mo; and here, but here only, you will find a tract which led Hume to talk of Raleigh as an unbeliever. It is an epitome of the principles

of the old sceptics; and to me, who, like Dr. Clarke and Mr. Hume, am a reader of Sextus Empiricus, it is very intelligible. Indeed, Mr. Butler, it is a most ingenious performance. But mark me well—it is a mere lusus ingenii.

You know there is no doubt as to the authenticity of the Confession of Faith ascribed to Lord Bacon. I am perplexed with it. Was he serious? I mean serious all through? Does he mean it for a tentamen? What inference would Hume have drawn from it? By the way, Mr. Butler, I, as a Protestant, am delighted with Bacon's writings on church controversies, and the pacification of the church. All parties may profit by them. Upon the whole, I think Bacon serious all through: I think that he did believe all the mysteries which he enumerates. But now comes a real difficulty; what shall we say to "the Character of a believing Christian in paradoxes and seeming contradictions?" Here I am quite at a loss to determine. If an ingenious man means to deride the belief of Christianity, could he have done it more effectually than in the work just now alluded to? Mr. Hume would say, No. There is more uncertainty as to the authenticity of this little tract. I suspect that Bacon meant to try his strength, and then to return quietly to the habitual conviction of his mind, that Christianity is true.

Mr. Butler, you have done well, very well indeed, in chapters 78 and 79. The anecdotes are charming. Mr. Butler, though you stood high before in my estimation, these memoirs raise you yet higher. But what will be their effect upon the enemies of the Romanists? Quite the reverse of what you and I should wish. I do not change my opinions upon that which is now due to you, and which can be given to you safely, because, even upon your own shewing, there is too much wiliness, and too much spirit of intolerance in your church, as well, let me add, as in my own. But, depend upon it, you will make very few converts among my brethren, though you enlighten and console your fellow sufferers. I shall recommend the book to men of reflection and integrity, and candour, and Christian charity; but I dread the possible effects of it upon such men as are now opposed to you. Fortunately, near all the Sectarians, except Methodists, are now favourable to your cause; but I entreat you to be more cautious than ever in your applications to

Parliament. Lingard is your ablest champion, and is more than a match for any, or all of his opponents. I wish he lived in my neighbourhood. Warburton was against the Roman Catholics; but I am inclined to think that, if he were now beginning to write, he would have been friendly to you. The political reasons which influenced Hoadly, have nearly ceased.

I cannot quite answer for Middleton. By the way I ought to tell you that I hold with Middleton, that there is no good evidence of miracles after the Apostolic age. Here I take my stand; but you have put a gravelling question to the orthodox churchmen of the last century. If they admit miracles in the second and third centuries, what ground have they for rejecting the history of the succeeding centuries? I say with you, they have no just ground; and here Middleton confounds his opponents. He always told them, that they would put a staff into the hands of the Romanists.

Oh, Mr. Butler, how affecting, how very affecting is your account of the French ladies who perished under the guillotine, and continued to chaunt their holy songs. I almost wished to be a martyr: I could scarce refrain from tears. Do not suppose that I shall ever forget your small community of Carmelites. My general objections are good; though I agree with Leibnitz, that the Jesuits have sometimes been calumniated. I pay great deference to Thuanus, and I think his preface a most admirable defence of toleration.

I lately read the Trial of Lord Strafford; the sentence is horrible, and his Sovereign ought to have been hanged. Remember, I shall never forget your plain answer, in page 358. I know not a scene in Shakspeare's plays, which interests me more than the tale which you tell me in pages 378 and 379. Such a scene, as I said just now, would make me half a convert. You remember what Hume said, when he read "Mackenzie's History of the Swiss Pastor." I adore the wisdom and the benevolence of the Deity, in so forming the human mind that we cast behind us all scholastic subtleties, all philosophical refinements, all religious prejudices, when there comes before us a tale which strikes at once upon the natural, the purest, and the holiest feelings of the heart. Farewell! We cannot worship

together upon earth, but I hope that we shall meet again in Heaven; and so, again, I say farewell!

Mr. Butler, with so many weightier matters before me, I had not time to tell you, that your style is correct, perspicuous, pure, often elegant, often impressive, never timid, and never affected. I have the honour to be, with unfeigned regard and respect, your unfeigned friend, and obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

I have not time to revise.

J. Courtenay, Esq. M. P. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR,

A thousand thanks for your very obliging and friendly attention to my request. With your classical inscription on my tomb, I shall be now admitted into the Elysian fields, and converse with some of our old friends, especially that unrivalled statesman, Mr. Fox.

His dantem jure Catonem.

Your addition, so personal and flattering, I shall always consider as the highest honour and esteem, much more than any favour the Regent could bestow.

* * * * * * * *

Yesterday I missed seeing Lord Thanet, by calling just half an hour after he had set off for Worthing, which I regret exceedingly. He was gone out when I called the day before, so I have unfortunately missed an opportunity of thanking him in person for his unexampled and generous kindness to me, without the least hint or solicitation on my part. When Lord J. Townshend acquainted me with his offer to bring me into Parliament again, I was more surprised by such an unexpected proposal, than I should have been by a bequest of £1000 a year. At the same time I am mortified that my acceptance, not through choice, but necessity, precludes such men as Tierney,

Brougham, and Horner, from a seat, when able speakers are so much wanted. I was, at best, but a skirmishing Cossack, or Calmuck; and now I must be ranked with the *mutum pecus*, and become a mere arithmetical member, for

Subeunt morbi tristisque senectus;

yet the only preventive specific remedy is not to have lived so long, like the *eau medicinale* in the gout.

I hope you saw Lord Thanet often; his quick and lively understanding would, I am sure, strike you. Lady Thanet has strong and quick parts, and is well acquainted with English literature; and is perfectly acquainted with the politics, parties, and characters of the leading men of the country. Did you see much of her?

I venture to send you the copy of a letter I sent to Dr. Blair, several years ago, as I would fain know whether you think I was right in my remarks. Your opinion will at once be decisive with me.

I am sure the learned dissertations in the Classical Journal, on the ourang-outang, and the lupus, have made you smile. I am for that great divine, Dr. Clarke, as you'll see by the enclosed, and wish you were at my side, and then we should carry the day.

I used to be sometimes the medium of conveying your letters. Can you oblige me by making me of the same use now? Believe me, dear Sir, with the highest esteem, always your most faithful and obliged, J. COURTENAY.

Surely Dr. Clarke's starting such questions, and exciting such controversies can be of no service to the cause of religion.

Yours ever, J. C.

Dr. Parr's observation on Butler's Analogy for Mr. Courtenay:

Bishop Butler has applied a series of analogical arguments as proofs of a future state; and those proofs are neither strengthened nor weakened by his remark, that neither an Analogical,

nor even a demonstrative proof of a future state, would be a proof of religion. By this position he did not mean to reason analogically, but to correct a very common mistake upon the result of analogical reasoning. Religion, both natural and revealed, supplies proofs of that state; but the state itself, being future, and a matter of fact in expectation only, does not, as such, prove natural religion.

I believe a future state upon the evidence of natural or unrevealed religion, but the proof of religion itself is independent of the proof of a future state. Religion being believed, supplies the proof, but the proof does not act back, and prove natural religion. In natural religion, I am led by the natural phenomena, to admit a First Cause; and on further contemplation upon the works of that First Cause, I find traces of a moral goverment; and from the view which those traces give me of His moral attributes, I infer the probability of a future life. This belief, therefore, arises out of the religion; and when it has thus arisen, it may, in some sense of the word, be called a part of the religion; and it suggests those motives of hope and fear, which induce moral beings to obey the will of the moral Governor. Still the existence of such a Governor, and the discovery of His will, are antecedent to, and distinct from, the belief of a future state; they give the best possible effects to that belief, but that belief, though it admits, does not prove either the existence or the will, of the moral Governor. It only shews us what is our duty, and what our interest, as dependent upon such a Governor, whose existence and whose attributes and will are discovered from other sources; so far as to natural religion. Now, in respect to revealed religion, the credibility of it must depend upon other proofs than those which the mere fact of a future state can supply. Revelation itself becomes more interesting and more obligatory when it has wrought in our minds the belief of futurity. And as to the Christian Revelation in particular, the professed object of it was to establish the doctrine of a future state, and therefore the belief of such a state is inseparable from the belief of the religion itself, as being of divine origin. I may, under the guidance of natural religion, only discern and admire the moral attributes of the Deity, as visible in the constitution of man, even if I should not bel ed to admit yet further, that

for man are reserved rewards and punishments in another life. But I cannot admit Christianity, without admitting also those rewards and those punishments. The belief of such rewards and punishments is necessary and inseparable from the belief of Christian revelation; but that belief, though the frequent, and in my opinion, the just result of a belief in a moral Governor, is not the necessary and inevitable result of allowing a moral Governor. Still, be it observed, that, both in natural and revealed religion, it is the religion itself which proves a future state; and that proof does not of itself directly establish the credibility of the religion. There is indeed one view of the subject, in which the doctrine of a future state may be said indirectly to confirm revealed religion. I discover, from natural religion, the existence of moral attributes, and the traces of a moral government; now if revelation, when it proclaims a future state, proclaims it with circumstances, and upon conditions, which harmonize with my pre-conceived opinions of those attributes and that government, doubtless that harmony does become an additional proof for the credibility of that revelation. And upon the supposition of a contrariety between them, the credibility of a revelation would so far be weakened; yet that harmony alone is not sufficient to prove the truth of revelation; though the revelation, having its credibility previously established by other proofs, does of itself constitute an additional proof of a future state.

When Butler said that the demonstrative proof of a future state would not be a proof of religion, he said what I myself have often said, and he assigned the very reasons which I myself have assigned in some of my speculative Sermons. I hold with him: "that we are to live hereafter, is just as reconcileable with the scheme of Atheism, as well to be accounted for by it, as that we are now alive is; and therefore, nothing can be more absurd than to argue from this scheme that there can be no future state." Take notice of the word reconcileable; Butler does not say, that Atheism supplies the proof of a future state; but he does say, that it is possible for such a state to be proved, even though the scheme of Atheism be itself true. He doth say that a future life may as well be accounted for upon the Atheistic plan, as our present life; and from this position he infers well that, to argue against a future life from the Atheistical scheme,

is absurd. The case stands thus: I live now, I know not the cause why I live, but there must have been some cause, though it is unknown to me: now it is quite conceivable that the same cause may operate hereafter, and make me live again, it may put me in a much more happy, or a much more miserable condition than the present, it may make me a beast of burden, or a beast of prey, with a consciousness that I was formerly endowed with the nobler faculties of my present nature. Upon the plan of religion, the moral attributes of the Deity are my security that I shall not be thus dealt with; but, if all is left to chance or to fate, how can I be sure that some future concourse of material atoms may not again be accompanied with the principle of life, and subject me to greater and sharper miseries than those which I can suffer in my present condition? Atheism doubtless furnishes no direct proof to the contrary. If it accounts for my present existence by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, it certainly furnishes me with no assurance that there shall not be a future concourse of atoms, to give me future existence, and that existence, if given, is to be accounted for just in the same way that my present life is accounted for.

Again, suppose a future life demonstrated. Does it involve any contradiction that such a life should have no connection whatsoever with religion, that I should have that life, as upon the atheistical plan I have my present, without the energies of an intelligent cause; that the happiness or misery of such a life should have no connection whatsoever with my moral merits; that they should have no property whatsoever of reward or punishment; that my existence should be indefinitely a state of enjoyment or a state of suffering? If there be no Deity, I must again and again ask, what security have I against any similar operation of the causes to which I owe my being? Atheism most assuredly supplies me with no such security; and so far is it from containing any demonstration against a future existence, that it actually supplies an analogical proof for it. That which has happened may happen again. Experience tells me that I live; and it tells me also that I am subject to the operation of unknown and irresistible causes, which may make me live again. And as those causes exclude the existence of a Deity, I am left without the consolations, and encouragements, and guid-

ance, which religion, both natural and revealed, now supply. You see, then, that, in my view of the subject, atheism, though supposed to be true, does not, and even cannot, furnish any proof whatsoever against a future state; and that it so far makes such a state in some respects not incredible, as well as not impossible, because by the very law of our minds we are led to think that what has been may be again. Death is a dissolution of the body; but you beg the very point in question, when you say that "it is a final extinction of all sensation and perception." In a thousand years after my death, in a hundred years, aye, the very next moment, sensation and perception may begin again; and, having begun, it justly might be called by the Atheist "the commencement of a new state of being." "The extinction of the intellectual faculty" to be sure cannot, without absurdity, be called the commencement of a new state of being," but such a state of being, with such intellectual faculties, may succeed death, by the operation of the very causes which give you or me our first existence. We may have higher or lower degrees of such faculties; we may have them with or without consciousness of our present state: in short, whatsoever does not involve a contradiction, is, upon the atheistic plan, possible; and no such contradiction can be imputed to any of the cases just now mentioned; nor is there any other solution employed by the Atheist to account for our present being, which may not as intelligibly and as justly be applied to account for our future being. You admit that the "Atheist has an intuitive and perceptive proof of his existence here, though he cannot account for the original cause of it." You admit that, "if he finds himself still alive after his death, the proof will be exactly the same, both as to this world and the next." But shew me, if you can, how the atheistic scheme excludes the possibility of his having existence with an intuitive and perceptive proof of it, after he has ceased to exist here. Show me, if you can, why that, which was the cause of his existence here, may not also be the cause of his existence hereafter.

You say, "till the Atheist is thus perceptively and intuitively convinced, the cases seem to you somewhat dissimilar;" yes, my friend, the cases are more than somewhat dissimilar, they are widely dissimilar. In the one case we have an intelligent first

cause and a moral Governor, and a future life of rewards and punishments; and in the expectation of such a life we have encouragements to virtue, dissuasives from vice, consolations in sorrow, and checks upon the bad influence of prosperity. Upon the atheistic plan none of these circumstances, have any place; and surely the dissimilarity between the theistical schemes, admitting, and even involving, such circumstances, and the atheistical scheme, which necessarily and utterly excludes them, is very apparent and very wide. But tell me, dear Sir, how that dissimilarity at all affects Butler's position, that, "the proof of a future state is not a proof of religion; and that our living hereafter is just as reconcileable with the scheme of Atheism, and may as well be accounted for by that scheme as our living now."

I have shewn a certain kind, and a certain degree of probability, upon which an Atheist may suppose that after death we may live again; and suppose it too, without abandoning the cause, or contradicting what he thinks the evidences, of Atheism. But it is quite sufficient for Butler's purpose to maintain, that Atheism did not necessarily exclude the possibility of another life; and that such a life, if it were given us, may just as well be accounted for upon his hypothesis, as our present life is. And pray remember, my friend, what I said at the opening of my paper, that this observation of Butler was not employed as an analogical argument, but was intended to correct many common misapprehensions, upon the results of the proof from analogy. Even the Atheist might employ some analogical proofs for a future life, as well as against it; the Theist may find some analogical proofs against it, as well as for it; the question is, which kind of proof preponderates? Upon the atheistical plan, the matter stands almost in equilibrio; upon the theistical plan, the scales are turned in favour of a future state.

So far natural religion goes; but, in respect to the Christian revelation, all is on one side. There we are told authoritatively and plainly, that there is a future state, and this a state of moral retribution; and the proof which that revelation gives of such a state, is exactly proportioned to the proofs by which the revelation itself is accompanied, for its own credibility. But when

the belief of a future state is taken up, after the proofs of religion, whether natural or revealed, are established, then, in the common language of men, it forms a part of the religion, not as proving it, but as connected with it, and resulting from it; and the consistency of a future life, with our notions of the attributes of the Deity, will eventually produce a stronger reliance upon the proper evidences of religion, both natural and revealed.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Courtenay, on Butler's Analogy.

By this time you must have read and considered what I wrote to you about the passages in Dr. Butler's Analogy, and about the objections started by yourself to a position which seems to me well founded. If Butler had stated more copiously and more distinctly what, in his capacious views, he meant by the word religion, the doubts which occurred to your mind would have been anticipated, so far as the religion of nature is concerned. I have found much confusion in the writings and conversation of speculative men, from the want of distinction between the law of nature, and the light of nature; but the distinction itself has been well laid down by the acute and sagacious father of Lord Ellenborough; and upon all deep researches upon subjects of natural religion, it is of very great importance, as in some of our future interviews I shall endeavour to convince you. My good friend, when Butler used the word religion, he in all probability was at the moment more intent upon natural than revealed religion; though, if the occasion had led him, (as it did not) to further discussion, he was not unlikely to have stated some of the differences which I pointed out to you. Leaving them to make what impression they can, I will say a word or two more about natural religion, as connected with Butler's remark. I may believe the existence of a Deity; I may see his physical attributes of power and wisdom; I may to a certain extent yet further admit, the moral attributes of holiness, justice, and benevolence, even though I should not determine in favour of the arguments which are to be employed for the pro-

bability of a future life. Those physical and those moral attributes contemplated in their effects, as discernible in the present state of things, will produce a certain quantity of reverence, admiration, gratitude, and resignation. Natural religion, therefore, will appear to me true, though it is not united with the expectation of a future life. The phenomena, or grounds which produce this limited belief, do not in the smallest degree obstruct me in extending my views to other phenomena, and even the same phenomena which exist in the moral world, from whence I am accustomed to infer that we shall hereafter live, and that our future condition will be considerably affected by our present moral conduct. As a Theist, I find a real, and an interesting connection between them. That is at present the actual state of my mind; and I have to add that, my tenets, being founded upon my views of the moral attributes of the Deity, leave me necessarily to hold that connection; but another man, who is also a Theist, may very consistently admit the possibility of another life, in which there is no such connection. The power and wisdom of the Deity may place you and me in some situation where we may be more or less happy, or more or less miserable, without any dependence of that happiness or that misery, upon our previous habits and dispositions in this world. Our identity, indeed, is inconceivable without consciousness; and, upon a supposition of a futurity, unconnected with what is now passing, we cannot conjecture any purpose such consciousness would answer; still the thing itself involves no contradiction, nor even absurdity; and, therefore, it may be believed as possible. Nay, we could not properly call it impossible, without contradicting our plainest conceptions of omnipotence. Yet the admission of this possibility, which, indeed, is forced upon us by the mere consideration of such omnipotence, does not prove that kind of religion, which allows only the physical attributes of God; on the contrary, it is those physical attributes themselves, which prove the possibility. So again, the religion which involves the belief of God's moral attributes is not proved by the doctrine of a future state; but on the contrary, it is itself the proof that such a doctrine is highly probable. When this probability is perceived, religion is not more true than it was before; but it becomes more interesting to our hopes and fears, and more salu-

tary by its influence upon our conduct. The possibility of a future, resting on our own conclusions from the physical attributes, strongly resembles the possibility of the same state, upon the Atheistic plan. That omnipotence which gave me being now, may give it me hereafter; those unknown causes from which intelligence is excluded, may hereafter give me existence, as they have given it me now. The possibility, in neither case, affects the proofs which lead a man to ascribe his present existence to an intelligent and omnipotent Cause, or to some cause from which intelligence is excluded. Neither the limited natural religion of which I have been speaking, nor Atheism, will be confirmed or weakened by the admission of such possibility; and in plain truth neither the one nor the other excludes that possibility. I wish you distinctly to understand this; but the very moment we take the moral attributes into the account, our enquiries go beyond mere possibility; we then are upon the search after probability; and, whatsoever may be the result of that search, the truth of the evidence suggested to us by the moral attributes, will remain unaffected. I might say that many wise and good ends worthy of a benevolent being, and of a moral governor, are answered in the present life. There is much enjoyment of happiness; there are many alleviations of misery; there are many uses in that misery; as it restrains our pride, our unsocial affections, and the excessive indulgence of our sensual appetites. Virtue upon the whole is favourable to our well-being; vice is unfavourable. The moral approbation of the one, and the moral disapprobation of the other, respectively produce very agreeable sensations, or disagreeable ones, which, being attended to, lead us to such circumspection and efforts as preserve us from other sensations more acutely and more permanently painful. And when I look to the Being who has constituted such an order of things, I must see grounds for loving him, and revering him, even though I should suppose my existence not to be restored after death.

This is one intelligible species of natural religion, and the evidences of it are not shaken by the absence of belief in a future state. Again, when that belief is superinduced, it does not even confirm the proofs of the moral attributes, but those proofs themselves produce that belief. My friend, all the misconcep-

tion upon the subject arises from confounding premises and conclusions. The belief of a future state is itself a conclusion from the premises contained in the evidences of natural religion, for the existence and the operations of the moral attributes of the Deity. When the conclusion is drawn, it may be said so far to form a part, not a proof, of the religion, as it leads us to a sense of the interest we have in obeying the Deity, and of our obligation so to obey; and as I have now introduced the word obligation, I must beg leave to add, that our notions of obligation and interest are inseparable. No man, in strictness of language, is obliged to obey any human law, but as he is liable to physical evils for not obeying. No man is obliged to obey a divine law, but as his happiness will be promoted by paying such obedience or destroyed by not paying it. I am speaking of obligation in the most exact and philosophical meaning of the word. They who affix other senses to it are often reduced to perplexities and difficulties; and I have observed, too, that in spite of all their endeavours to escape from this explanation of the word they are often compelled so to reason in substance at least, though not in terms, as if they understood the phrase in the same manner with myself. Let me drop one more word upon Butler. The belief of a future state may be a part of natural religion, but is not a proof of it. Again, the belief of a future state is necessarily a part of the religion of a Christian, but it is the religion which proves to his mind the future state, and not the doctrine of a future state itself, which merely as such proves the religion; though, as I told you before, the conditions and the circumstances attending the doctrine may give additional strength to other direct proofs for the credibility of Christianity. Warburton, you know, contended, that the absence of the doctrine of a future state, proved the credibility of the religion of Moses. In my judgment it was not a direct, nor a sufficient, nor even the chief proof; but when other more direct and more strong proofs had established its credibility, we may fairly say that this peculiarity in the religion of Moses, when contrasted with other religions professing to be revealed from heaven, and always including the doctrine of a future state, may not very unreasonably be considered as an additional circumstance and indirect sort of evidence for the truth of the Jewish religion. Yet I should

be very unwilling to rest the question, as Warburton has rested it, chiefly upon such a sort of proof; and when I contend for the evidences, even of the Christian Revelation, I never say that the doctrine of a future state, merely as such, is one of the proofs; but that the correspondence of that doctrine with my own views of the moral world, is a kind of indirect evidence, the force of which may be admitted, when the truth of the religion has been established by other proofs; and not till it has been so established. My friend, other revelations teach a future state; do we therefore say they are true? Do we not say that their manner of teaching is such as to make us pronounce them false? And even if the manner had been precisely similar to the Christian, we should still call those revelations false, because they are destitute of other external and internal evidences, which Christianity has for its own truth. A future state to the mind of a Christian, is a part of his religion, but the credibility of his religion must be antecedently proved. It is a part of his religion to be believed; but the belief is grounded chiefly on the authority of that religion which, I often preach, has been made credible. If taught in a manner shocking to our apprehension of the moral attributes, such a doctrine would, I grant, weaken those proofs; but those proofs must by their own proper and inherent force have established the credibility, i. e. the probability of the Christian religion, before we insist even upon the manner, in which it teaches futurity, as a collateral and circumstantial proof. Butler might well say that the belief of a future state does not prove religion, because an Atheist may consistently believe a future state. But atheism is not therefore proved to be true, nor is mere theism, therefore, proved to be true. The Theist and the Atheist must employ other arguments for their respective systems than the doctrine of futurity. It is equally possible according to the systems of both: it is more probable on the system of the Theist, whose views of the moral attributes lead him to believe it, than upon the system of the Atheist. And to the Christian believer it is more probable still, from his reliance upon those evidences which lead him to admit, not perhaps the necessity, but the fitness and usefulness; not the certainty, but the high probability, of the Christian Revelation. Of probability the degrees are almost innumerable; in certainty

there can be no degree. To me it is certain that there is a Deity; but I cannot be certain that Christ was commissioned from heaven to teach his religion. The moral probability I have is sufficient for all purposes of my own duty and my own happiness.

I am, dear Sir, truly and respectfully yours, S. PARR.

N. B. When Butler spoke of religion, he adverted to that form of religion, whether natural or revealed, which carried with it the doctrine of futurity. I have done the same in this and my former letter. And I have also in this letter adverted to another form of natural religion, which, being founded on a view of the physical attributes of the Deity, leaves the possibility of a future state; and to another form of natural religion, the professor of which admits the moral attributes in the present state of things, while the arguments for the probabilities of a future state, appear to him weaker than the arguments against it. Such a man is not without religion, i. e. not without belief of a Deity, and a moral Governor, nor without feelings of piety, nor without a sense of duty to his moral Governor. How so? Because, as the moral world is now administered, he has, upon the whole, a greater chance of happiness from obeying than from disobeying the will of the Deity, so far as he can collect that will from the relation in which he stands to his Maker and his fellow-creatures.

ON THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.

Letter from Dr. Parr, to Professor Pillans.

Our grammars speak of words, which indefinitè posita subjunctivum postulant. But they give very scanty information for the guidance of boys. We have no evolution of the principle, and I hardly know any teacher who understands it. I therefore wish Messrs. Pillans and Carson to consider the subject well, and to treat of it largely, and they will probably find some assistance from these papers. My way of stating it to my boys was this: Qualis, quotus, quantus, quis, quàm, with an adjective, as magnus or parvus, ut in the sense of quomodo or quemadmodum, may be used interrogatively; and when the interrogation is real and unqualified, the verb must be in the indicative, and that is only one enunciation, Quis est vir iste? Qualis est Scipio? Quantus fuit Alexander? Quàm magnus fuit orator Cicero? &c. But all these words may be used indefinitely, and then one part of the enunciation depends upon the other, and the subjunctive mood is employed at the close. The preceding word may be a verb, as Scio qualis fuerit Cicero. Nescio quam magnus orator fuerit. Or it may be an adjective, as nescius, ignorus; and in either of these cases we must have the subjunctive. If there be a verb, then there may be only one enunciation, Nescio qualis fuerit Cicero. If there be a participle, or an adjective, then there must be two parts in the enunciation, as incertus quid agam for one part, and huc venio for another; Certior factus quid agere debeam for one part, ad te veni for the other. The rule applies to quàm joined with an adjective, and to ut in the sense of quomodo or quemadmodum, followed by a verb; and great care should be taken by a teacher, when it is so

used, not to let his boys render it by the word that, when it ought to be rendered ut, how. My meaning will be clear by instances.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina, terrarumque, animæque, marisque fuissent
Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Virg. Eclog. vi. v. 31.

Hic juvenum chorus; ille senum: qui carmine laudes
Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima novercæ
Monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit angues;
Ut bello egregias idem disjecerit urbes.
Æn. viii. v. 287.

Mr. Pillans will have no difficulty in adjusting utrum and an to the rule, and in adjusting ne with an or necne. Utrum interrogative: utrum hoc fecit Cicero, an Catilina? Utrum hoc Cicero fecerit, an Catilina, nemini dubium esse potest. Tune id fecisti, an alius? Tune id feceris, an alius, nemini dubium esse potest. Cicero hoc fecit, necne? Cicero hoc fecerit, necne, nemini dubium esse potest. And pray observe that, as only the particle necne is expressed, another particle, such as num, must be previously understood. Again, pray take notice, that utrum is frequently understood as the first part of the sentence.

Ne perconteris, fundus meus, optime Quincti,
Arvo pascat herum, an baccis opulentet olivæ.
Hor. xvi. Epist. Book 1.

Here you must supply utrum before pascat.

Cum tu inter scabiem tantam et contagia lucri
Nil parvum sapias, et adhuc sublimia cures:—
Quæ mare compescant causæ; quid temperet annum;
Stellæ sponte sua, jussæne, vagentur et errent;
Quid premat obscurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem;
Quid velit et possit rerum concordia discors:
Empedocles, an Stertinium deliret acumen.
Hor. Epist. xii. v. 15.

Here you see cures precedes several indefinite words followed by a subjunctive. Before Empedocles we must understand utrum; and let me, in transitu, remind and inform you, that Stertinii, which occurs in the common editions, is wrong; for no poets

before the Augustan age, and in the Augustan age none before Ovid, used the genitive *ii* from nominatives in *ius* or *ium*. Thus Mercuri, not Mercurii; consili, not consilii; and this was a notable discovery of Dr. Bentley. Mr. Pillans, I must stop a little to clear up a passage which, in my hearing, has been once or twice alleged about an:

Debes hoc etiam rescribere, si tibi curæ,
Quantæ conveniat, Munatius: an male sarta
Gratia nequicquam coit, et rescinditur.
Lib. i. Epist. iii. v. 30.

The verb which should follow si is omitted; that verb is sit. The construction is, debes rescribere, si Munatius tibi curæ sit; and si, thus indefinite, means whether, as thus:

Quæ si sit Danais reddenda, vel Hectora fratrem,
Vel cum Deiphobo Polydamanta roga.—Ovid.

But the power of rescribere goes no further. We have a colon or full stop at Munatius, and then begins a new sentence in an interrogative form, an gratia male sarta coit? This I mention, because I have known persons, who supposed rescribere to act onwards, and an to be subjoined to it with coit in the indicative; but this is grossly erroneous. I shall now go to Mr. Carson's useful book.

Mr. Carson has done well, in his remarks upon est qui and sunt qui, followed by subjunctives, and he will be glad to find that his judgment is confirmed by Scheller in Præcepta Stili bene Latini; and as you may not have the book, I will give Scheller's words: "*Qui, quæ, quod, de quo,* in libellis grammaticis, vulgo parum accuratè traditur, et cujus tamen usus in primis ob brevitatem commendandus est, sæpissime conjunctivum postulat post *esse, reperiri, inveniri,* et similia, si hæc verba prædicati personam induunt; atque ita *qui* cum sua enuntiatione subjecti vim habet; videlicet, *Est qui dicat, maledicit. Sunt qui dicant, narrent, dixerint, &c. Male dicunt, narrant, dixerunt. Fuerunt qui dicerent; erant qui dicant; reperti sunt qui confirmarent, &c. Male dixerunt, dicunt, confirmarunt.* Sic *Inveniuntur, reperiuntur qui dicant; inventi, reperti, sunt qui dicerent.*"—Scheller, page 161.

I pass an unequivocal and unqualified interdict in prose against

the use of est qui, or sunt qui, with an indicative; but I find that the poets are not quite uniform. In the very first ode of Horace,

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat.

Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die,
Spernit.

All the MSS. give juvat and spernit, and the reading must not be disturbed; and yet the propositions are general, and do not refer definitively to any particular person. Pray attend to the following note from Bentley:

"(Sunt quibus in satira *videar*.) Dimidia fere codicum pars *videor*, altera *videar*. Utrumque probum; ut Carm. i. 7:

Sunt quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem ——

" Et Carm. i. 1:

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat.

" Et

Quod sunt, quos genus hoc minime juvat.
Serm. i. 4, 24.

Sunt quorum ingenium nova tantum crustula promit.
Serm. ii. 47.

Sunt quos Pacuviusque et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa. Persius, Sat. i.

—— Solis natalibus est qui
Tingat olus. Sat. vi.

Seneca, Controv. 16. Sunt qui castra timeant; sunt qui cicatricibus gaudent. Et alii passim. Quare *videar*, quid hactenus editores occupavit, possessione sua depellere et iniquum foret et inutile."

The metre will not allow us to say opus sit, though in all the other poetical instances the metre does allow us to use the indicative or subjunctive, promit, promat, moratur, moretur, &c. I shall now establish my position, that the poets do not uniformly keep the rule.

The examples will now be produced, and it will be found that they are poetical;

O Romule, Romule, dic O,
Qualem te patriai custodem Di genuerunt.
Ennii Annales, lib. ii.

Genuerunt according to the rule would be genuerint.

Misimus et Sparten. Sparte quoque nescia veri,
Quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes.

Ovid. Epist. Penel. Ulyss. v. 65.

The punctuation depends merely upon a conjecture of Burman. But such interrogation would be very abrupt and inelegant. The sentence is continued throughout the two lines in almost all editions, and then we must read habites and agas. I produce these two lines because they may offer exceptions to the general rule, and such they would be if the common reading were followed. But the common reading is wrong, and the note of Heinsius is perfectly right. *Lentus agas* in Chartaceo Scriverii, quod placet præ vulgato, si *habites* quoque reponatur, ut in uno Mediceo extat. Vulgata Scriptura minus Latina est.

Quis justius induit arma
Scire nefas.—Lucan, book i. v. 126.

This I consider is the true reading; there is room, indeed, for evasion, by putting a mark of interrogation at arma. But there is another passage in Lucan, which plainly shows that he did not adhere strictly to the rule.

Quære quid est virtus, et posce exemplar honesti.

Lucan, lib. ix. v. 563.

I ought to notice that Burman states, on the first cited passage from Lucan, a conjectural reading, induat for induit, and a conjectural punctuation which puts an interrogative at arma. I agree with Burman in rejecting both. I hold that Lucan has in two instances deviated from the common rule. But let us hear what Burman says. Nunquam potui mihi persuadere, poetas ita servire Ludimagistrorum canonibus, ut non sæpius hoc obsequium librariis, quam ipsis scriptoribus sit adtribuendum. The poets, I not only grant but contend, did in some instances neglect the rule; and I shall produce all the instances in which this neglect appears in hexameters and pentameters.

He quotes from Lucan, lib. viii. v. 644:

Nescis, crudelis, ubi ipsa
Viscera sunt Magni.

But sint is the true reading, and is properly adopted by Oudendorp, who notices, but does not admit, the various lection of

sunt in the edition of Hortensius. Burman thinks that the prose writers neglected the rule; but he is mistaken, and his reading of Cicero in Orat. pro Murena of Nescio quo pacto hoc fit is not to the purpose; for the construction is, Hoc fit, nescio quo pacto. And I shall have occasion to resume this observation, when I come to the comic writers. Burman has accumulated instances, nescio quid, adde quod, &c. but they are nothing to the purpose. I am fixedly of opinion, that the comic writers frequently neglect the rule, and I admit all the instances which Burman has quoted from Terence. I shall produce three myself, and I shall add several from Plautus. But I must take notice, that the instances in Burman's note, where an precedes an indicative are beside the purpose, and I shall also have occasion to notice a great peculiarity in the Latin poets, where video precedes. Haud scio an, nescio an, are phrases sui generis, but followed by a subjunctive: more of this by and by. I must here state what is said by Vossius, who, together with Burman, admits what I deny, that in prose the rule is neglected; and who maintains with Burman, what I admit, that the comic writers do not uniformly observe the rule. Vossius, De Constructione, cap. 62, writes thus: Volunt particulæ interrogandi, si interrogative sumantur, indicativo jungi; si indefinite, subjunctivo. Itaque dici ubi degit? Dic, ubi degat. Quo it? Scio quo eat. Unde venit? Nescio unde veniat. Cur negas? Video cur neges. Verum hoc perpetuum non est. From Plautus he quotes the following instances, every one of which must be admitted:

Scio quid ago. *P.* Et Pol! quid metuo.
Bacch. act. i. sc. 1.

Idem, Aulul. Act. ii.

Verba ne facias, soror,
Scio quid dictura es, hanc esse pauperem:
Hæc pauper placet.

Et eadem, Aulul. Act. i.

Neu persentiscit, aurum ubi est absconditum.

All these are real exceptions. But Vossius unaccountably quotes a passage, which, instead of being an exception to the general rule, is an instance of it:

Nimis hercle in ortus abeo, si quid agam, scio.
Idem in Aulularia.

The passage which Vossius quotes next from the Aulularia is nothing to the purpose.

Vossius goes on to Cicero, and I maintain that the readings which he produces, in every passage, are incorrect. Putas should be putes, est should be sit, habet should be habeat, even though video precedes; for with video the prose writers do not take the same liberties as the poets do. Faciendum est should be faciendum sit, ignoro. I wish Mr. Pillans and his excellent undermaster to read both what is written by Burman and by Vossius: but I oppose both. I say broadly that in Cicero there is no one exception to the rule. I shall now adduce from the Roman poets other passages in which the rule is entirely neglected.

Nec tibi quid liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit.

Claudian de Quar. Consul. Honor. v. 267.

There is an instance in the Epigrams ascribed to Claudian:

Heu! miser ignorans quàm grave crimen erat!

Deprecatio ad Alethium.

Upon which Burman says in the note, Indicativus modus, ut hic in verbo *erat*, etiam optima ætate invenitur. Vid. id. viii. 267.

These words, optima ætate, must be understood with many restrictions, for Catullus furnishes one example only; but Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus, do not furnish any exception to the general rule. If we consider the use of video as a peculiarity, is there no writer, then, optimæ ætatis, in whose works an exception can be found? Yes, there is one writer, and but one, Propertius. In that one writer the exceptions we find in two passages; and it deserves particularly to be remarked, that, in both these passages the indicative mood and the subjunctive mood follow an indefinite word:

Aspice quid donis Eriphyla invenit amaris;
Arserit et quantis nupta Creusa malis.

Propert. lib. ii. Eleg. xiii. v. 29.

Here we have invenit and arserit in the same sentence after aspice quid.

Non rursus licet Ætoli referas Acheloi,
Fluxerit ut magno factus amore liquor:
Atque etiam ut Phrygio fallax Mæandria campo
Errat et ipsa suas decipit unda vias.
Qualis et Adrasti fuerit vocalis Arion
Tristis ad Archemori funera victor equus.

Here we have referas ut, with the power of quemadmodum and fluxerit, and referas ut errat, and referas ut decipit, and referas qualis fuerit. There are no more instances in Propertius. I come next to Persius, from whom I shall quote two passages; and in one of them, as in Propertius, we shall find both the indicative and the subjunctive,

Discite,* O miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum,
Quid sumus, et quidnam victuri gignimur: ordo
Quis datus; aut metæ quam mollis flexus, ut undæ:
Quis modus argento: quid fas optare: quid asper
Utile nummus habet: patriæ charisque propinquis,
Quantum elargire deceat: quem te Deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.

Here we have discite followed by quid sumus, quidnam victuri gignimur, quid nummus habet, quantum deceat, quem jussit, and qua parte locatus es.

Persius seems to follow the rule or neglect it, as the metre required.

The second instance from Persius is this,

Hic ego centenas ausim deposcere voces,
Ut, quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore fixi,
Voce traham purâ.

Ibidem, Sat. v. v. 26.

If the rule were here followed, fixi would be fixerim. Burman, in his note upon his first passage from Lucan, quotes from the Ætna of Severus the following line

Scire quid occulto naturæ terra coercet.

I don't mean to dispute the reading, but I look upon the work itself as having no authority. As Burman refers somewhat triumphantly to Wopkins, I will take some notice of the passage. In chap. 6th, book the 2nd of Cicero de Natura Deorum we have these words. Animam denique illam spirabilem, si quis quærat, unde habemus, apparet, &c. Here Davis, who was deeply read in Cicero, says, Latinitas flagitat ut legatur habeamus. But, Grammaticam, says Wopkins, sive rigidas Grammaticorum vix ulla cum exceptione regulas hoc flagitare, concedo: an vero Latinitas flagitare, hoc quidem haud ita constat,

* Some editions have *disciteque*, and *et unde*. Perhaps *quare agite*, for *discite*, would be too bold a conjecture.—Ed.

quin rationem dubitandi exhibeat, quæ observavit Vechnerus Hellen. lib. ii. cap. 36, adde Corn. Ser. in Ætna, v. 274.

Scire quid occulto naturæ terra coercet.

Sic sæpius Poetæ.

See Wopkins Lectionis Tullianæ, lib. ii. cap. v. p. 144.

Our critic, instead of very often, ought to have said sometimes. Wopkins endeavours to support his opinions by instances taken from Seneca, Minucius Felix, Lactantius, and even Sallust. But not one of his readings is correct. I shall content myself with rectifying the passage which he quotes from Sallust. Qui si reputaverint, et quibus ego temporibus magistratus adeptus sum, et quales viri idem assequi nequiverint.

Bell. Jugur. cap. 4.

It is quite incredible that Sallust in the same sentence should write nequiverint and adeptus sum. Cortius is more exact and more minute than any other critic in his remarks upon the phraseology of Sallust, and he very properly reads sim, and not sum with adeptus.

Let me now recapitulate. We have indisputable exceptions to the rule, as follows—one in Ennius, two in Claudian, two in Lucan, two passages in Propertius, and two passages in Persius, and here we must stop. For Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Juvenal, Silius Italicus, and Valerius Flaccus, supply no instances. There is in Horace a seeming exception, and it is only a seeming one.

Disce docendus adhuc quæ censet amiculus.

But quæ here is not from quis, quæ, quid, but from qui, quæ, quod, and the construction is Disce docendus ea quæ censet amiculus.

I ought to notice what would be an additional exception, if the passage were genuine, but it is not. In the first book of the Fables of Phædrus, and in fable 14th, are these words,

Hac re probatur quantum ingenium valet
Virtuti et semper prævalet sapientia.

Here the rule would require valeat, and prævaleat. But let us hear Bentley in his note: "Versus spurii: nec numeris probis, nec oratione Latina, nec sententia quicquam ad fabulam pertinente. Quid quod επιμυθιον in principio fabulæ hic veniat, nec unquam geminetur?" I said that with video there was often a peculiarity

of construction; and the seeming impropriety of an indicative, where we should expect a subjunctive, is removed by making the construction interrogative.

———Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores.
India mittit ebur. Virg. Georg. i. v. 56.

Ut here has the power of quomodo. We put an interrogative at vides, and another at odores.

Again, in Æneid. ix. verse 269, we read

Vidisti quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
Aureus.

Here ibat should be in the subjunctive after quo and vidisti. But we ought to have a double interrogative, and this well suits the spirit of the passage. I cannot assent to another interpretation of the passage, which would introduce a Græcism, where the substantive, which should be antecedent, is found with a relative, as in Terence.

Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.

And in Horace,

Seu ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illa
Contentus vivat.

The solution which I propose is far the easier than vidisti equum, quo equo, &c.

Calphurnius uses ut with cerno in the same way.

Cernis ut, ecce pater quas tradidit, Ornite, vaccæ,
Molle sub hirsuta latus explicuere genista?
See Eclogue i. v. 4.

We have a similar instance with viden' in Plautus, act iii. scene 3.

Viden' ut ægre patitur gnatum esse corruptum tuum,
Suum sodalem? ut ipsus se cruciat ægritudine.

Be it observed that the poets are not uniform, but seem to put the indicative or the subjunctive after viden' ut, as it suits their metre. I will give examples of the subjunctive.

Viden, ut Latonia virgo,
Accensas quatiat Phlegethontis gurgite tædas.
Sil. Italicus. Pun. xii. 713.

Viden' arctoo de carcere quanta
Tollat se nubes, atque æquore pendeat atro.
Valerius Flaccus, Argon. lib. iii. v. 499.

But Virgil says,

——viden' ut geminæ stant vertice cristæ,
Et pater ipse suo superum jam signat honore.—Æ. vi. v. 780.

It must, however, be acknowledged that stent and signet are found in some of the manuscripts, and therefore no stress can be laid on these instances.

Tibullus uses viden' ut with the subjunctive.

——— Viden' ut felicibus extis
Significet placidos nuntia fibra Deos ?

Such is the text of Broukhusius.

But Broukhusius, in his note, admits stant as the reading in Virgil, and produces an earlier and quite indisputable instance from Catullus, where the indicative follows viden' ut.

Sic certe. Viden' ut feliciter exsiluere.
Catull. Carmen. lix. v. 8.

All these instances confirm my position, that after video and cerno, as an equivalent word, the poets arbitrarily put the indicative or subjunctive. But when the indicative is put, the rule about the subjunctive following an indefinite word is not employed, for we have two interrogatives; and when the subjunctive is used, the rule is preserved.

Though I contend that in prose the Latin writers have uniformly observed the rule, which the poets occasionally neglect, yet I am convinced that in their colloquial language the Romans sometimes kept to the rule, and sometimes violated it. I found this my opinion upon passages in Plautus and Terence, because in these writers we may reasonably look for the common discourse of the Romans. I have already assented to some instances from Terence, which Burman quotes in his annotations upon the first Book of Lucan, and I have also reproduced some of the comic instances, which Gerard Vossius has inserted in his Book de Constructione. But I believe that Mr. Pillans and Mr. Carson would not be sorry to see some examples which I have marked for myself, and therefore I shall show them upon paper, without regarding whether one or other of them has or has not been anticipated by Vossius or Burman. I will begin with Terence:

Age; sit, huc qua gratia
Te accersi, jussi, ausculta.
Eun. act i. scene 2.

I just stop to observe, that there is no such word as accersi. We ought always to read arcessi, and Mr. Pillans will take care to inculcate this strongly upon the minds of his scholars:

Viden' otium et cibus quid facit alienus.
Eun. act ii. scene 2.

Vide avaritia quid facit.
Phormio, act ii. scene 3.

Mr. Pillans and Mr. Carson will remember that in Burman's Lucan they will find additional instances from Terence. I now go to Plautus:

Nunc cujus jussu venio, et quamobrem venerim
Dicam. Prol. to Amphitruo, v. 17.

Here, as in Propertius and Persius, the rule is violated and preserved in the same sentence:

Nunc quam rem oratum huc veni primum proloquor.
Pro. to Amphitruo, v. 50.

Observatote quàm blande mulieri palpabitis.
Amphitruo, act i. scene 3.

Mane, mane, audi, dic quid me æquum censes pro illa tibi dare.
Asinaria, act ii. scene 1, v. 76.

Eloquere utrumque nobis,
Et quid tibi est, et quid velis nostram operam.
Cistellaria, act i. scene 1. v. 58.

Scio quid ago. Pi. Et Pol! ego scio quid metuo.
Bacchides, act i. scene 1. v. 45.

Sed lubet scire, quantum aurum herus sibi demsit, et quid suo reddidit patri. Bacchi. act iv. scene 4. v. 14.

Nec dicta ex factis nosce: rem vides, quæ sim, et quæ fui ante. Mostellaria, act i. scene 3. v. 42.

Circumspice dum, nunquis est
Sermonem nostrum qui aucupet.
Mostellaria, act ii. scene 2. v. 41.

Viden' ut tremit atque extimuit,
Postquam te aspexit.
Miles Gloriosus, act iv. scene 6. v. 57.

I must in transitu desire Mr. Pillans, and Mr. Carson, to observe that the second syllable in viden' is short not only in Plautus, but in Silius Italicus, and Valerius Flaccus.

I shall stop to mark a construction, where the principle of the indefinite does not apply.

Quin domi eccam, nescio quæ te, Sceledre, scelera suscitant.
Miles Gloriosus, act ii. scene 3. v. 59.

Here the construction is, scelera te suscitant, nescio quæ.

Nescio quam fabricam facit.
Epidicus, act v. scene 2. v. 25.

Here the construction is Fabricam facit, nescio quam.

My good friend Mr. Pillans may depend upon my exactness, when I state, that even among the older writers of Latin Prose, the principle of the indefinite with the subjunctive, is uniformly observed. In the Origines of Cato the construction is throughout inartificial, and there is not one instance of an indefinite. But in Cato, and in Varro de Rustica, the rule is never neglected; and numerous are the instances where it is observed.

I hope I have said enough to satisfy Mr. Pillans and Mr. Carson that the exceptions to the rule are merely poetical. Mr. Carson, in the new edition of his book, will do well to state this.

Now, my good friend Mr. Pillans, I know very few scholars who are acquainted with the rule. By accident and by ear, they use the subjunctive, and sometimes they violate it without consciousness of the impropriety, and this is often the case with Bishop Lowth, in his noble work on Hebrew poetry. I remember that the second edition of his work opened thus,

Quid huic secundæ editioni accessit, paucis exponam.

I told one of Lowth's friends that it ought to be accesserit, and so it was altered. True, but in several other instances it remained, and I will produce a few.

Notum est quantum in hac re sibi permiserant Poetæ Græci.
Lowth, Prælection the 3d.

Et quo impetu jam iterum erumpit vatis indignatio, quæso, advertite. Prælection 15.

Piget pudetque referre, quæ tam sæpe dominabatur in hoc disciplinæ atque humanitatis domicilio libido atque immanitas. Idem, in Oratione Crewiana.

Now in the preceding examples Lowth was wrong, because he was unacquainted with the rule; but sometimes he was guided by his ear and his taste to what was right, as thus: Si ejus sublimitatem cæterasque virtutes recte æstimare velimus, hoc est quantum in conciliandis animi humani affectibus valeat, intelligere. Lowth, Prælection 2.

The rule was well known to my schoolfellow Sir William Jones, who, in his commentaries Poeseos Asiaticæ, never violates it; and we often had talked it over with our learned instructor, Dr. Robert Sumner, and by these conversations it was most deeply impressed upon our minds. Among the scholars who in my memory have been very conspicuous in England, Sir George Baker, M.D., an Etonian, Dr. William Barford, an Etonian, and Dr. Lawrence, M.D., a Carthusian, uniformly put a subjunctive mood after an indefinite word. Barford, in all probability, was acquainted with the rule. But Lawrence and Baker were fortunate enough to be guided right by their ear and their taste.

Brother Pillans! work your boys day and night, through winter and summer, and recommend them when they read to mark the rule, and praise them when they observe it in their exercises. Make yourself master of it by intense and incessant application. Let me add one more instance from a scholar of the highest class, Bishop Hare, whose Latinity in the dedication of his Terence to Lord Townshend is almost unparalleled. In his note on scene first, act fourth, of the Andria, Hare says, Miror autem quid clarissimo viro in mentem fuit, cum diceret a nemine fuisse animadversos. In the annals of criticism this is a memorable note, for it led to a fierce controversy between Bentley and Hare.

The Syphilis of Fracastorius is justly considered by scholars as a poem which, for exactness and elegance, stands next to Virgil's Georgics, and now I will shew you that Fracastorius sometimes observes the rule, sometimes neglects it, which proves that he was right by ear and taste, and not by that regular conviction which the knowledge of the rule would have impressed upon his judgment. Here then you will see the importance of understanding and of inculcating a principle unknown to so accomplished a scholar, and so distinguished a poet, as Fracastorius; and because my remark would at first alarm a reader tolerably

learned, I shall support my position by long and apposite quotations. Fracastorius stumbles in limine, for in the introduction to his poem he uses attulerint right, and comperit wrong.

Qui casus rerum varii, quæ semina morbum
Insuetum, nec longa ulli per sæcula visum,
Attulerint; nostra qui tempestate per omnem
Europam, partemque Asiæ Libyæque per urbes
Sæviit; in Latium vero per tristia bella
Gallorum irrupit, nomenque a gente recepit:
Necnon et quæ cura, et opis quid comperit usus,
Magnaque in angustis hominum sollertia rebus,
Et monstrata Deûm auxilia, et data munera cœli,
Hinc canere, et longe secretas quærere causas
Aëra per liquidum, et vasti per sidera Olympi
Incipiam.

Magni primum circumspice mundi
Quantum hoc infecit vitium, quot adiverit urbes.

Here we have infecit for infecerit wrong, and adiverit right, in the same sentence.

Nunc vero quonam ille modo contagia traxit,
Accipe quid mutare queant labentia sæcla.

Book i.

Here too, after accipe we have traxit wrong, and queant right.

Aspice ut hibernus rapidos ubi flexit in austrum
Phœbus equos, nostrumque videt depressior orbem,
Bruma riget. Book i.

Such is the caprice of language, that the latitude granted to video and cerno cannot be granted to aspice.

Aspicis ut virides etiam nunc littera rimas
Servet, et arenti nondum se laxet hiatu.

Calphurnius, Ecloga i. v. 22.

Aspicis ut virides audito Cæsare sylvæ
Conticeant. Idem, Ecloga iv. v. 97.

I return to Fracastorius.

animumque agitans per cuncta requiro
Quis status illorum fuerit, quæ signa dedere
Sidera, quid nostris cœlum portenderit annis.

Here you have fuerit right, and dedere wrong. I have said enough to justify my position that Fracastorius was unacquainted with the rule.

The excellencies of Vida are not so numerous, nor so splendid, as those of Fracastorius. But Vida, by the fortunate guidance of his ear perhaps, rather than by grammatical accuracy, has escaped the impropriety, which I have pointed out in Fracastorius. Probably in the last century no Latin poem excelled that of Boscovitch de Solis et Lunæ defectibus. But Boscovitch is uniformly right in that use of the subjunctive, which we are now discussing. Mr. Gray was not only an eminent poet, but a most profound and correct scholar. But even Gray has fallen into the mistake which I have imputed to Fracastorius.

> Hæc simul assiduo depascens omnia visu,
> Perspiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
> Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
> Lumina conjurant, inter se et mutua fulgent.
>
> De principiis Cogitandi, v. 112.

Here Gray is right, where he says perspiciet quid polleat ordo. But he is wrong when, employing ut with the power of quomodo between perspiciet and another verb, he writes, conjurant and fulgent in the indicative, when they ought to be in the subjunctive.

I shall not chase the errors of ordinary scholars; but, that the rule was unknown to some of our best scholars, will appear to to you from the passages which I am going to produce. You must have heard of Dr. George, once master of Eton school, then Provost of King's College, author of the celebrated and unparalleled iambics on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales. Several of George's poems are inserted in the second volume of the Musæ Etonenses, published by Prinsep, and from these poems shall be taken examples, which shew that George, though a very learned teacher, was ignorant of the rule about the indefinite followed by the subjunctive. In his fine poem called Ecclesiastes, we find:

> Quis mihi vim terræ altricem sophus explicet, unde
> Semina, quæ putri jacuerunt obruta sulco,
> Pubescunt rediviva iterum fætuque gravantur. Eccles.

Aspice hunc quanto studio curaque sagaci
Mellifica immensos tranant examina campos
Aeris. Eccles.

The next instances I shall produce are from Dr. Hallam, Dean of Bristol, and father of Mr. Hallam, who lately published a well-known and well received book on the Literature of the Middle Ages.

Expedient alii, quorum mens ardua callet
Affectus lucis varios, queis dicita paret
Legibus et quæ vis detorquet tela diei
Obvia, perque auras devexo tramite mittit.
Quis tamen expediet fando, quam præpite cursu
Descendunt radii?

Dr. George is right in the following lines.

Dicite, vos, quibus arcanos natura recessus
Exposuit, quibus ingeniis, quo prædita sensu
Concipiant tantos bruta hæc animalia motus.

In the next lines here produced he is wrong again.

Qui fit ut ardentes Rosa matutina rubores
Induat, expedies. Ecclesiastes.

Qui fit should be qui fiat. Upon George's verses I would add, that my observations upon ut with video and cerno, having the power of quomodo, will vindicate the following passage.

Cernis, ut incerto palantes calle planetæ
Nunc lento incedunt passu, nunc orbe citato
Corripuere gradum. Ecclesiastes.

The rule would require incedant and corripuerint. I shall content myself with referring to one more Etonian, whose sagacity and learning were of a very high order, I mean Daniel Gaches.

Nec subit interea quantis se gloria rebus
Angliaca attollit; quam lato crevit adauctu
Imperii moles.

These are the words of Gaches in the congratulatory verses sent from Cambridge upon the peace of 1763. They made a great noise from their boldness; and the greater, because the

writer was appointed by the University a Censor, whose office it was to examine all the compositions, and admit such only as were proper both in point of matter and diction. But Gaches, with that singular intrepidity which marked his whole character through life, seized and monopolized for himself the liberty which he refused to other academies. He poured forth bitter invectives against the oppressive effects of the Cider Tax, and the inglorious terms of the peace, and with solemn mockery he derided the intellect of the King. Have these celebrated verses found their way to Edinburgh?

My good Mr. Pillans, I put before you the errors of distinguished men, in order to show you the necessity there is for teachers to examine thoroughly, and inculcate frequently, the rule about indefinite words followed by the subjunctive mood. I tell you again and again that the prose writers, both in the earlier and later stages of the Latin language, are correct. You well say that in Bentley's note he quotes only one prose passage from Seneca, and in that passage we have, as we ought to have, the subjunctive mood. Whether Bentley made the distinction, or whether it did not occur to him to notice it at the time, I by no means decide. But the stores of his memory were so large, that, if a prose passage with the indicative had occurred to him, he would have introduced it; and here, my friend, I shall claim thanks from you and Mr. Carson, for clearing up one passage in prose, where the generality of readers believe that the indicative actually follows an indefinite word. In 1732 Schwarts published at Coburgh a most useful Latin Grammar, and by the aid of a dictionary I make out the German illustrations as well as I can. Now, in page 656, he lays down this broad and just rule: Omnia nomina, pronomina, adverbia, et conjunctiones, rem definitam et certam vel significantia vel postulantia, indicativum; infinitam et dubiam signantia, conjunctivum asciscunt. But in the note he says, Interdum tamen indicativus positus est pro conjunctivo. Seneca, Epis. 94. Vis scire, quam falsus oculos tuos decipit fulgor. My friend, I should have pronounced the reading false. In the Strasburgh edition of Seneca's Epistles, published 1809, the editor gives deceperit. He says, *deceperit*; perperam *decipit* editiones. Mr. Pillans, you would be surprised

at the numerous mistakes into which critics are led by false readings. One of the acutest grammarians we ever had in this country was Richard Johnson, whose Grammatical Commentaries I recommend to you very earnestly. I must, at the same time, warn you that Johnson was often misled by bad editions, and this my observation extends to some quotations in his Noctes Nottinghamicæ. It is a book not often to be met with, and, unfortunately for scholars, it was left imperfect by the very acute and learned writer. If you lived near me, you would often have opportunities to avail yourself of the advantages I have derived from long and severe attention to these grammatical niceties; and I must entreat you and Mr. Carson to be on your guard, when you quote passages of classical antiquity.

Mr. Pillans will see plainly that the Roman writers of prose steadily keep the rule; that the comic writers, with the laxity of common discourse, often neglect it; that a few other Roman poets now and then break it for the convenience of the metre; and that later writers of Latin poetry neglect the rule when it suits their metre, and observe it at other times, and were probably one and all ignorant of the principle, and were guided by their ear, which is the very guidance also to some excellent modern writers of Latin prose. Here, then, a question will arise, Why may not a modern writer of Latin verse take the liberty, which evidently was taken by some ancient writers of Latin verse? My answer is, in the first place, it is better to know a principle than not to know it; secondly, upon the ground of uniformity, it is better to adhere to the principle, when well known, than to swerve from it; thirdly, that, in point of propriety, it is safer to follow Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Tibullus, who uniformly follow the rule, than Catullus, who neglected it once; than Propertius, who in two passages neglects it; than Lucan, who twice neglects it; than Claudian, who twice neglects it; and than Persius, who twice neglects it. Really, on the best principles of criticism, I would discourage young men from breaking the rule in Latin verse, and I would rigourously insist upon the observance of it in Latin prose. My ear is always offended by the violation of the rule; and, by repeated admonitions and clear explanations I enabled my boys to understand, and compelled them to adhere to, the principle.

Before I conclude, I will carry back the attention of Mr. Pillans to Burman's note on the first book of Lucan. Even Burman, who, like Gerrard Vossius, is an advocate for latitude, writes thus: Nolo ex corrupto apud Ovidium Epist. 10, v. 86,

Quis scit an hæc sævas tigridas insula habet?

argumentum capere, sed tamen temere nimis Heinsium pronuntiare Latine non dici, quis scit an habet, sed dicendum an habeat, arbitror. This is an honest and judicious concession. If Mr. Pillans will look at the 10th Epistle of the Heroides, v. 86, vol. 1, of Burman's edition of Ovid, he will see, from the various readings of MSS. and the various conjectures of critics, that there is some corruption in the passage. Duo sunt, says Heinsius, quæ in hoc versu offendunt. Primo, quod Latine haud dicitur, Quis scit an habet, sed, an habeat. The two least improbable conjectures are,

Quis scit an hæc tigres insula sæva ferat?

Quis scit an et sæva tigride Dia vacet?

The first conjecture is far too removed from the Ductus Literarum. I object to vacet tigride, which does not resemble cultu vacare. If I say terra vacat cultu, the meaning is plain. The land wants the cultivation which it ought to have. But if I say tigride vacat, then surely the land is free from the annoyance which it ought not to have, and this favourable sense is the very reverse of what we should expect. What is the subject of terror, that the land is not free from a tiger? whereas this reading would suggest that it is so free. If we fear lions, we must also fear tigers; and it were strange to say, in one line, that there are lions to be feared, and, in the next, that there is no fear of tigers. I really do not know what the true reading was; but I am quite clear that the original reading was not such as left habet, after, quis scit an.

I desire Mr. Pillans to consider well the manner, in which haud scio an is used in Latin. The subject is curious, and there are some judicious remarks upon it in the second volume of the Port Royal Latin Grammar, translated by Nugent, page 165. Mr. Pillans will also look at pages 474 and 475 of Scheller De Præceptis Stili bene Latini, where he will find that nescio an has the power of nescio an non and that, if a verb follows, it is

always in the subjunctive. Mr. Pillans will also consult Voltenii Lexicon, p. 1457. The direct form of such construction is dubitandi. The indirect import is affirmation.

Now the meaning of definite and indefinite ought to be explained: when we use the indicative, the proposition is definite. But there is something doubtful or indefinite, when the subjunctive is put in propositions such as I have stated. With the indicative a proposition is directly and uniformly positive; but, if less positive, it carries less certainty, when we use the subjunctive in an indefinite form. Consider this well: logically the definite is opposed to the indefinite; grammatically the interrogative construction differs from the indefinite construction. Pray attend to this distinction in the logical powers of sentences, and the grammatical construction of them, and pray observe what I am going to add. It is a convenience, and a very marked property of the Latin language, that the indefinite construction can be employed as I have stated it. But surely, Mr. Pillans, such an accurate denotation must have arisen, when a language had passed from its early and rude infancy to marked precision and perspicuity. It is however improbable that the accuracy, which by degrees was established in writing, should in any period of the language have been steadily observed in common discourse; and by these means we can easily account for the frequent neglect of the rule which I have noticed in Plautus and Terence.

I am sure that your good sense will point out to you the propriety of the foregoing remark, and I anticipate the prompt and entire concurrence of your profound, philosophical countryman Dugald Stewart. You know very well the high opinion which I have of Dr. Gregory's Latinity, and he will be happy, if not proud, when he knows that he is in a very unusual degree correct in employing right construction, when so many English scholars, of the first eminence in this country, have fallen into mistakes. I think it not very likely that he knows any thing of the rule. But his ear and his taste guided him right, and his great sagacity would lead him to understand the rule, and to approve of it. I beg leave to assure you, that the Italian prose writers of Latin in this age are seldom or never wrong, and they too in all probability had no other guidance than their taste.

You will see plainly, by the length of these papers, the anxiety I feel that the boys of your High-school may have the full benefit of instruction from such instructors as yourself and Mr. Carson.

Yesterday I had a letter from Leonard Horner, and finding that he is in London, I shall send this packet to him, and desire him to deliver it to you. I am still very poorly, and you have a proof of my esteem and regard, when, amidst the pains and debility under which I labour, I make such an exertion, as I have now made in dictating this letter to you. Remember me to all my friends. I have most attentively read Dr. Brown's book on cause and effect. It proves that he was worthy to be the successor of Dugald Stewart. Ask him if he ever read a book, written by one Arpe, de Fato. It is chiefly historical, and gives a list of those who have written upon fate, fortune, necessity, &c. but is worth reading.

Dr. Brown knows the imperfect state in which Cicero's book de Fato is come down to us. But what is there said of causæ antecedentes, assisted me when I was reading Dr. Brown. I am not ashamed to add that the work of Grotius de Fato deserves attention. Brown's book is most excellent, and I have recommended it to one of my metaphysical countrymen. I am, truly your friend,

SAMUEL PARR.

I have not time to revise.

CORRESPONDENCE

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE INSCRIPTIONS IN VOL. IV.

Epitaph on Dr. Thackeray.—See vol. iv. *p.* 559.

Dr. W. M. Thackeray, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Chester, Aug.* 24, 1817.

The absence of my aunts from Harrow has prevented me from acknowledging your letter so early as my inclination prompted me, or your kindness had a right to expect; for I felt a reluctance to address you till I could give a distinct answer to your questions. I shall now proceed to give you all the information the ladies could furnish me with.

My grandfather was born at Hampwhaite, in Yorkshire, in the year 1695, but I cannot find out the day or the month. He had two livings in Essex, Haydon and Little Chiswell, and was Archdeacon of Surrey. He died in 1760, but my aunts, though twice written to upon the subject, have omitted to state the day or the month of his death, but this deficiency I will take care to supply. He was elected Master of Harrow, Whitsuntide 1745, and resigned in August 1760. He had nineteen children, and fourteen survived him. The monument is to be erected at the expence of his children and grandchildren.

I should do great injustice to my feelings, and but ill deserve your consideration, if I did not express in the strongest manner the deep sense of obligation, which our family entertain for the lasting honour, which you have conferred on them by undertaking to write an inscription for their grandfather.

The Bishop of Chester desires me to send his best respects to you and Mrs. Parr. I have the honour to be your much obliged and very faithful, W. M. THACKERAY.

Dr. G. Thackeray, to the Rev. J. Lynes.

SIR, *King's Lodge, March* 14, 1828.

The lines to which you allude in your letter were written by my late valued friend Dr. Parr as an epitaph for my grandfather, but were never inscribed on his tomb. He was buried I believe at Harrow. Dr. Parr wrote the short inscription for the marble tablet which is placed near my mother's grave, who was buried in his church in Warwickshire. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant, G. THACKERAY.

Epitaph on Dr. Sumner.—See vol. iv. *p.* 562.

Sir William Jones, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR PARR, *Duke-street, Oct.* 2, 1771.

You meaned, no doubt, only to pay me a compliment by desiring me to correct your epitaph for our friend, since you cannot think me vain enough to attempt altering a piece of your Latin without great diffidence; especially since the legal Latinity of our writs and deeds of feoffment has put Valla, and even Priscian, out of my head. How can a man who reads every day such words as maritagium, marriage, and warrantizo, to warrant, be expected to criticise one who lives perpetually with Terence and Cicero? However, since you desire it, and the thing itself is of no small consequence, I must try to rub up my old Latin, and, as Tully says to Brutus, rather chuse, by complying with your request, to forfeit your opinion of my good sense, than, by neglecting it, to make you doubt of my good-nature. Malo prudentiam meam desiderari, &c. To be serious, I cannot but apply to your epitaph, both as to the sentiments and manner of expression, and with great truth say to you what was said by way of douceur to Garrick of his own verses on Shakspeare, that the composition does as much honour to the writer as to the memory of the person whom it celebrates. There is but one line in it which seems to me capable of improvement; but I submit my criticism wholly to your decision. All my other remarks are poposed merely as doubts; and you cannot be too scrupulous in

so short a thing, since you may depend upon having a number of critics, if the monument be intended for Harrow Church.

Nemini unquam felicius contigit
sive judicii acumen, sive eruditionis
copia atque elegantiæ.

Here seems to be a trifling awkwardness in making 'felicius' only agree with 'acumen,' when it ought also to agree with 'copia;' and it seems rather hard to understand 'felicior' in the second member of the sentence. This may be avoided, perhaps, by reading,

Nemini fere aut felicius contigit
acumen judicii, vel instructior eruditionis
or, exquisitior,
or, lautior,
or, splendidior,
atque elegantiarum copia.

Would it not be right to qualify the universal negative? With all my veneration for my old master, I cannot help thinking that Archimedes, Bacon, &c. might have contended with him for the prize of acumen; so that nemini unquam is too exclusive. This is the only passage which seemed to me capable of improvement; the rest is excellent; and I may venture to say, if it had been Sumner's fate to have written an epitaph for either of us, he would not have made a better one than you have done for him. I had once thoughts of writing his epitaph in English couplets in the manner of Pope, but have not time for the vast labour which our versification requires. Now for my critical doubts: 1st. Elucebat ingenium—flexibile, multiplex. A genius may very properly be said elucere, to blaze out; but does the epithet flexibile or multiplex, which is another metaphor, agree with the metaphor elucebat? Try it in English: a bright genius shines forth; but does a pliant or comprehensive genius shine? I think the metaphors clash; but I fear you will apply to me the words of the elegant Dr. Chapman, that I have blazed out a fastidious hypercritic. 2d. Are the epithets flexibile and multiplex ever applied to ingenium in a good sense? Do they not imply a notion of something artful, πολυμήχανον, full of shifts and subtlety? What says Tully? Neque enim fidum esse potest multiplex ingenium et tortuosum? De Amic. 18. As to varium, it

is joined by Virgil with mutabile, and applied to the women. 3. Perquam acre. Suppose peracre: the word is elegant, and is used by Cicero when he speaks of Cæsar. Suppose you read,

Fuit huic præstantissimo viro
ingenium naturâ per acre,
optimarum, &c.

But use your own judgment entirely. 4. Et quodammodo subactum. Are not these words rather ornamental than necessary? 5. Sapientiæ partibus. You can tell better than I whether partes sapientiæ is an usual expression in the best authors. suppose studiis, or some such word.

6. In scriptis, &c. Here you ascribe the lepor facetiarum to his writings; by which you mean, I presume, those which he made public either from the pulpit or the press; for his familiar letters or juvenile verses cannot be numbered among his finished writings. Would it not be better to transfer the Attic salt from his writings to his conversation, and then read,

In scriptis, vera et prope perfecta eloquentia,
in sermone, facetiarum lepor plane Atticus,
et gravitate suaviter aspersa urbanitas.

7. Intemerata fides. Should you not avoid closing a sentence like a short verse? Is not intemeratus a poetical word? Would it not run better,

In moribus, singularis quædam
integritas et fides.

8. Doctrinæ, ingenii, virtutis triste, &c. Could you not give this passage some such turn as,

Doctrinæ, ingenii, virtutum,
(*or*, et) ut vivus optimum præbuit exemplar.
(*or*, et) ita moriens triste reliquit desiderium, &c.

9. Do you mean to mention Harrow expressly, as Scholæ, quam J. L. fundavit, Harrowniensis, &c.

I fear I am only exposing myself by these frivolous remarks. Farewell! W. J.

Epitaph on John Baynes.—See vol. iv. *p.* 567.

Dr. Parr, to Sir Samuel Romilly.

DEAR SIR, *May* 17.

On second thoughts, which common sense, fortified by a Greek proverb, would pronounce the wiser, I shall not say a syllable about Bunhill-fields, or the cloisters of Gray's Inn; for my faith, as an orthodox parson, is, that the souls of the heretics interred in the one are asleep, according to the creed of Dr. Jebb; and the souls of lawyers interred in the other are in a state of purgatory. Had poor John been buried in the consecrated ground of the established church, among loyal statesmen in Westminster Abbey, or holy divines in the chapels of our universities, honourable mention should have been made of the place where he lies; and the pious reader would have inferred from it, that he has reached that intermediate state, which confers the partial reward to the virtuous, and is preparatory to their final happiness. Perhaps, in my esoterics, I may think John almost as secure of salvation as if he had been an archbishop; but, in my exoterics, I cannot countenance his wicked choice of a grave with Messrs. Jebb and Price; and besides, dear Sir, Bunhill-fields is not only loathsome to all the sons of the church, but would have a very uncouth and unclassical sound in a series of Latin expressions. Well, I have sent you the epitaph; and I desire, 1st, that you would show it to nobody except Bentham and Mackintosh; and, 2dly, that each of you would communicate any objections that arise in your minds, either on the topics or the Latinity. Critics by profession are like poets, a genus irritabile; and though I have a very sincere respect for your law, and Bentham's philosophy, and Jemmy Mackintosh's eloquence, it is possible that, if provoked even by the very remarks which I authorize and request you to make, I may assert the privileges of my trade, and sprinkle all three of you with a little gall. My friend, you must not infer any want of regard from my invectives. Horace, you know, abused and laughed at Trebatius, but the rogue's pleasantry would have

been ill placed, if Trebatius had been a stupid or ignorant fellow; and you and I know that stupidity and ignorance cannot be imputed to the man, to whom Cicero addressed his very elaborate Topics. Cicero himself, in his speech for Muræna, had occasion, as a pleader, to let loose some ridicule upon the study of the civil law, and upon Sulpicius; but this very Cicero, when he wrote deliberately, assigns the defence of that study, in the first book de Oratore, to Crassus, who appears the πρωταγωνιστης through the whole controversy about eloquence; and besides the proof we have of his affection for Sulpicius, in their correspondence on the death of Cicero's child, we have a decisive testimony of his esteem and respect for the said Sulpicius, when he says of him, in the Brutus: Servius videtur eloquentiæ tantum assumsisse, ut jus civile facile posset tueri. Ah! and further says: Non enim facile quem dixerim plus studii, quàm illum, et ad dicendum, et ad omnes bonarum rerum disciplinas adhibuisse, nam et in iisdem exercitationibus ineunte ætate fuimus; et postea una Rhodum ille etiam profectus est, quo melior esset et doctior; et inde ut rediit, videtur mihi in secundâ arte primus esse maluisse, quàm in primâ secundus. Now parsons, in their letters, as well as their sermons, reserve practical applications for the conclusion. If therefore you, or Bentham, or Mackintosh, should stir me up to lash you a little, you mayest all and every of you believe, that I think very highly of you, and that upon a proper occasion I should make you subjects of my panegyrics; and one way to obtain it is, by reading John Baynes' epitaph carefully, and by suggesting corrections or improvements. I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

S. PARR.

Epitaph on Mr. Commerell.—See vol. iv. *p.* 568.

Rev. G. H. Glasse, to Dr. Parr.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Hanwell Rectory, July* 8, 1799.

My 'squire, Mr. Commerell, of whom you may or may not have heard, closed an useful and innocent life last spring. It is the earnest request of his family, that the inscription on his monument should be written by his old friend and pastor. Will your often experienced goodness pardon me for submitting to you almost my only attempt of the kind, and for requesting you to make any alterations which may strike you as necessary. Believe me, dear Sir, with most affectionate and grateful respect, your ever obliged and devoted servant,

GEORGE HENRY GLASSE.

Gibbon's Epitaph.—See vol. iv. *p.* 574.

William Way, Esq. to Dr. Maltby.

MY DEAR SIR, *Denham, Uxbridge, Jan.* 8, 1796.

Not seeing Lord Sheffield as I passed through town in my return here from Cambridge, I informed him immediately, by letter, of your kind offer of your influence with Dr. Parr to persuade him to undertake the composition of a Latin inscription for Gibbon; and having occasion to write to him again last Sunday, I mentioned at the same time that he had only thanked me for my letter, without adding what steps he should take himself, or would have me take towards you in consequence of it. His answer, which I received this morning, I will transcribe:

"*S. P. Jan.* 6, 1796.

"First assuring you that I think all your reasons for not coming here now easily surmountable, I proceed to observe, that I understood it would be necessary for me to write to the Rev. Mr. Maltby, and I was about so to do. But perhaps it will be more commodious and decorous for you to acquaint him that I accept most thankfully his obliging offer; also that, as I think the two quarto volumes about to be published mark Gibbon's character most completely, and much to his advantage, I shall therefore

send them (two months hence) to Dr. Parr, and when he has read them he will be better enabled to write the epitaph. I think the Memoirs, the Journal, and the Letters, describe the man more exactly than perhaps any author was ever before described."

Now, my dear Sir, if you will be so good as to communicate to Dr. Parr, that Lord S. has always been of opinion himself, and that all his literary friends agree with him, that the author of the dedications prefixed to the three books of Bellendenus, is the person who should write Gibbon's epitaph, I doubt not but, with the additional weight of your persuasion, Dr. Parr will be induced to comply with Lord S.'s wishes.

I hope Mrs. Maltby has long been released from the headachs which troubled her when I was at Buckden, and sincerely wish her and you many and happy returns of this season; and believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

WM. WAY.

Lord Sheffield, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Whitehall, Feb.* 19, 1796.

Mr. Pelham, Mr. Bird, and other friends undertook to mention my wish, that Mr. Gibbon's epitaph should be written by you. It has been communicated to me, through Mr. Maltby, that you are most obligingly disposed to comply with my request, for which I am extremely thankful. If it should be received soon, the public will be gratified by seeing it at the end of Mr. Gibbon's Memoirs, which are likely to be published towards the middle of next month. I doubt not they will afford you great satisfaction. They, and his letters, of which I am induced to publish a considerable number, I think, place my friend in a very advantageous point of view, and prove how amiable, how pleasant and how friendly he was in private life, and the extracts from the Journal of his actions, his studies, and his opinions, incontestably prove his early and singular industry, and profound erudition.

His relations allowed me to deposit his remains in my family burial-place in Sussex, which is ornamented in the Gothic style, and the principal front divided into compartments, in which the

epitaphs are introduced, and as you may possibly wish to see those already there, I shall inclose a part of the Irish peerage, where they are correctly printed.

I know not how to thank you sufficiently for the obliging manner in which you have undertaken to write the epitaph of my eminent friend. I have the honour to be, with great regard, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *July* 18, 1797.

I have received your letter, with its inclosure, the epitaph for Gibbon, in which I think you have acquitted yourself extraordinarily well in a very difficult undertaking. How far morum simplicitas is a just account of Gibbon may perhaps be doubted. But in these cases we must look for the language rather of partiality than of strict truth. * * * * * * * * *

Lord Sheffield to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Sheffield-place, Oct.* 19, 1797.

I am extremely thankful for the excellent epitaph, which I did not receive till yesterday, in consequence of the repeated blunders of my servant in London. It gives me the highest satisfaction, and you may be assured that all your directions in respect to the engraving shall be observed; and if a proper person cannot be found in these parts, I shall send to any distance for a better. There is a mistake in respect to the time of Mr. Gibbon's death. That unhappy event took place on the 16th January, not on the 17th February. There are two words which I think should be omitted by the person who erects the monument, viz. viri prænobilis. Will it not be better to say, ex voluntate Johannis Domini Sheffield. I am not sufficiently learned in Roman inscriptions to understand all the initials of the last line, particularly S. S.

I am interrupted, and obliged to go from home, but I could not delay the acknowledgment of your very obliging attention to my request. I am, with great regard, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant, SHEFFIELD.

DEAR SIR, *Sheffield-place, Nov.* 1, 1797.

On my return to this place I found your excellent letter, and very glad I am that my inquiry has produced it. It would give me much pleasure to see Johnson's epitaph, as first written by you. Is it to be found any where?

As you approve the omission of viri prænobilis, perhaps you will permit me to omit also, on the same principle, de suo sumptu; ex voluntate says enough, and expresses the same, and much more properly for me.

I have never read any thing oftener, or with more satisfaction, than the epitaph, and, you will readily imagine, with some view to discover whether any emendation could be proposed to you in respect to Mr. Gibbon's character, but without finding it possible to raise any objection, or propose any addition, except, perhaps, one or two lines on his private and domestic virtues. You have most ably and elegantly marked Gibbon's eminence as a writer of history, the candour and liberality of his opinions, and the depth and pleasantry of his conversation. As it is I who am supposed to speak, will not some acknowledgment of his extraordinary friendship and amiable conduct towards me and mine (and indeed to all his relations) be expected. I see the objection to any addition to the length; but you are by far the best judge, and I hope will excuse the suggestion.

I am really much edified by what you say on the Roman Calendar. I had never examined that subject with the accuracy you and Mr. Gibbon have done. I shall be much gratified if I should know whenever you visit London, that I may thank you again and again. I am, with great regard, dear Sir, your most faithful humble servant, SHEFFIELD.

Epitaph for Smitheman, jun.—See vol. iv. *p.* 576.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Dormer.

MY LORD, *Saturday.*

Smitheman, who was out and well the day I was at Grove Park, is, by the will of Almighty God, no more. My affliction for the death of so good a boy, and the anguish of his affectionate

relations, is too deep and too piercing to leave me capable of going into company. I beg my compliments to Lady Dormer, Mr. and Mrs. Ruton, and am, my Lord, your most respectful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

J. Smitheman, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

West Coppice, Saturday evening, March 8, 1794.

We are a most afflicted family. May God Almighty send us comfort, and enable us to submit to his will. My dear Sir, I hope the remains of my poor, dear, amiable boy will be permitted to be interred in the chancel at Hatton, and that you will, out of regard to his memory, and out of regard to his most afflicted father, and mother, and sisters, let him be interred in such manner as you think best, and take this last trouble for him. Poor Thomas, who has attended him from the time he was born, will stay at Hatton till the funeral. I can say no more. God preserve you and yours. Your most afflicted and sincere friend,

J. SMITHEMAN.

West Coppice, March 9, 1794.

In the agony of mind I wrote yesterday by the messengers of sorrow from Hatton; in the agony of mind I am at this moment—my heart quite broken—I wanted to say something more about the last sad business of taking the remains of my dear good boy to his grave. I hope he will be permitted to be buried in the church at Hatton. I have no particular burying-place. My father's family lie buried in the church of Little Wenlock, and my mother's in a chancel belonging to her family at Madeley. As the hand of God has taken him from me at Hatton, pray, my dear Sir, let him be interred there; and I shall entreat you hereafter to see a little tablet erected to him, and write a few lines upon it to the memory of this dear boy. I should send you money to defray expences, but my poor head is so distracted that I cannot. Do every thing, let me humbly beg; you shall be repaid with all gratitude by his poor, afflicted, unhappy father. I know I ought not to lament; but human nature cannot bear such a heavy affliction as it has pleased God to send us. He is

gone from a world of misery and trouble to everlasting happiness. May God almighty permit me to be near him in his heavenly mansion! His horse and his books, do with them as you please; they must not come within our sight. What will become of us God only knows. Pray for us, dear Sir. With grief not to be expressed, I am your unhappy friend,

J. SMITHEMAN.

DEAR SIR, *West Coppice, March* 12, 1794.

God, I am fully persuaded, is a present help in time of trouble to those who serve him and obey him as they ought to do. He has been pleased to support us most mercifully under the heaviest affliction which could have befallen us in this world. My dear good wife, who loved her son a thousand times better than her own life, has shewn herself a most exemplary Christian, and I hope in his good time God will send us all comfort and that resignation which we owe to his will. I know, my dear honoured friend, you could not but love so excellent a boy, and I am sure every thing has been done that might show how affectionately he was remembered by his afflicted family. It is the first, and I devoutly hope will be the last affliction of the kind that has been sent me by the hand of God. I know not how to give directions about funerals and last remains. I only wish, and I know I may depend upon it, that all decent respect might have been paid on this melancholy and ever-to-be-lamented occasion. I must hear and think about it as little as I can possibly help. I must not renew my grief; but endeavour, with that assistance which I humbly implore from above, to take some care of my health, for the sake of those worthy and excellent children who are still spared to me. But my heart and their hearts were fixed on this dear boy. Had it been the will of Heaven, he would have been a blessing to me, and a protector and friend to them. We would have had property sufficient to support him in that character I wished to form in him, and he would have had a heart and a mind to have made him valuable to his fellow-creatures. But this is a severe lesson to teach us the vanity of human wishes, and the fleeting enjoyments of men. I could wish to give poor Thomas Jordan his horse, books, and

clothes; he has been a faithful servant to me, as well as to my poor boy; but these things must be disposed of at Hatton; we must not see or hear any thing about them. I must request that you would please to let an account of all expences, and of what is owing, be sent to Mr. Davies, attorney-at-law, Madeley, near Shiffnall; he will receive the amount from me, but I must not, cannot look at any account. Please to present our best compliments in the most respectful manner to Mrs. Parr and Miss Parr; accept them yourself, and lift up a prayer to the God of mercies and all consolation for your unhappy affectionate friend,

J. SMITHEMAN.

DEAR SIR, *West Coppice, March* 19, 1794.

I wish I knew how, or I wish it was possible, for me to express my gratitude for your affectionate attention to the last remains of my dear and ever to be lamented son. I am greatly concerned when I think of the trouble I have given you, and of the pain and uneasiness that this melancholy event must have occasioned to Mrs. and Miss Parr. I wonder that I preserved my senses in any degree; had I been properly collected I should have thought of sending a friend or two to have taken from you such a load of trouble. But forgive me, my dear Sir; you know the cause, and you will make all allowances. You have done great honor to his last remains, and the last sad offices have been performed in such a manner as gives me all the satisfaction and comfort that I can possibly have on such an occasion. I have only now to beg that you will have the goodness to order a proper monument erected to his memory, with a short Latin inscription, saying that he was the only son of J. S. and Margaret, that he departed this life the 8th March 1794, his age fifteen years nine months. I could wish to have it said that he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Parr for education, and that his most affectionate and afflicted parents erected the monument to his memory. Even your pen, my dear Sir, cannot express their grief, but you knew his heart, and can speak to his virtues. His education is paid for to the 3rd of February last. I beg you will permit me to ask your acceptance of fifty guineas, as a very small recompence for all the trouble given, and a small

token of my respect. When Mr. Davies receives the accounts, I will immediately send him the amount, and they shall be discharged. As to his books, I am glad that you will please to select such as you desire to keep. I hope you will soon forget him. I almost wish I could, but I fear the time of my life is too short to bring about this forgetfulness; he is in my thoughts, day and night, and his loss is irreparable. Let me humbly beg that no time may be lost in erecting a monument. I must come and see it and weep over his grave. May God preserve you all and bless you. My dear wife is better than I could possibly expect, and my dear girls are so too. I am, ever your most obliged and sincere friend and servant, J. SMITHEMAN.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

"DEAR SIR, *Thursday.*

Now you must answer another question carefully and directly. Yesterday I wrote an epitaph for poor Smitheman. It is the Roman custom, especially too upon young persons, to enumerate years, months, days, and even hours, to which life extended. Now mind, Edward, he was born May 19, 1778, died March 8, 1794. Counting from March to March, I write his age thus: fifteen years, nine months, sixteen days, counting from the nineteenth of February. But I have a difficulty, as to inclusive and exclusive calculation.

He was born at ten minutes past five in the morning, he died a quarter before eight, on March the 8th, and for this I allow three hours. But tell me, Edward, must I allow another day for the 19th, on which he was born. From the 19th February to the 8th of March, there are, by exclusive calculation, sixteen days, to wit, nine in February, seven in March. But my puzzle is in the 19th, whether that day is to be called a solid day, for then, if we take the number inclusively it will be seventeen days, from five in the morning of May 17th to any other morning, is a day. State the question to the Bishop, and desire him to favour me with his opinion.

The old inscriptions, of which I have read hundreds and hundreds, only state days, and leave me in doubt as to inclusive

and exclusive calculation. I suspect, and only suspect, that I am right in saying sixteen. This is of great consequence, for it extends to Johnson's inscription, which has been ready for St. Paul's these two years, and the only difficulty lies in what I have here stated. You and the Bishop can help me. We shall be very fine in our church; but I am a little behindhand; and must tax you for half a guinea, not more.

I am, yours truly, S. PARR.

Letter from the Bishop of Lincoln, when Dr. Parr enquired for assistance about Smitheman's monument.

From ten minutes past five A. M. May 19, 1778, to ten minutes past five A. M. May 19, 1793, fifteen years.

From ten minutes past five A. M. May 19, 1793, to ten minutes past five A. M. February 19, 1794, nine months.

From ten minutes past five A. M. February 19, 1794, to ten minutes past five A. M. March 8, 1794, seventeen days.

From ten minutes past five A. M. March 8, 1794, to forty-five minutes past seven A. M. of the same day, two hours and thirty-five minutes.

The whole period of life therefore was, fifteen years, nine months, seventeen days, two hours, and thirty-five minutes.

The Bishop of Lincoln hopes that Dr. Parr will find the above calculation exact, and the Bishop thinks that it removes all difficulty with respect to inclusive and exclusive; but how far it may be conformable to the Roman mode of calculation upon such occasions, the Bishop does not presume to say.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Maltby.

DEAR NED, *Dec.* 1, 1794.

You are a good fellow for sending me the calculation, and if you were here, I would pronounce to you a long metaphysical harangue, on the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy of numbers, on the resemblances and differences between them, and on the

modifications they underwent in different æras of their respective schools. On looking into my own epitaph, I this moment find that I did a very wise thing in applying to you, for I there perceive that having the Gentleman's Magazine before me, I made out that Johnson lived 75 years, 9 months, and 25 days. Whence it is plain that my head had been perplexed by the two styles; and yet I remember that at the time of making this calculation, I thought of accounting for the difference between old and new style. As to the odd hours, I think them of no consequence in the inscription for Johnson. True it is, that in Fabretti's collection of Inscriptions, I have seen instances of hours, when the person was 60 or 70 years old. But you know it is my favourite canon that instances are not always examples. When I wrote Smithe-man's epitaph, I had involved in my subject the melancholy circumstance of one who was cut off in his boyhood; and there, my friend, taste and feeling led me to point out the hours. I take it for granted that the calculation which you made and the Bishop approved must be right, and I am obliged to you both for the care you have taken. Ned, I was hurried up to London on Friday se'nnight to give evidence in behalf of Horne Tooke; but I was too late. I know not to what particular topics his interrogatories would have been directed; but there are two points on which I could have spoken strongly.

He once defended with me the utility of ecclesiastical establishments, and once, in a conversation very abstract and speculative, though suggested by the recent death of the late King of Sweden, we agreed that on many accounts, it would be better for kings to be amenable to Courts of Judicature, than exposed to the fury of assassins, and the difference between us was on the point where such perilous responsibility should begin. And even this difference we were not disposed to settle very accurately, as we concurred in the main principle.

There was no invidious bearing on the kings of England; though he probably, and I, think the fate of Charles less frightful than that of other monarchs who have been murdered privately; and this I hold even while I maintain that the wretches by whom he was tried had no right to call him to trial: none at all; for the Parliament, you know, such as it was, at the very moment were negotiating with their king. And my idea is, that

no monarch should ever be tried except by the Supreme Court, and also by a known and definite law, which in the case of Charles did not exist; and I urge the latter objection against the destroyers of Louis; but more of this when we meet.

Friend Edward, you have heard puppet-show drummers declare the last time of performance to force an audience; and ministers sometimes get taxes by telling the country noodles, that they are the last. Now, I really am more honest than the masters of puppet-shows or ministers of state, when I tell you that I am preparing for you and other of my friends a last request in favour of my dear Church. Our bells are horrible, and we must have a new peal; and a new peal is most formidably expensive, and the expense must be lightened by the contributions of my friends. Pray, Ned, help me out. Mind, I will put you to no inconvenience; but pray help me, and tell me whether you think Sir Thomas Rivers will be out of humour if I trouble him once more, and no more than once. He knows I love bells, and so do you; and therefore, I think you will be disposed to help me, with a couple of guineas. I have no bishops or grandees to assist me even in this church business, and it will be a very heavy one. Kett is very good, and promises me his aid. He tells me that you have a good smoaking apparatus, and I believe that in less than twelve months you will see me reclining in the arm chair at Buckden. I hear from my daughter and from Kett very favourable accounts of your lady. Present my best wishes and compliments to her, and believe me yours truly,

S. PARR.

Baldwin's Inscription.—See vol. iv. *p.* 577.

George Downing, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Lincoln's Inn, July* 12.

I am vastly obliged to you for the epitaph, which is exactly what I could have wished, and what I am sure would have pleased my good old friend extremely. I am well aware of the difficulties you had to encounter, but you desired me to enumerate circumstances, that you might exercise your judgment in the selec-

tion. The character you have drawn is as true as it is impressive. Hargrave has copied it out, and I think it best to send it by the coach; I will pay the carriage, and if you porterage you must charge it to my account.

I am not clear whether you meant Arabic or Roman numerals in Tryphæna's epitaph, but as you wrote the former, and changed the mode of expression in the date of the year, &c. I have had it copied so, leaving them, however, in pencil.

Frank Hargrave and my wife desire to be respectfully remembered to you, and believe me, dear Doctor, your much obliged friend, G. DOWNING.

Epitaph on Burke.—See vol. iv. *p.* 580.

Sir James Mackintosh, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Guildford-street, Jan.* 13, 1802.

I shall soon send the MSS. of Tom Wedgwood's Speculations on Time, Space, &c. &c. I shall claim the performance of your promise, that you will contribute to our publication an account of Aristotle's Theories on these matters. All our friends in town are well and mindful of you. I hope Erskine will soon be Chief Justice. I have been lately digging for Fox to find materials about the history of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, which are more scanty and inaccessible than I had before supposed. I proposed to him to move a monument to Burke; he has declined, but very good humouredly and frankly, and says he will support it if moved by any body else. I have proposed it this morning to Erskine, who I think has the next best claim to the honour. I have not yet received his answer, but I think he will do it. We shall call for your inscription. Can an address be called a senatus consultum (I mean only an approximation), and can we say, Roganté T. Erskine? Mrs. M. begs her best remembrances to you and Mrs. and Miss Parr; and I ever am, affectionately yours, JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Laurence, when he franked this cover, desired his compliments to you.

MY DEAR SIR, *Guildford-street, Sept.* 18, 1802.

On our arrival in town we found more of our friends here than we expected to find at this season. Scarlet, Sharp, and G. Philips, are in town, and we have spent our time in their company since our arrival. The two first are within your permission as to the epitaph, and my admiration is too warm for me not to be eager to communicate it to men so well qualified to feel its excellence. I need not tell you how they felt it! My wonder increases with familiarity, contrary to the common course of our feelings; but it is because I cannot peruse it or think of it without discovering new difficulties overcome and new beauties attained. We all admire so much, that we hope you will think us authorized to lay before you our doubts (we shall not call them criticisms) respecting one part of it. It is that which follows "Critico," and which I presume you mean to apply to the book on the Sublime and Beautiful.

Our first doubt relates to the first line, "qui verborum quotidianorum vim reconditam illustravit." How is this praise peculiarly appropriate to the book? Has it any reference to an idiomatic style, or does it not rather refer to the philosophical illustration of terms which had been generally but vaguely used before? Our next difficulty relates to the third line, "Adumbratas rerum imagines multo expressiores reddidit, multoque dilucidiores." The construction of this line is easy, and the phraseology beautiful; but we are perplexed by the application of it to the work which it is designed to characterize. It seems to us capable of more than one meaning. This perplexity arises, no doubt, from our ignorance; but, there will be many readers of the epitaph still more ignorant than we are. One more observation and I have done. The peculiar and appropriate praise of a citizen is active exertion for the commonwealth. Your praise of Burke, is that as a citizen, he formed a right judgment on the constitution of his country. This, no doubt, belongs to the character "præstantis in republicâ viri?" But is it the most considerable or the most characteristic merit of an active statesman or of an illustrious citizen? It is rather, perhaps, the province of a philosopher. Could no word which implies support and defence of the constitution be substituted

instead of "statuebat?" I do not say that "statuebat" is repugnant to "civi." I only think that words of such import as I have suggested would be more peculiarly adapted to it. With respect to the fact you will not deny that the greater part of Burke's life was employed in the practical defence of the Constitution; nor will you deny that even his latter works, however mixed with other matter, were mainly directed to the same object: at least they were professedly so, which I should think sufficient for an epitaph, which is not the place to enquire into men's secret motives. Kitty joins me in most affectionate remembrances.

J. MACKINTOSH.

Bishop Bennett, to Dr. Parr.

Dec. 4, 1804.

I read over Burke's epitaph with increasing admiration; it is by far the best you have ever written.

MY DEAR PARR, *Bath, Jan* 10, 1805.

..... I shall venture my reputation for taste, which you know I was always proud of, that no subsequent effort will ever exceed, and I think, indeed, never equal, the epitaph on Burke. I have read it again and again with something above delight; with wonder and reverence, and think it a perfect composition.

Bath, Feb. 8, 1805.

..... The epitaph on your young pupil is terse atque rotundus, concise and affecting, but I still prefer Burke's, because there was so much discrimination of taste required to select the distinguishing traits of his character, and such richness of language to express them.

Epitaph on Dr. Farmer.—See vol. iv. *p.* 582.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, July* 10, 1798.

I thank you very kindly for your epitaph on Dr. Farmer, which is exactly what I wished it to be, and what I knew you capable

of writing better than any other man. I like it also as more after the classical model than your splendid epitaph on poor Sumner; which, however elegant, has rather the luxuriance of an English inscription, than the terseness and conciseness of antiquity. Have you forgotten that you once in our happier hours dictated an epitaph on me, which, if I die worth money to pay for a monument, I have ordered to be inscribed on it. I should say you must have forgotten it, if you had not astonished me by recollecting a hand at quadrille of, I believe, a still earlier date. * * * * * * * * *

Epitaph on Mrs. Mackintosh.—See vol. iv. *p.* 583.

Sir James Mackintosh, to Dr. Parr.

Brighthelmstone, April 25, 1797.

You will not wonder that I sometimes find a pleasing employment for my mind in thinking of those honours which are due to the memory of her whom I have lost. I have given directions for a marble tablet on which it is my wish to inscribe a humble testimonial of her virtues. But I am divided in opinion whether the inscription should be Latin or English. English seems more unostentatious and more suitable to her sex. But Latin is better adapted to inscriptions, and I think it difficult to compose an English inscription, which shall be simple enough without being meagre. I could judge better if I saw the attempt made in both languages. I shall myself try it in English. Will you, my dear Sir, send me a sketch of a Latin inscription. It is a thing of great moment in the eye of my affection, and I hope you will not refuse to aid me in this labour of love. If I fix on the English, I shall send it to you for correction. The topics, are so obvious that I need not suggest them. Her faithful and tender discharge of the duties of a wife and a mother, my affection, the irreparable loss to her orphans; these are the topics with a solemn colouring of religion given to the whole. I cannot suppress my desire to expatiate on her worth at greater length than may be perhaps consistent with the severe simplicity of a classical inscription. Yet my feelings are too sincere to relish any thing rhetorical or ostentatious. Farewell, dear Sir; ever yours,

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

MY DEAR SIR, *Serle-street, Lincoln's Inn, Dec. 5, 1797.*

I now send you the inscription, requesting you to direct it to be fairly transcribed, exactly in the state in which you wish it to appear on the tablet, which is perfectly ready; and I beg you to send me any instructions about it that you may think necessary. All that I expressed my surprise at was, that you should have wondered at the very few days' delay between your first and second letter. I certainly knew that you had good reason for surprise at the long delay which preceded it. I understand that you go into Denbighshire at Christmas; how soon do you set out? I go down by the mail on Saturday or Sunday night to Lord Moira's at Donnington, and from thence I shall come about Monday se'nnight to Birmingham, to go by the mail from that place to Bristol, being engaged to spend the greater part of the vacation at Mr. John Wedgwood's at Cote House, near Bristol. If Hatton be not much out of the way from Donnington to Birmingham (of which I am quite ignorant), I should like very much to have the pleasure of seeing you for a few hours. Will you have the goodness to send me the necessary topographical information. The intelligence given me at Lan St. Frede, by Dr. Hughes of Jesus, respecting the inclinations and views of the elder Mr. Wynne, was very gratifying to me. I hope he has realized these pleasing prospects.

I sent you before the dimensions of the marble, &c. and shall send the inscription by return of post, as I wish to give it to the sculptor before I leave town, which will be on Saturday, unless I am kept longer by Greene, who wishes to see me before I go to Leicestershire, and who will be in town about Friday. I felt for poor Euphemia Brown's death; she was a very deserving girl. I learnt from Beddoes that he also had rendered considerable pecuniary service to the mother; her I like least of the family; she has been extremely imprudent, and I fear not always very grateful. With best remembrances to Mrs. Parr, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, and Miss Catherine, I ever am, my dear Sir, your most faithful and most affectionate friend,

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Epitaph on Mr. Edward Barrett.—See vol. iv. *p.* 584.

Sir James Scarlett, to Sir James Mackintosh.

DEAR MACKINTOSH, 9, *Great James-street, Aug.* 31, 1799.

Mr. Edward Barrett was a man of excellent natural understanding, with but little cultivation. His conversation, as might be expected, was not distinguished so much by refinement or taste, as by his knowledge of mankind, and of manners. Upon these his observations were acute and striking; and he had a certain pleasant original mode of considering subjects connected with the world, and with the characters of men, that rendered his society very agreeable to those who knew him intimately, and before whom he threw off all reserve. His imagination was lively, his temper affectionate and easy, but subject, as the best natures often are, to violent, though transient emotions of anger. In his attachments and his aversions he was equally warm and sincere; in his resolutions so steadfast, that, had they been always unbiassed by passion or prejudice, he would justly have merited the praise of great firmness of mind. His fortune, by inheritance, was very large; and, as he observed throughout his life the most rigid and unnecessary economy, it was generally supposed that the predominant feature of his character was avarice. Yet he was capable of admiring and of performing generous actions; and to those who knew him best, his frugality and plainness did not seem to arise so much from the desire of amassing wealth, as from an indifference to all the luxuries which it procures, and a profound contempt for all the splendid distinctions which it bestows in this world; so that it may more truly be said of him, that in the midst of unbounded affluence he know how to be content with a little, than that he sought riches, because he esteemed them necessary either to his happiness or his dignity. He was strictly honest himself, and loved honesty in others before all things besides; and, though he would have practised almost any self-denial to avoid expence, he would not have done what he thought a dishonest or dishonourable thing to save his fortune from ruin. Upon the whole, I think the best part of his character consisted of great integrity and simplicity in all his dealings, a kind heart, and a good un-

derstanding. He died 16th November, 1798, at the age of sixty-four, having survived his three sons.

Mrs. Barrett, in her request to Walker for an inscription, says, "he was a good man in every respect." This is the widow's mite; and candour obliges me to own, that there is nothing in the whole character, more than in that of any other honest man, that I should have thought worthy of being transmitted to posterity. But something must be pardoned to the delusive affection, or, if you like it better, to the ostentatious affliction of a disconsolate widow. I believe it is a general, and for any thing I know to the contrary it may be an useful rule, that monumental inscriptions should turn only on the virtues of the deceased. Hence, perhaps, arises the difficulty of that species of composition; for such is the malignity of our nature, that to write satire agreeably is within the powers even of the "Pursuer of Literature," but to praise with elegance and justness requires the wit and genius of Dr. Parr. That he may do so in the present instance, I have thought it better to give you the whole character, than the mere topics of panegyric.

It gives me great pleasure to find that you are satisfied with your Cambridge scheme, and that you have received all the attentions the University at this season can afford. I had no doubt of Mantell's civility, and I hope you will find it to your advantage. The idea of a quarto terrifies me. I am grown so idle, that I begin to have a craving for voyages and travels, and memoirs. I am afraid I shall never be philosopher enough ever to read a history of philosophy; and therefore I am not surprised that you should find no such history written by a philosopher. You expect a man to write, as Cicero says, not only de arte, but ex arte. Mrs. S. joins me in best regards to you and Mrs. Mackintosh; and I am, in great haste, dear M., yours most truly,

J. SCARLETT.

Epitaph on the Tweddell family.—*See vol.* iv. *p.* 585.

Rev. R. Tweddell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Ardwich, Manchester, Nov.* 17, 1806.

I offer you my best thanks for your kindness and condescension in drawing up the monumental inscription, which I re-

ceived in Northumberland, and have read with entire satisfaction. The use of parentium, rather than parentum, is justified so amply by the authorities which you have annexed, that no better foundation for the preference of the former could at all be wished for. There is yet a single question to which I have to ask the favour of an answer from you, relative to the expression, "in hâc ecclesiâ," with which the epitaph commences. My father and mother are not buried within the church, but in a vault in the church-yard, and I wish to know whether "ecclesia" will apply to the whole of the consecrated ground; or whether (such being the case) the form of expression should be different, and what change you would recommend. I am sensible that I make myself very troublesome to you, but I rely so much on your indulgence as to hope, nevertheless, that you will favour me with an early and particular attention to this inquiry, and I will promise not to obtrude myself again on your learned leisure. I am, dear Sir, respectfully, your obliged and most obedient servant,

ROBERT TWEDDELL.

Epitaph on the Hons. Dunbar and Alexander Douglas.—
See vol. iv. *p.* 586.

Rochemont Barbauld, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Hampstead, Sept.* 30, 1801.

It gives me pain that my request has been to you the occasion of more trouble than that necessarily connected with your compliance. Sorry am I also, that it has not been in my power to return to your application an immediate answer; and still more, that my memory does not enable me to inform you, with certainty, which of the two brothers persevered, to the end of life, in his disapprobation of the war. So far, however, as I can trust my recollection, it was Alexander. I have now before me two letters from Lord Selkirk, relative to the epitaph, but there is nothing in either, that ascertains the point in question: which, to confess the truth, he had previously mentioned to me in conversation; yet two passages I find in them, which it will not be improper to transcribe here. They are as follow:—

"If any friend of yours will undertake the business, it would be desirable, after having given him the general idea, to allow him to compose the inscription *de novo*, without being hampered by the sketch I left with you. In this way, I think, it may more easily be made classical and expressive."

"In the epitaph which I send you, I have underlined the expression which my friends insist must be softened, as not fully applicable to both my brothers, but which I am very unwilling indeed to give up entirely."

Thus far Lord Selkirk; nor further can here proceed, dear Sir, your much obliged and very humble servant,

ROCHEMONT BARBAULD.

My wife desires her best compliments to you, and her thanks for your kind remembrance.

DEAR SIR, *Hampstead, March* 29, 1802.

The cause of your not having heard again from me before the 10th of this month, you will learn from the enclosed. Ever since that day I have meant to write, but have been led insensibly to put it off, partly by various avocations, and partly by my desire of sending you Lord Selkirk's letter and mine under a frank. This I now depend on getting to-morrow from Mr. William Smith, who is, together with his wife, to dine with us here on that day, for the last time; for we are on the very point of leaving this charming spot, in order to remove to Stoke Newington, thus exchanging the beauties of nature for the pleasures of the heart and mind; for the advantage, I mean, of living close to Dr. Aikin. The circumstance of your being able, by one single exertion, to see both the brother and the sister, will, I hope, induce you, dear Sir, when you come to London, to visit a village, which otherwise can have but little to attract you. On Tuesday we shall not forget to drink your health, with our common friends. Perhaps then, too, we shall be able to congratulate each other on the confirmation of that hope which of late has been very tottering, but seems at present to gather strength again. Heaven grant it may not be destroyed at last, and the demon of war may not once more prevail. My wife

desires me to recall her to Dr. Parr's remembrance. It is with sentiments of cordial esteem and regard that I am, dear Sir, respectfully yours, ROCHEMONT BARBAULD.

Lord Selkirk, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *London, May* 31, 1802.

I was much concerned to hear from my friend Mr. Barbauld, that you have declined to communicate the Epitaph you have taken the trouble to compose at his request for my brothers. Your reasons are such, that I feel it a matter of too much delicacy to urge you on the subject; but the circumstanees seem to require explanation from me; and I trust that when they are understood, you will acquit me of that impropriety with which I should have been justly chargeable, had I applied to you at a time when I was not fully as liberty to make use of your assistance.

When Mr. Barbauld made that request in my behalf, I was under no engagement, nor should I have entered into any had I known that you had undertaken the subject; but you are acquainted with the accident which detained for five months the letter Mr. Barbauld had written to inform me of it. From so long a silence I inferred he had been unsuccessful. Not being able to turn the English inscription to my own satisfaction, and despairing of procuring one in Latin, I yielded to the instances of my friends, and referred the matter to their determination.

I am sensible of the delicacy which attends a composition of that nature, and the propriety of your refusing to undertake any without the full confidence of those who apply to you. At the same time, it is scarcely possible for the parties immediately concerned so absolutely to resign their own judgment, as to give an unreserved acquiescence without even seeing that which must appear to the public in their name. Such an acquiescence I am confident you would not require, and that you would always allow the friends of the deceased, the ultimate choice of a negative. Had you agreed to communicate the scroll I requested, I should not have considered either my friends or myself as entitled to more than this, either to accept the inscription as proposed, or to reject it in toto; a partial adoption, or minute and cavilling criticisms, I should have considered as equally unjustifiable.

I have trespassed thus far on your time, from the anxiety I feel to obtain your approbation. As your determination seems absolute, I have written to my friends to proceed in the manner they had themselves proposed. But though I have thus, much to my own regret, sacrificed all expectations of making use of the epitaph you have had the goodness to write, I am very desirous to be allowed a perusal of it, a favour I trust you will not deny; and to which if you chuse to annex any condition, it shall be religiously observed. In any event I shall fee much obliged to you for the pains you have bestowed upon the subject, and remain with the highest esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

SELKIRK.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Selkirk.

MY LORD, *Salwarp, June* 11, 1802.

I have been favoured with your Lordship's letter, dated May 31st, and among the contents of it I met with an opinion widely different from that which I had myself been led to form by long observation, and by personal experience. It is however quite unnecessary for me to enter into any discussion with your Lordship on the general question; and as to the particular measure, which I took at the request of our excellent friend Mr. Barbauld, you are already acquainted with my final resolution, with the circumstances under which it was made, and with the reasons upon which it was founded. Yet I was glad to find that the unforeseen detention of Mr. Barbauld's letter at Shrewsbury completely accounts for those delays which embarrassed him, and surprised me.

Your Lordship, I trust, will excuse me for confessing that, consistently with my own sense of propriety, I cannot send you the Latin epitaph. But you will permit me to add that, from the respect I bear to the honour of your antient and noble family, and to the memory of your heroic brothers, I shall have great pleasure in hearing that the English inscription now preparing, does justice to their distinguished merits, and gratifies the amiable feelings of your Lordship.

My accomplished friend Mr. Robert Douglas, of Salwarp, desires his best remembrances to you. I write this letter at his

house, and by his advice it is directed to your Lordship's mansion in Scotland, because I was not acquainted with your address in London.

I have the honour to be my Lord, your Lordship's respectful and obedient servant, S. PARR.

Lord Selkirk, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Glasgow, May* 3, 1803.

Notwithstanding the ill omen which seemed to attend my last application to you, I hope to be pardoned for again intruding to request the assistance of your classical talents upon a lapidary subject.

That on which I am now anxious that you would bestow some attention is an epitaph for my eldest brother, Lord Daer. I am ashamed to think that this should still be to put up; but circumstances which it is needless to detail, have hitherto rendered it impossible to bring home from Rome, the marble which had been ordered for the purpose.

Though I am not certain whether my brother enjoyed your personal acquaintance, yet I believe you will not be wholly a stranger to his character and history. For more particular information, however, I beg leave to refer you to Professor Dugald Stewart of Edinburgh, whom I have the happiness to call my most intimate friend; and who is more fully and minutely acquainted with the circumstances of my brother's life, and with his character in every respect, than perhaps any person now living.

I am not certain what prospect there may be of your seeing Mr. Stewart; but at any rate he will be ready to communicate by letter all the particulars which may be requisite for you to judge upon what points the force of the inscription ought to rest.

I need only add that whatever shall be concerted between Mr. Stewart and you shall have my entire acquiescence. My immediate departure for the Western world, leaves me no possibility of hearing soon from you, in reply to this; but I beg you will have the goodness to acquaint Mr. Stewart whether you accede

to my request, and will do me the favor to undertake the subject. I remain with the highest esteem, Sir, your very obedient servant, SELKIRK.

Epitaph on Thomas Twining.—See vol. iv. *p.* 597.

Rev. R. Twining, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 17, 1805.

I have long wished to apply to you upon the subject of an inscription, to the memory of my dear brother, and during the very short conversation which I had with you, you kindly encouraged me to do so. I should have been very glad if I could have talked this matter over with you; but as I know not when I may be able to do so, I must have recourse to correspondence. You will not, I trust, be offended, if I merely notice such circumstances, or such parts of my brother's character, as I should be glad to see mentioned in the inscription. There is no man who is better qualified to judge of, and to do justice to his learning, and his taste, than you are. You know, too, how conscientiously he discharged the important duties of his profession, and how much he was beloved by his parishioners.

It might be difficult to mention with propriety, in an English inscription, his acquaintance with, and his relish for, the fine arts; and in particular music, both as to theory and practice. But perhaps these peculiar circumstances in his character might be noticed, in classical language, without impropriety. I shall not be accused of partiality by those who were well acquainted with my brother, when I say that he possessed an abundant share of wit and humour; and that in him those qualities were always under the direction of good sense and good nature. I have always considered, as a prominent feature in my brother's character, that humility which led him to be thoroughly contented with a situation in life far beneath that to which his attainments would fairly have entitled him. His kindness to all those with whom he was connected was manifested upon all occasions. I cannot tell you how large a share of that kindness I experienced, or the impression which it has made upon me. I will just add that, unless you saw any objec-

tion to it, I should like to have it mentioned, that the tablet was erected to his memory by me, his brother and his friend. The inscription would probably be contained in a tablet of a moderate size; and indeed it would not be easy to find a good situation for a large tablet, in my poor brother's church.

I will not apologise to you, my dear Sir, for the freedom with which I have thus delivered my sentiments, and expressed my wishes. I well know that you loved my brother. If I did not know this, I would not apply to you upon the present occasion. I remain, dear Sir, with much respect and regard, your obliged and sincere friend, R. TWINING.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR PARR, *Cloyne, Aug.* 23, 1806.

Your copy of my epitaph is now perfectly correct, and meets with my entire approbation. I leave ejus at the end of the line as you first arranged it; reading it often over has familiarized me to the position and rhythm. Though I like deamarent with the elegant force of de, I resign it for the superior accuracy of diligerent.

I received the copy of Twining's epitaph from his brother, and have placed it with your other epitaphs to which it makes a most respectable addition. He dated his letter London, which precluded me from writing a line to thank him for the trouble that at your request he took to oblige me. If therefore, you see him, explain the reason of my apparent unpoliteness.

Epitaph on Mr. Phillips' Dog.—See vol. iv. *p.* 598.

Dr. Parr, to Bishop Bennet.

MY LORD, *Dec.* 9, 1804.

I wrote the foregoing inscription last week. I hope you will like it. I know you will see the difficulty of collecting so many particulars into one sentence, and I desire that you will read it and translate it, and explain it historically, critically, and theologically, to Mrs. Bennett and Miss Cockayne; and particularly in-

sist upon my orthodoxy in the use of the word emortui, which is applicable peculiarly to the brutes who perish out and out, and of which Cicero says that he should be content to die, i. e. mori, but unwilling emori, to die and be annihilated. And moreover, if Miss Cockayne studies the Latinity, and approve of the topics, tell her that I will write for any favourite lap-dog, cat, goldfinch, or monkey, which may die in her family; and help her out in an epithalamium upon her sister, and be very glad to see her at Hatton, where her mother and sister are very much liked and esteemed; and I desire your Right Reverence to observe, that Phillips bought the dog, named it anew, treated it tenderly, interred in decently in a coffin when it had passed its fourteenth year, at his country-seat in Berkshire; and, upon his removal to another country-house, had the coffin taken up, and the body transferred in a leaden coffin to his present mansion, where a pillar is to be erected over his bones, and my most beautiful Latin is to be engraved thereupon; and so much for the history of poor Tiger, concerning whom I yesterday sent to three young pretty wenches, who insisted upon my repeating the inscription. It begins with cani; now cani means son of a bitch; whereat the ladies affected great surprise. But you must yourself so construe it, because, my Lord, dog, in English, like canis, in Latin, is of the epicene gender, and it is your duty to be intelligible and precise in limine. And so, farewell! I am, my Lord, yours most truly,

S. PARR.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR PARR, *Bath, Feb.* 8, 1805.

I know not how it happened that I did not give my opinion on your Canine epitaph. The subject even to me, who am a lover of the canine race, is sufficiently uncouth: but you have made the most of it; and I doubt if any one else could have so well got over the difficulty of Newfoundland, and the Vehiculæ Balneatoriæ Magister, and the string of circumstances in one sentence, in which I admired the accuracy of the change of tenses in your verbs, as well as the general clearness and elegance of the narrative. Pray let me have Priestley when finished and Percival.

Epitaph on Rev. Daniel Gaches.—See vol. iv. *p* 599.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR PARR, *Cloyne, Nov.* 5. 1807.

I received Mr. Gaches's epitaph from you by yesterday's post. It breathes your usual classical spirit, and gave me much delight.

Bishop Bennet, to Rev. John Bartlam.

DEAR SIR, *London, Aug.* 27, 1808.

I have been so very much employed of late (as well as absent for a short time from town), that it has not been in my power to thank you as I ought to have done, for the trouble you took in sending me the four epitaphs. I do not think they possess very great merit; indeed no writer of Latin epitaphs ever satisfied me but our friend Dr. Parr. Those in all our churches, though composed often by excellent scholars, have, almost without exception, disappointed me. I confess, however, I could not read the two on Bishop Parker without a smile; but if it had not been for the President's illustrations, I should not have understood above half of either; in particular Bicornis (though I am one of the two-horned race myself) would have completely puzzled me. It gives me great pleasure to hear you continue in good health, and I am, with many thanks for your kindness, dear Sir, your very obedient servant, WM. CLOYNE.

Epitaph on Pitt.—See vol. iv. *p.* 600.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *Hatton, March* 4, 1808.

Having returned from a long and pleasant ramble, I sit down to fulfil my promise of writing to your Lordship. When I had finished my inscriptions for Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox, I felt a sort of vacuity, which I could fill up only by performing the same office for their illustrious contemporary, Mr. Pitt. Do not be alarmed at the topics I have chosen. I have praised, but not flattered him. I have done justice to his talents, which were very great, and to his intentions, which were sometimes good. But I have not described him as the guardian of the English

Constitution, nor as a statesman whose views of the relations between England and other countries were large and correct. In truth, my Lord, were I called upon to declare precisely what Mr. Pitt eminently was not, I should say at first, and say at last, that he was not a statesman. Such was my opinion of the beginning of his administration; such it continued to the close of his life; and such it is now, when the effects of his political system are rolling out upon the interests of all Europe, and when the clumsiness, ignorance, and rashness of his scholars, expose in their full deformity the fundamental errors of his school. For reasons of discretion and delicacy, I shall keep my inscription secret till the Cambridge men have written for his statue; and I confess to you, that my academical feelings so far prevail over my party antipathies, as to make me rejoice that the Cambridge composition is likely to be entrusted to a man whose classical taste and elegant Latinity qualify him for the arduous task. You see, my Lord, that on the only point which you specify, our sentiments perfectly agree. Within a fortnight I will send you a transcript of one article which I have prepared for your uncle, and I will then point out the one part upon which I mean to be entirely directed by your Lordship's wishes; and, in reality, I believe that our judgments will not differ. Let me beg of you to get me, if you can, the epitaph Mr. Fox wrote on Bishop Dixon. I am rather disposed to alter Majestati into Majestatis, because this case occurs more frequently in Latin inscriptions, and the dative is chiefly supported by examples from the writers posterior to the Augustan age, when such phrases as, a consiliis, a manu, &c. are employed. I do not decide for the present; I told your Lordship that I preferred *a* to *de*, as prefixed to the place from which your grandfather derived his title, and I will state to you my reasons. Though a, ex, and de, have a general resemblance, which we express by the word from, they have specific differences, and of such a kind that in some constructions they cannot be put each of them for the other; a and ab mean, from the surface; ex, from under the surface; de, implies motion downwards, or the relation of height and depth. In the speech for Cæsar, Cicero insists often upon the difference. If Caius is going to a place, and Titius will not permit him to enter, Titius, non ex eo, sed ab eo loco

Caium dislocavit. If Caius had been in the place previously, and then driven out, we must say ex, not a. Again, of things not completed we say de, as, pars de die, surgunt de nocte. Here we cannot say ex or a. Again, ex re mea, is, for my good; a re mea, is against it. Ex means that which is conjunctive; first, with my interest, and then, indeductive. A means separation, and, by an easy process of the mind, opposition. In stating that which comes from a place, we say better a; Turnus ab Aricia, i. e. Aricius. Livy.

Tigris ab Hyrcano gloria rara jugo, that is, an Hyrcanian tiger. Yet we can say de, when the notion of descent is conjoined with the notion of departure, as, tabella de foro. Again, a denotes relation very intimate, as, Cristolaus erat ab Aristotele. —Deorum, lib. ii.

A Platone et Aristotele, moderati honoris et temperantiæ de munere erat.

True it is, that pes in uno is common to all three, or, the terminus quo. Yet they are not in all other respects similar in their import. Upon the whole, and after considering their minute and subtle variations, I prefer a to de, in expressing the relation your family title bears to Foxley; it excludes the progressive descent suggested to the mind by de; and this explanation, I hope, will satisfy you as to the propriety of the intended change.

In adopting ancient language to our modern tongue, we must be content very often with approach. I have talked the subject over with one whose erudition, sagacity, wariness, and exquisite sense of propriety, weigh with me very much, and in his own epitaph for Lord Thurlow, he, to my entire satisfaction, has written a, not de, for Thurlow, the place whence the title comes.

I am sorry to trouble you with these philological subtilties, while your mind is engaged on more important affairs.

The country, my Lord, is vituperated, and for this we have to thank Mr. Pitt and his Master. Several members of parliament, who used to be in opposition, have gone over to ministers. It was necessary, they say, to seize the Danish fleet, and we care not whence Mr. Canning obtained his proofs, or how he employed negotiations, manifestoes, &c. Yet, my Lord, to preserve the national character from indiscriminate condemnation, persevere, I beseech you. I beg my best respects to Lady Holland, and

have the honour to be, my Lord, your most sincere well-wisher, and much obliged humble servant, S. PARR.

P. S.—A story is gone abroad, that, while Lord Lauderdale was in Paris, Napoleon talked openly of seizing and employing the Danish fleet. This I had from an M. P. If it be false, something should be done to check the rumour.

Inscription to Pitt.—See vol. iv. *p.* 602.

Dr. Parr, to the Rev. Dr. Gabell.

* * * * * * * * The following inscription was spontaneously prepared by Dr. Parr for the statue of Mr. Pitt placed in the Senate House at Cambridge, and unaccompanied by the mention of any one circumstance to explain why it is placed there. The difficulty of managing with the Committee, disposed, it seems, to exercise their right of judging upon the selection of topics, discouraged Dr. Parr from offering it. He would not submit to them. They would not confide in him. But he thought that a cheerful giver deserved a cheerful receiver, and, as a Foxite, he felt a more delicate and perilous responsibility for the matter than a professed admirer of Mr. Pitt's politics was likely to feel. The utmost possible secrecy is for the present required from every friend to whom Dr. Parr confidentially communicates what he has written.

On the front, where now is only to be read the word 'Pitt,' he would have inscribed the following words, which illustrate Mr. Pitt's various relations to the University, and detail his high employments in the State:

Gulielmus Pitt,
Aulæ Pembrokianæ quondam Alumnus,
Academiæ hujusce sextum creatus Burgensis
A.D. MDCCCIV.
Seneschallus ejusdem communi consensu factus
A.D. MDCCLXXXX.
Scaccarii Cancellarius,
Dominus Primarius Fisci,
Regiæ Majestati
a Sanctioribus Consiliis et a Secretis,
decessit decimo kal. Febr. A.D. MDCCCVI.
ætat. XLVII.

On the south side, as you enter the Senate-house, there would have been a proper and conspicuous place for the following words:

Talis viri grate et pie memores
Cantabrigienses omnium ordinum
collata pecunia posuerunt
anno sacro MDCCCXII.

Flaxman the artist has taken care to record himself thus: 'Flaxman fecit.' This is very right, and more right than he distinctly understood. In consequence of a note in Harris's Hermes, our half-lettered countrymen use the præterimperfect, and in that use there is often great affectation, mixed with great ignorance. True it is that a Greek statuary would write, but not engrave ἐποίει, and a Roman statuary would have written *faciebat*. But what was the reason? Their works were exposed to the criticisms of spectators. Those criticisms might lead the artist to correct or to improve. They were made, and expected to be made, before the work was completed, and therefore the imperfect tense was right. But when the work was actually completed, another tense, expressive of such completion, was properly and uniformly employed. I remember that when Horsley edited Apollonius Pergæus, he, in a sriirit of affected modesty and over-refined correctness, fell into the mistake of which I am speaking; and I have heard him commended by shallow Latinists for writing in the title of his book 'restituebat.' His book was finished, whether well or ill, and he ought to have written restituit; and so he would have written, if he had critically and historically traced the imperfect tense to its origin, as applied to works of art exposed to public view before they were finished, and eliciting public opinion in order that they might be finished well.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

Montagu-square, May 6, 1812.

.....I was not the less obliged by the favour of being trusted with the copies of your epitaphs, though I did not immediately acknowledge my gratitude for it. Yet I am not quite satisfied with the simple enumeration of Pitt's places. What honour is it to such a man that he was Seneschallus Academiæ? or what

news to the world that he attained this important situation in the exact year 1804? I confess I am more pleased with 'Pitt,' plainly inscribed, and then, on the south side, your 'Talis Viri,' which is most unexceptionably good. Now, I will concede that even the enumeration of his offices has true classical authority for it, and that Cicero himself would, in composing an inscription for his own statue, only state he was Consul tertium, e Collegio Pontificium unus, Proconsul in Cilicia, and so on. But to our manners there is something harsh, and even implying censure, when, on such an occasion, we do not mark approbation. I would copy your inscription as to its plan at least, if I was to make one for our Chancellor, the Duke of Newcastle.....

Epitaph on Fox.—See vol. iv. *p.* 608.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *July* 26, 1807.

Once for all I entreat your Lordship not to answer my letters, nor even to read them, nisi dextro tempore. You are subject, like other men, to variations in health and spirits; you are engaged from your rank in private, and from your office in public business of considerable magnitude; perhaps you, with men of the stoutest minds, have now and then the infirmity of being overtaken by unaccountable, irresistible, though temporary indolence. With all my habits of diligence and punctuality, I am not utterly exempt from it. Doubtless, there is much need for consideration; but there is also much more for reconsideration, and therefore I beg of you always to consult your own convenience.

In the mechanical part, I shall hope to make the Latin language ductile to all future circumstances. The close may be altered, as we may require. I will tell your Lordship how your idea of second son may be met, though it is by no means the usual way; and let us consider what the Romans did in the words, magnus, &c. In the ascending direct line we say, grandfather (as the Latins can say of a son, grandis frater) and this we say, *great* once or more to denote more remote degrees of relation. But the Romans, in this direct descent, and the correspondent descent, do not admit magnus. They say, pater, avus,

proavus, abavus, atavus, majores. But observe, that they sometimes drop in poetry two of the intermediate degrees, and say, avus, atavus. Thus Virgil of Turnus,

Turnus avis atavisque potens.

Now in the descending direct line, they say, filius, nepos, pronepos, abnepos, adnepos, trinepos, minores. But when they express collateral relation, they use magnus as we do, for great uncles, &c. Avunculus magnus, brother of grandmother.

Patruus magnus, brother of grandfather.
Socerus magnus, grandfather of husband or wife.
Socera magna, grandmother of ditto.
Avunculus major, is the frater proaviæ.
Amita major, is proavi soror.
Avunculus maximus is frater abaviæ.
Patruus maximus, is frater abavi.

They use major for one who has reached 25 (or when he is of age, which with us is 21,) opposed to minor, who is not 25; and they express variously—minor annis 25; minor quàm annis 25; and even minor annorum 25; and major quàm 25 annis; and majoris ætatis. They use major filius, and major frater

Parvus denotes an infant, or boy, as opposed to an adult but not relation of consanguinity.

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna.

Major Neronum mox grave prælium
Commisit. HORACE.

We say, my young master; they say, minor herus, opposed to major herus.

Now as to many brothers. If there be three—they say, major, minor, minimus; if four, they put maximus; and if more, they have recourse to circumlocution. Your Lordship recollects, that in English we often say indifferently the older or eldest sons of Peers, and that it is more common to speak of the younger sons as opposed to the eldest, than of elder sons opposed to the youngest. I am not learned in genealogies; I therefore took down a little book of Peerage, and finding that your grandfather had three sons, I said of the second minor natu. But if you

continue to wish that Mr. Fox be represented as *second son*, we must say, a maximo natu filio proximo. Make your own choice?

Reading, reflection, the office of a teacher, and much practice in composition, have again given me a command over the Latin language sufficient for the ordinary purposes of a scholar. My chief solicitude is about the topics, and about that we must be wary. I am pleased with what your Lordship says about velificaretur, and I had some forebodings, that the word would strike, and might puzzle you. Let me explain it, and my reason for using it.

Your Lordship recollects that Horace has written good accounts of the artifices and toils he observed in candidates for office; and of yet higher antiquity, and yet greater excellence is the discription given by Menelaus of Agamemnon's conduct, when he wished to get suffrages for the command of the great army—see the Iphigenia in Aulide.

Mr. Pitt, though he bore himself high with old Peers and independent country Gentlemen, is said to have been very bland and affable with the dii minorum gentium in the Upper House, and the plebs superum in the Lower. But I have always thought it an honourable and a peculiar trait in Mr. Fox, that he would not make a bow, nor put on a smile, nor call up a compliment, nor to please the proudest grandee, or the most potent borough jobber in the united kingdom. Now, velificari exactly meets my notion of wheedling or coaxing, deliberately and anxiously to carry a point. Let us examine the word.

It primarily means, vela dare, and then metaphorically, omni conatu rei alicui operam dare, quod etiam dicitur, velis remisque agere, says Forcellinus. From the adjuncts, which occur in classical writers it means, favere, stridere, obsequi, assentari.

Quod si quis vestrum spe ducitur se posse turbulenta ratione honori velificari suo. Cicero, de Lege Agrar.

Here earnestness is implied.

Quare suadeo, quicunque est istic rerum status, diligenter et caute perscribas, ne aut *velificari alicui* dicaris.

Cælius, in his letter to Cicero, lib. v. ep. 10.

Here it is joined to a person, and means Χαρίζεσθαι, to please, and wheedle, or flatter.

Brutus favori civium etiam domus suæ clade velificatus est.—
Florus, vol. 1. chap. 9.

Here Brutus, intent upon public favour, is described as coaxing to obtain it. Velificari joined to a person thus suits my opinion of Mr. Fox, in this respect. It is not a low word, it is not a ludicrous word, like our coax and wheedle; but it is an usual word. It may perplex; and therefore it shall be expunged from an inscription written upon a popular character, and intended for a popular use.

I do not expect every reader to enter into all the artifice of my style. But I will not permit any reader, who has the smallest pretensions to the character of a scholar, to be puzzled about my meaning.

If your Lordship is perplexed, others may be so, and consequently I will run no risk.—The correction shall run thus:

Neque benevolentiam eorum qui
dignitati ipsius faverent,
blanditiis et assentationibus aucuparetur (or captaret.)

I fear my scrawl will plague you. I have tried four pens, and now employ the back of the best. I have desired Bartlam to send you the epitaph for Mr. Burke.

I am glad that you have had a little respite from the turmoils of Parliament.

I congratulate your Lordship on the approaching abolition of the Slave trade; and I hope you will be able to co-operate with Russia, in giving an effectual check to Napoleon.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, your very respectful and much obliged humble servant,

S. Parr.

My Lord, *February 16th*, 1807.

I am very sorry, but not surprised, that my vile handwriting perplexed you, and to myself it is a source of frequent inconvenience and bitter uneasiness. By this day's post, I shall take the liberty of transmitting to your Lordship a copy of the inscription, in which I have said, of your beloved and revered uncle, that which can be said with justice of no one among his contemporaries. I have said it copiously, and, I hope, forcibly. Pray remember, my Lord, that I authorise, entreat, and even exhort you to consider, and to reconsider every topic I have

chosen, and every expression I have employed, and to favour me with the most unreserved communication of all doubts and all objections, which may occur to you, upon a subject, in which we are both of us variously, but deeply, sincerely, and peculiarly interested. One or two matters I think it not amiss to explain. Where I speak not metaphysically, but in popular terms, of the preference given to the honourable, above the useful, scholars will remember an allusion which protects the passage from the imputation of vague, and feeble common place, and in which the context was strikingly applicable to Mr. Fox, in more instances than one. Horace, you know, says of Lollius:

Consulque non unius anni,
Sed quoties bonus atque fidus
Judex honestum prætulit utili.

Again, your Lordship sees that, when speaking of the words, as spontaneously following a clear conception of things, I allude to the well known line,

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur,

and have sufficiently varied the phraseology. The funeral was marked by so many and important circumstances, that I determined to notice them. And here again, a striking passage supplied me with expression, and conveyed to my words the force of allusion, even in the statement of a plain fact,

Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo.

About other matters, we can converse when I have the honour of seeing you. Two or three years ago I exchanged some letters with Mr. Fox, about an inscription which I wrote with great effort, for Mr. Burke; and it was very much liked, even by that rigid and keen-eyed critic, Bobus Smith. I will desire John Bartlam to send you a copy of it. I think that in point of splendour, it surpasses what I wrote for Mr. Fox. But in propriety it is only equal, and in warmth it was, as it ought to be, very inferior. I remember one or two of Mr. Burke's admirers said to me that it was cold; and I answered, that I had indeed been successful, for as I really did not feel warmth, I had not attempted to express it. Again, I was quite silent on the moral properties of Mr. Burke's mind, and as it was in-

decorous to blame, so it would have been disingenuous in me to praise. But when I wrote about about your uncle, my judgment and my feelings led me into a different course, and if I am not grossly mistaken, no intelligent and impartial man will accuse me of exaggeration, where I specify and commend the virtues of one who was endeared to his family, his friends, his countrymen, and his species, as a good, not less than a wise and a truly great man. Your are aware that compositions of such a kind, and upon such a subject, ought not to be blown upon; and therefore I confide in the judgment, and the secresy of your Lordship.

I congratulate you upon the approaching abolition of the Slave trade; and, though like your uncle, I never sympathized with the savage prejudices, nor echoed the vulgar and pernicious invectives, which had been encouraged towards Bonaparte, yet I look with a viligant eye upon his character, and his measures, and his views; and I therefore rejoice at every check that is given to him in the career of his inordinate ambition. As you do not, in all probability, care much about martyrdom sermons, I wish that your Lordship would give me your privilege copy of that which is written for the last 30th of January, by my old and learned acquaintance, the Bishop of St. David's. Bartlam will soon be in town, and will take charge of it for me, if you don't care about it.

I have the honour to be, my Lord, with great respect, your Lordship's most sincere well wisher, and grateful obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Inscription to Fox.—See vol. iv. *p.* 610.

Mr. Chamberlayne to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Weston Grove, Dec. 12th,* 1809.

From the hand of Mr. Griffiths of Merton College, I have received an inscription of your composition, for an humble monument to the memory of the late Mr. Fox, which it is in my contemplation to raise in my pleasure-ground at this place. Your portrait of that wonderful man is admirable in all its parts for its execution, and enchanting for its truth. Suffer me to present you with my most cordial thanks for so generously

yielding to my anxious desire of obtaining such an appropriate and beautiful ornament to my projected work; and to intreat you to believe that it would afford me the highest gratification to repeat them to you here, should you ever be induced to visit this part of Hampshire.

That you may long continue to enlighten the world by the force of your talents and attainments, and to improve it by your example, is the ardent wish of, Sir, your devoted, obliged, and obedient humble servant, WM. CHAMBERLAYNE.

Epitaph on Dr. Lubbock.—See vol. iv. *p.* 613.

Mr. Postle to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Colney, Norwich, Sept.* 16, 1808.

Knowing the esteem and regard you had for our dear deceased relative, Dr. Lubbock, I would have written to have informed you of his departure from this to a better world, had not Mr. Unthank taken that painful office on himself.

Mr. Pitchford has left with us a letter from you, containing many kind sentiments for the memory of your late friend, and in which you anticipate a request that I proposed making, i. e. that you would write a Latin inscription for his monument. I felt that a professional man ought to have a Latin inscription, and we know of no one so able, and from whom we should so well like to have it as yourself. The monument will be small and plain. He died on the 2nd of September, and had just completed his forty-eighth year. My sister hopes you will receive the ring safe which we shall send to Mr. Marsh tomorrow, that he may forward it to you. And now, my dear Sir, for myself,—whether I consider you as a scholar, a politician, or a man, no one holds your character in higher esteem and veneration than your very sincere friend and obedient humble servant,

JEH. POSTLE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Colney, Oct.* 26*th*, 1808.

I fear you must have thought me negligent, in not having sooner written to you again about the monument; but, partly from our having been much engaged with other matters, and partly by my absence from home, the form, &c. of the monu-

ment, was not determined on till yesterday. The marble intended for the inscription will be an oblong square; its size, three feet six inches by two feet six inches. I am aware that *you* will write this inscription in half an hour, but let that half hour be when it best suits you, for our artist says that he shall not want the inscription as yet a while; and should he want it before you send it, you will allow me to take the liberty of writing to you again.

I have been placing my nephew, Richard Lubbock, at school, with a Mr. Horne of Chiswick. He is a very clever, promising boy, and I trust will be a comfort to his mother. The school was fixed on by his father prior to his illness, at the recommendation of our excellent Bishop. Ah, my dear Sir, how much good would arise were more of our clergy, of all degrees, of similar principles with you and our good Whig Bishop.

I saw your friends Pitchford and Unthank the other day, quite well. Trafford, you know, pulled down his house at Inck's Wood, intending to build another, but changed his mind. He, with his family, has been rambling about all the summer. He intends spending the winter at Bath, and the spring and early summer in town: then to come to a house which he has taken a lease of in Norwich. I wish him fixed here, for I cannot help fearing he should settle elsewhere. Mrs. Postle desires to make her best compliments, and you will allow me to subscribe myself, with the highest respect and esteem, dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

JEH. POSTLE.

P. S. My poor sister is pretty well in health; and under her heavy affliction, conducts herself with the greatest fortitude, composure, and resignation to the will of God. She is highly gratified by your very kind and friendly attention,—so indeed are we all.

DEAR SIR, *Nov. 25th*, 1808.

I have been obliged to apply to my sister for answers to some of the questions in your kind note, received yesterday. To Mr. Rigby I have made application for an account of the disease which occasioned Dr. Lubbock's death. I expect to see them both tomorrow. I do not believe his medical friends made

up their minds as to the nature of his complaint, and my sister could not reconcile herself to having his body opened. In the mean time, I shall transcribe a paragraph which appeared in the Norwich papers soon after Dr. Lubbock's death, thinking it may convey some information useful to you, in your very friendly undertaking. Mr. Rigby is the writer of it, and I trust you will agree with me in thinking it a very proper tribute of regard for the memory of his departed friend and former pupil:—

"Yesterday sennight, at his house in St. Gregory's, in this city, in the 49th year of his age, Dr. Richard Lubbock, after a most painful and protracted illness, which he bore with a manly and dignified patience. To readers within the circle of this paper, it is almost superfluous to say, that he was preeminent in his profession; that he possessed for many years the public confidence to an unexampled degree; and that in extensive usefulness, in skilful, liberal, and humane practice, he has been equalled by few! for this, and much more, has already been unequivocally expressed by the late anxious and countless enquiries concerning him, and by the honourable interest which has so generally been excited during the whole progress of his fatal illness. We record, with a melancholy satisfaction, that Dr. Lubbock was a native of Norwich; he received the early and classical part of his education at the free school of this city, under the late Mr. Leman and Mr. Pryse; his medical education commenced with Mr. Rigby, under whom he was one of the first pupils who attended the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital; he studied several years at Edinburgh, and obtained his degree in that university, in the year 1784, with great credit, having distinguished himself by his thesis 'De Principio Sorbile,' in which he delivered some ingenious and original speculations, which excited considerable notice from the philosophical chymists of the day. His introduction to practice, on his return to Norwich, was almost immediate; and from its earliest period to the moment of his being arrested by disease, he was unremittingly engaged in it, time and talent having, perhaps, in no instance, being more uniformly, more constantly, or more undeviatingly, directed to the objects of his profession. On entering upon it, he adopted, we understand, some medical

opinions which were thought to be almost peculiar to himself, and at variance with established theories; they were, however, convictions in his mind! he constantly acted upon them, and his practice, it cannot be denied, has been justifyingly successful. The thesis before alluded to was his only literary production which appeared as a separate publication, but he wrote several papers in a periodical journal;—an elaborate one on diabetes, a striking and well-written case on catalepsy, and an essay on apoplexy: the latter, signed Pyrrhus, will not be forgotten by medical readers. He also wrote a memorial on vaccination in the year 1805, when an attempt was made to extend its benefits to the lower classes in this city. We have to add that his moral character was without a stain, and his private and domestic virtues most estimable. He married in 1797, and leaves a widow and eight children."

Nov. 28, 1808.

I will now, my dear Sir, answer your questions to the best of my ability.

Dr. Lubbock was born in Norwich June 18, 1760.

He was educated at the Norwich School, afterwards placed under the care, &c. &c. of Mr. Rigby, and graduated at Edinburgh.

The literary production by which he distinguished himself, was his thesis "De Principio Sorbile."

He practised physic in Norwich about twenty-four years.

The name of his disease is hydrothorax, but whether connected with any affection of the heart or larger vessels, could not be ascertained, as a dissection did not take place after death. The symptoms, and they were dreadfully distressing, were palpitation of the heart, irregular pulse, oppressed breathing, and a frequent sense of extreme faintness, which produced during three months, as much bodily suffering as I ever witnessed. This I give you in Mr. Rigby's words.

He has left eight children: Richard, ten years old; Mary, nine; John, eight; Charles, seven; Elizabeth, six; Edward, four; Sophia, three; Catharine, one.

He died on the 2d September, 1808.

He is buried in Earlham Church; the vault is in the chancel, but the entrance thereto in the aisle of the body of the church.

The monument is to be fixed against the south wall of the chancel, the body in the vault immediately beneath it.

The bottom of the tablet for the inscription, will be about eight feet from the floor.

The expences will be paid by his widow.

Your asking me when he died, leads me to fear that you have not received your ring. We shall be much vexed if it be so.

With every good wish, I am, dear Sir, with the highest esteem and regard, most truly yours, JEH. POSTLE.

P. S. As this must be a double letter, I shall send it through our good friend at Parndon.

MY DEAR SIR, *Earlham, May 7*, 1809.

I have this day received your favour of the 4th instant, and will answer your questions in the order in which you put them. You say, "I shall want room for twenty-four lines." The tablet for the inscription is made, as well as every other part of the monument. I do not recollect its dimensions, but will send to Athow, the artist, to morrow morning, and hope to hear from him in time to send this by to-morrow's post. I like your plan of having a fair copy made by one near you, which you can inspect, &c. and beg leave to hint, whether it would not be well to have it drawn out on a scale proportioned to the dimensions of the tablet, and in printing letters. Thus you can see to the pointing, &c. &c. and then it can be exactly copied on to the tablet. You may depend on my looking carefully to it, or requesting Mr. Chapman to do so, or any other person you please. Athow is no fool, but a very sensible and well informed man. Dr. Lubbock was born in Norwich, 18th June 1760. He received the early and classical part of his education at the Norwich school, under the late Mr. Lemon and Mr. Pryse: his medical education commenced with Mr. Rigby, under whom he was one of the first pupils who attended the Norfolk and Norwich hospital; he studied several years at Edinburgh, and obtained his degree in that University in 1784, with great credit, having dis-

tinguished himself by his thesis "De Principio Sorbile." He commenced practice in Norwich in 1784. He died September 2nd, 1808. His widow's name is Bridget. She is left with eight children, the eldest ten years, and the youngest one year old at the time of his death. He is buried in the chancel of Earlham church, in a vault; the monument will be placed against the south wall, immediately over the body. The lower part of the tablet about seven feet from the floor. Thus, my dear Sir, I have not only answered all the queries in your last, but many others which I recollect your having put to me last Autumn. I wish I could inform you as fully now as I did then, but I really have not now the means. I also at that time sent you the dimensions, &c. of the tablet. If you have not mislaid the letter I wrote to you on this subject last November, I wish you to refer to it. We shall not grudge the expence of the fair copy, but, thanks to our rulers, a pound will be more easy to send than a guinea. Dr. Lubbock used to find fault with the one pound notes, as they cheated him of a shilling. Mr. and Mrs. Parr are gone to Bath, he has for some time past appeared very feeble, &c. You doubtless know that Trafford's mother is dead, and are aware of the vast increase of property to him by that event. I know no one more likely to make a good use of it. Perhaps you know that his youngest child is fourteen years old; but perhaps you do not know, that, if there be no mishap, his youngest child may four months hence be fourteen days old.

I shall not fail to inform Mr. Matchett of what you say of him; he is quite one of the right sort. I shall desire him to send you one of his last week's papers, where you will see that we Norfolk freeholders are worthy of our representative. He gives a very faithful account of our County meeting. You will admire the speech of our chairman, a man whom I am proud to call my friend, not because he is an Earl's son, though I do not like him the worse on that account. I am no republican, but republicanism need not be feared at the present day. The people in this county did not seem inclined to stir, but Mr. Herbert wrote to me on the subject, I communicated his letter to a few neighbouring gentlemen, and we soon obtained a sufficient number of names to put to a requisition. The Sheriff fixed the

meeting for last Tuesday, and, though advertized on the preceding Saturday only, is was most numerously and respectably attended. The Tories fought shy, and now seem raging mad. There appears to be a party of honest men arisen in the House of Commons. Abuses, &c. come out every day, the spirit of the people is completely roused. How it will end, God knows. We must, I think, either have the constitution restored to us in its true purity, or the government will become a confirmed oligarchy. Oh that Charles James Fox was alive to direct the operations, and at times, perhaps, to check the ardour of the impetuous but honest and well meaning.

I am, my dear Sir, most truly and respectfully yours,

JEHOSOPHAT POSTLE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Earlham, May* 21, 1809.

I cannot suffer another post to leave Norwich without thanking you for the inscription, which, as well as your letter, I received today. I shall not venture to give an opinion of it; but assured I am that, could our late dear friend know what the inscription is, and who is the author of it, he would experience the highest possible delight, and I, as the brother of his widow, and in the place of father to his children, do on their behalf, as well as my own, return you my best and most hearty thanks for this tribute of respect you have paid to his memory.

I do not see any necessity for the insertion of the letters M. D. but, as you permit it, they shall be introduced according to your direction, if my sister wish it. One little alteration will be necessary, as Dr. L. died on the 2nd not the 4th of September. I shall immediately send the inscription to Mr. Chapman, who is on the spot and so much more proper than myself in every respect, to superintend the engraving. I beg you will pay one pound on my account towards your bells, but I have not a small note by me at this time, nor can I procure one. I will not, however, fail to send it, and it will afford me an excuse for writing to you again. A correspondence has, my dear Sir, commenced between us, which, if it be not presuming too much, I hope will never entirely cease while we are both alive, but that you will occasionally write to me, and allow me

to write to you. I feel too proud of such an intercourse, readily to relinquish it. With every sentiment of regard and respect, I am, dear Sir, most truly yours, JEHOSOPHAT POSTLE.*

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR PARR, *Montagu-square, May* 23, 1809.

I have just received your epitaph on Lubbock, which is a remarkably good one, in your own animated and correct classical style. You have made me dislike all other Latin epitaphs, Johnson's among the rest.....

Mr. C. J. Chapman, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Norwich, St. Giles, May 26,* 1809.

Your directions are so plain and full, that I think, it is almost impossible for me to err. I will most readily superintend the engraver, and as I find he is by no means stupid, I hope the inscription will be accurately put on, at least, rest assured, no attention shall be wanting on my part in a concern in which you are so anxiously interested. I have consulted Mr. Postle and Mrs. Lubbock on the M. D. As you seem to prefer the omission of these letters, they most readily agree to it. There is a mistake in the day on which poor Dr. L. died. It was on the 2nd, and not on the 4th of September. I will not suffer the line which contains this melancholy period to be engraved till the alteration has encountered your accurate eye, and received your sanction. Believe me to be, dear Doctor, yours most truly, C. J. CHAPMAN.

Mr. Postle, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Thetford, July* 15, 1809.

It was my intention not to have written to you till I should have been able to inform you that the monument was erected;

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* Dr. Parr has remarked on this letter: "Brother in law to my dear friend Dr. Lubbock.—S. P."

which it will be, if Mr. Athow is to be depended on in a fortnight. I know that Mr. Chapman has given great attention to it. The inscription is on the tablet; and having myself carefully compared it with your copy, I can assure you that it is done exactly, and most minutely, according to your instructions, &c. Mrs. Lubbock has very particularly desired me, instead of one, to send you five pounds, as a contribution to your bells; which you herewith receive, and my best wishes that you may live to hear them ring many and many a merry peal. How greatly do I admire the picture you give of the transactions on your village green. I see Dr. Parr what every parish priest ought to be, but what so few are, the comforter, the guide, the father of his flock. I have a neighbour, who has in contemplation to apply for a faculty to sell his parish bells. I have read to him a part of your letter, and exhorted him to abandon his intention, and follow your example.

The constitution of your cousin, Mr. Parr, seems to be very much broken; he is very feeble, and another attack will, I think, end his earthly cares.

I am come here to attend our annual wool-fair. It is *a child* of our good friend Coke. He will be in the chair, and I doubt not give us a good discourse after dinner, exhorting the buyers to offer good and fair prices, and the growers to take them. It is always attended by the leading agricultural men of Norfolk and Suffolk, as well as the farmers in general. It is likely to be very full to-day, and we shall probably hear "great cry and little wool." I shall take the opportunity of delivering this to Mr. Coke, to be forwarded to you. Mr. Matchett is much pleased by your remembrance of him. The other friends you mentioned are all well. I must not omit to tell you, that the H. M. S. S. P. C. was first made out by my very good friend and neighbour, and admirable curate of our parish, your old pupil, James Willins. I am glad, heartily glad, that Chapman made the same blunder about the date that I did; for though I have no pretensions to call myself a scholar, I do not wish to be thought a dunce. I remain, my dear Sir, most sincerely and respectfully yours,

JEHOSAPHAT POSTLE.

MY DEAR SIR, *Colney, September* 3, 1809.

I have great satisfaction in being able to inform you, that the monument is up. When you see it, I think you will allow that Athow has executed it neatly and faithfully. Matchett wished to publish the inscription in his paper, to which, I trusted, you would not object, and considered it the safer way, to ensure correctness, to let him have one of the copies received from you, making him promise to place every word, point, and line, as in the copy, and to print it in Roman capitals; recommending to him also to procure a translation into English from Chapman, to be subjoined, as otherwise it would be useless to so many of his readers. Matchett has not disappointed me; and the translation, though it must necessarily fall very far short of the beauty and force of your Latin, will, I think, have your approbation. I suppose it to be by Chapman. It is as follows:—

"To Richard Lubbock,

"Born in Norwich, initiated there in the literature of Greece and Rome, afterwards acquiring great reputation in the University of Edinburgh, on account of the enlightened genius which he displayed in his thesis, "*De Principio Sorbili*;" a man of extensive knowledge in every liberal science, and particularly in philosophy; with affability of discourse and suavity of manners, pre-eminently gifted; by his family and friends most deservedly esteemed; to his country ardently attached. Who, after a skilful practice of twenty-four years as a physician in his native city, died of a painful and lingering disease, on the 2d of September, A. D. 1808, aged forty-nine.

"His relict, Bridget Lubbock, has, at her own expence, caused this monument to be erected."

Mrs. Lubbock is at Cromer with her children, where she has been the greater part of the summer, and where, I hope, she will yet remain. She dreads the return to her own home. Indeed she has, since the death of our dear friend, taken such a disgust to it, that she has determined to leave it. I have purchased for her the house on Bracondale hill, which, I believe, was occupied by Dr. Moore, when you resided in Norwich. I consider it to be my duty to do all I can to render her com-

fortable. She is a woman of no common mind, and never will be guilty of any imprudencies; therefore, though I have bought this house dear, and shall have one on our hands, I shall have done right, if it make her comfortable. Mrs. Trafford has been expecting the birth of another child for this fortnight past. I heartily wish it was over. I know not where to get a frank, and have therefore written this so close, that I fear you have difficulty in reading it. Mrs. Postle begs to make her best compliments; and believe me, dear Sir, with the highest esteem, most truly yours,

JEHOSAPHAT POSTLE.

Epitaph on Sir John Moore.—See vol. iv. *p.* 616.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

May 6, 1812.

..... Now, as to the epitaph on Sir John Moore, it is remarkably well done; the Latinity admirable, the enumeration of exploits select and luminous; a little too long, though I don't know it can be made shorter; and a very fastidious critic might perhaps object to the enumerating Batavia (by implication at least) among his conquests, when it was our own army that was repulsed there with disgrace. I think it, as a whole, equal to any one you have written, though Burke's and ——— are still my favourites.....

DEAR PARR, *Wednesday.*

I have put your epitaph on South so carefully somewhere, that I cannot find it. You shall see me about eleven on Saturday. I would carry you to Harrow on the 14th with pleasure; but fear it is the meeting of the Sons of the Clergy, when it would be indecent for me not to attend at St. Paul's. It is extremely provoking. I have seen General Watson, and sat with him half an hour. The South epitaph is better than our common ones—much so; but inferior to yours with a witness. Truly yours,

W. CLOYNE.

Dr. Parr, to James Carrick Moore, Esq.

SIR, *April* 2, 1813.

On Wednesday last I was honoured with your letter, and though I have no scribe at hand for the present, I am very anxious to acknowledge the information with which you have favoured me. When I have occasion to ask for further intelligence on points, which seem to me of importance, I will employ some amanuensis.

Be assured, Sir, that I feel the highest satisfaction in the opportunity afforded to me, for paying the tribute of my gratitude and deep respect to the memory of Sir John Moore.

I have borrowed the Memoirs, written, I believe, by yourself, and I find in them much valuable matter; but you will oblige me much by sending what is prepared for Dr. Rees's Encyclopædia. I shall be in London towards the end of this month, and shall, with your permission, take the liberty of having a little personal interview with you. Your well-wisher, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Sunday, Oct.* 15, 1813.

Pray do not give yourself the trouble of making the extract. I despatched the previous achievements in three lines. I have not forgotten the favourite Highlanders. I wished to say something handsome of Sir John's father; it might have harmonized well enough, but would have lengthened the inscription too much; for it already occupies forty lines of different sizes. I am satisfied with the chain of topics, and the phraseology has been well considered, with a view to the excellencies of your brother, the literary character of England, and my own personal responsibility. I am yet puzzled about the Spanish government, and expect a precise answer to my queries. What I have to say about them must be engraved on the other side.

All your papers lie at this moment before my eye. Still I have occasion to send Lord Holland a few more queries, and when they are answered, I shall give you no more trouble. I wished to write the inscription with the plainness and brevity in which the ancient ones are drawn up. But, as this is for popular use,

I changed my mind, and have in ornamental language described the last glorious feat at Corunna, and its melancholy effect on the life of a most inestimable man.

At present I am uncertain whether or no to notice very shortly some of his previous and less brilliant exploits. You lent me a paper; I preserved it here; I took it with me to London; I brought it back, and held it in my hand when I opened and arranged my numerous papers; with that excess of care which often defeats its own purposes, I have laid it by, and now I cannot find it; it lurks somewhere, and at some time will come to light, but when I know not.

Pray send me a transcript, a correct and full transcript, from the close of that printed article. It contains a summary of your brother's exploits in different places, of different kinds, and at different periods. I must have the whole, and your little boy, under your inspection, can prepare it.

I find this morning, from some memorandums, that Sir John was Knight of the Bath; and for this I can employ a regular technical Latin term. The puzzle is about the Spanish general who erected the monument, and on this subject I have sent Lord Holland some minute questions. I have the honour to be, with great respect, your faithful well-wisher and obedient humble servant,

S. PARR.

Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Oct.* 20, 1813.

The cock has now crowed his matin song, and suddenly has disappeared the Spanish government, a sable crew of grandees, who, with unintelligible forms and unutterable names, have long been flitting before my disturbed imagination. I must lower the tone of my queries, and, as if I were addressing what Napoleon calls a nation of shopkeepers, I must ask by whose order in England the monument was put up, and by whose purse the expences are to be paid. At all events these points must be settled, and instead of troubling you, I must look to Lord Bathurst or to Mr. James Moore. This brother of Sir John is a noble fellow, and

under a thick and rigid surface of good sense there runs through the interior of his mind a rich vein of pleasantry. He has told me an imperfect and indistinct story about Romana; but it is too uninteresting to be mentioned. I must wait for some tale about the English. For I will not endeavour to please Jemmy Moore by talking about the British. You statesmen have no pity for us poor Latinists; and Latinists, in their turn, stoutly assert their right against statesmen. I have found a very expert calligrapher at Warwick, and I have employed all my skill in the choice of some strong paper for the third and final copy. In truth, a scribe who does not understand Latin must always be instructed to make two preparatory copies, and you little know the trouble and vexation which I am doomed to suffer in preventing or correcting mistakes. I shall put the last copy on a roller, which may be sent to Spain. My scribe has written some illustrations, which it will be proper for your Lordship to read, and by which I mean to quench the fiery darts of that incendiary, Bobus Smith. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. S. PARR.

Lord Bathurst, to Lord Holland.

MY DEAR LORD, *Downing-street, Dec.* 21, 1813.

I am ashamed not to have sooner acknowledged the letter you did me the honour of writing to me.

I beg you to convey my very best thanks to Dr. Parr, for his goodness in furnishing me with such an admirable inscription, and also for accompanying it with his amusing and instructive illustrations. The inscription shall be immediately sent to Corunna, and I heartily wish the monument was a little more worthy of it. I have the honour to be, &c. &c. BATHURST.

Dr. Parr, to J. C. Moore, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, Dec.* 30, 1813.

I do hereby acknowledge the receipt of a five pound note, which the Lords of the Treasury directed you to transmit to me, and I shall employ it in the following manner. I shall give three pound ten to the scribe; I shall pay for the paper and rollers,

and the remainder I shall distribute among the poor of my parish. I hope that the four noble Lords, my employers, and the paymaster from the Treasury, and the Cabinet Council, and yourself, will be satisfied with the calligraphy of the Warwick schoolmaster. He in height is not quite five feet; he is lame and deformed in both legs; he moves upon crutches; but his hands are nimble, his eyes are keen, his tones are sharp, his manner is consequential; and though he instructs and governs the rude boys of our borough, he for once in a way is content to practise the duties of docility and obedience to the orthodox parson of Hatton. I never saw any treasury-money before, and you may tell their lordships that I should have fewer taxes to pay if upon all other occasions their money was as well expended as it has been upon this. Moreover, you may tell them, that I think their allowance very handsome, and that, when they pay some pamphleteer in a garret or a jail to plead their cause, I will furnish them with this one splendid instance of the public money wisely and justly expended.

My good friend, I know from frequent and provoking experience, the ignorance, perverseness, and conceit of lapidaries, and therefore I have dictated some instructions, which must be conveyed to the artists in Spain, and men in high station will do well to enforce those instructions expressly and authoritatively. I shall put the inscriptions upon separate rollers, and great care must be taken to have them enveloped in soft paper, to have them rolled smoothly, to have them protected by eight or ten strong envelopes, and to have them put into a strong box, of such a size as shall keep them from being shaken when they are sent to Corunna. I shall direct them to Lord Holland, at your house, and I hope that the few persons who are to look at them will take care not to lacerate or to daube either of the MSS. If I were not unwilling to encrease expenses, I should wish a most exact fac-simile to be taken and printed upon the very strongest paper. But this you will settle among yourselves. I honour Mrs. Moore for her patience and her sagacity in decyphering my obscure and uncouth scrawl. I have bestowed upon her only the praise which she deserves, and if this act of justice should make her giddy, I shall lay the blame upon you for granting her upon other occasions a scanty pittance of commendation

when she merited a more ample portion. Pray give my best compliments to her, and to all your children. You will find that in selecting topics for the inscription I have been guided by the well-written memoirs, for which the public is indebted to your pen. I believe that most ordinary readers of Latin will find the inscription intelligible, though in two or three instances the peculiar propriety of the phraseology will be discernible only to scholars. But as you from the very best feelings must be anxious to understand the whole and as parts may now and then become subjects of conversation in your presence, I must refer you to Lord Holland, whom I have furnished with pertinent and copious information, and who, with his usual good nature and good sense, will have great pleasure in communicating to you all particulars. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your faithful well-wisher, and very respectful humble servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR MR. MOORE, *Feb.* 11, 1814.

I have returned to Hatton, and with the aid of my learned scribe I can write to you fully. The letter of Lord St. Helen's is, as I should have expected it to be, very sensible. I am glad not only that he wrote it, but that you laid the contents of it before me, and both of you will find that I have taken them into consideration. When I first scribbled a foul copy of the inscription, I put down Corunnam as an intelligible word with a good Latin form, and to that word I shall return for the reasons which I shall presently assign for rejecting all other words. As a shadowy sort of doubt passed over my mind, I looked into Ainsworth's Dictionary, where I met with the following words "Corunna, part of Galicia in Spain, Caronium." With this I was satisfied. However, I looked at Patrick's abridgement of Cellarius, and there I could not find the word. Well, at first it stood according to Ainsworth, Caronium, and then by some error of one of my scribes it was transformed into Coranium, and the blunder escaped my eye when, being intent upon weightier matters, I read over the final copy.

Lord St. Helen's is right enough in saying that Flavium Brigantium is in Ptolemy, and I believe this to have been an old

name for Corunna. But I by no means would employ it, because it is remote from common apprehension; and I say the same of Brigantium itself without any affix, or with some affixes, which I have occasion to enumerate. In respect to Dio Cassius, there is some dispute about the text; it stands thus: Κἀντεῦθεν ἐς Βριγάντιον πόλιν Καλαικίας παραπλεύσας. Lib. xxxvii. 53. Xylander doubts the reading, and writers thus "Καλαικίαν. Καλλαϊκῆς, ——— Callaicos enim populum a Cæsare subactum Plutarchus nominat; Calæciam autem in Hispania nullam invenio." Keimar adds, "Sed vide p. 206. seq." At the close of the note Keimar says, "Lusitanorum et Gallæcorum devictorum a Cesare meritis apud obsequentem ad hunc annum, c. 123. vid. et infra xliv. p. 26. D. xlv. p. 290. D." I have examined the two passages to which Keimar refers, and I find in them the fact of Cæsar's victory in Spain, but no mention of Brigantium. In Keimar's note there is further evidence of the fact from Suetonius, Velleius Patercolus, and Cæsar's own book, De Bello Hispaniense. But this is not the question before us. On the whole, I am satisfied with the reading Καλαικίας, and that this province contained a city called Brigantium. Now, my friend, I will give you my reasons, both additional ones, for believing Brigantium to be the right name, and for not using it in this inscription. "Brigantium," says Hoffman, "oppid. Rhætiæ, in Suevia, ad Brigantinum lacum, vulgo Brigantz, vel Brigintz. Ibi amnis cognominis influit in lacum Brigantinum." See Hoffmani Lexicon Universale in voce.

The next article runs thus, "Brigantium, quod Brigantio Antonino, Virgantia Ammiano, oppid. Gall. Narbonensis, vulgo Briançon. Caput regiunculæ cognominis in Delphinat. vide Brigantio. Item civitas Angliæ; vide Eboracum. Al a Hispaniæ in Galacia, Compostella nonnullis, aliis Betanzos. Hoffman in voce.

In the foregoing passages we have the word Brigantium as the name of places very remote from each other. We have not Corunna proposed as a modern name, and Compostella is certainly a very different place. "Compostella, urbs Archiepiscopalis primaria Gallæciæ, in Hispania Tarraconensi, crevit ex ruinis Iriæ Flaviæ." See Hoffman in voce.

I know that Flavius was a prefix to several adjacent places,

and this accounts for the *Flavium Brigantium of Ptolemy*, as distinct from other towns called *Brigantium*.

Hoffman adds, "*Distat 9 leuc. a Corunia*," by which *I suppose* he means Corunna, "in Austrum." Upon consulting Strabo I find mention of Brigantium; not, you will observe, as a town in Spain, but a town in Gallia Narbonensis.

Εἶτ' ἄλλοι τοσοῦτοι διὰ Βριγαντίου κώμης, κ. τ. λ.
Liber iii. p. 124, ed. Casaubon.

Here we have a vicus, not an oppidum; and who, upon reading Brigantium in the inscription, could, without any adjunct, determine what Brigantium was meant. To be sure Ptolemy's epithet, Flavium, would fix the place; but then I will not use the epithet, because it is remote from common apprehension, and has an air of affectation. Doubtless, if I were writing a history, or a book of geography, I should say, Flavium Brigantium; but I should add, hodie dictum Corunna; and surely this loading phraseology would be very uncouth upon an inscription, and therefore upon principles of taste I reject it. Let us return to Brigantium. Though Casaubon's index gives no other Brigantium than that which is in Gallia Narbonensis, yet I believe that Strabo speaks elsewhere of a Brigantium, and the state of the text accounts for the omission in Casaubon's index. Strabo, towards the end of the fourth book, is describing the country about the Alps, and his words run thus: Καὶ οἱ Ἑστιώνες δὲ τῶν Ὀυινδελικων εἰσι, καὶ Βριγάντιοι· καὶ πόλεις ἀυτῶν Βριγάντιον καὶ Καμπόδουνον, καί ἡ τῶν Λικαττίων ὥσπερ ἀκρόγις Δαμασία. Lib. iv. p. 290, Falconer's ed. Here, on the word Βριγάντιον the MS. readings vary, Σηκάντιον, par. i. Eton; Βικάντιον, par. iii. Bre. Med. i. sed Med. 7, habet Σικάντιον, ex emendatione Σβικάντιον, Med. 2, et Σικάντιον, ex correctione Σικάντιον. Esc. Mosc."

Casaubon, in his own text, rightly gives Βριγάντιον; but in his note he honestly says, "Veteres libri Βηκαντιον. Sed Ptolemæus quoque Βριγάντιον vocat, licet ille Rhetis adscribat." This Brigantium, which Ptolemy ascribes to the Rhæti, is distinct, you see, from the Flavium Brigantium, and is noticed in one of the passages which I quoted from Hoffman. Falconer, in his note, says, "Brigantium est Hodie *Bregentz* ad ripam lacus Brigan-

tini, vel Veneti." I wished to lay before you all that Strabo says about places called Brigantium; and, as several places were so called, the word Brigantium, used upon the inscription, would be obscure and equivocal. Still, my friend, I hold that Brigantium was the old name of Corunna. "Flavium Brigantium," says Blair's Chronology; and here the word and the prefix are very right. D'Anville, whose authority is greater than that of Blair, and who generally unites the ancient with the modern appellation, says Corunna, Brigantium, without Flavium. Cellarius writes thus: "Ad lacus Cantabricum Flavium Brigantium, est ejusdem Ptolemæi, in loco quo hodie est celebris portus Corugna, sive Corunna; quod Dio Cassius etiam Brigantium lib. xxxvii. p. 54, dixit, de Cesare narrans Βριγάντιον πόλιν Καλλαικὴν παραπλεύσας. Brigantium urbem Callaciæ præter vectus, id quod maritimum situm arguit, qualis non est Compostellæ, quam vulgo, ut Tarapha refert, interpretantur. Cellar. 68, vol. i.

I have before spoken of Compostella, as not having been called Brigantium. Well, my friend, we are now agreed that Brigantium was a name of Corunna, and that Flavium also was a prefix. I might say Flavium Brigantium, or Brigantium Hispanicense, or Brigantium in Gallicia, and thus distinguish this Brigantium from other towns of the same name; but I will not use any of the prefixes or suffixes, because, as I told you, they are obscure to almost every reader. I think Corunnam the obvious and right word for a popular inscription. I fix upon it decidedly and finally; and as to Brigantium, I will not stir up from the fountain of oblivion the name of a place that scared the followers of Brutus, and about which you and Lord St. Helen's may find some entertaining matter, in the first volume of Cellario, page 66. We must have a word or two about Caronium. From D'Anville's maps it seems to lie nearly due east from Corunna, at a distance between twenty and twenty-five miles. It is mentioned by Ptolemy in the second book, cap. vi. among the civitates of the Callaici Lucensii. It is thus described by Hoffman:—"Caronium, Hispaniæ Tarraconensis urbs. Ptol. quibusdam oppid. Callaicorum, nunc vicus Gallæciæ, aliquot leucis ab orâ." See Hoffman in voce.

This description corresponds to the appearance of the place in

D'Anville's map. There was such a place, with such an ancient name; but the place was not Corunna, as Ainsworth, or his editor supposed; and Corunna formerly bore another name, which for reasons just now stated I will not employ.

In a day or two I will tell you definitively what to do about the inscription; and I shall also write to you about other matters which teaze me, and concerning which I have this morning sent a long letter to our friend, Lord Holland. In the mean time I beg of you to present my best compliments to Lord St. Helen's, to thank him for the judicious suggestion, which led me to consider the subject fully, and to lay before him the contents of this letter. You must not stir till you hear from me again; and, in my next, I shall scold a little at the want of correctness in those persons who were to furnish me with answers to various questions. Accept my best thanks for a noble copy of the Memoirs. I shall keep it with sacred care. With best compliments to Mrs. Moore, I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your faithful well-wisher, and very respectful humble servant,

S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, February* 13, 1814.

I have given you my reasons for declining the use of Brigantium, or Flavium Brigantium, and for resuming Corunnam, which I had at first employed, and afterwards surrendered, to an erroneous passage in Ainsworth's Dictionary. You will therefore take care that Corunnam be engraven upon the monument in Spain, and you will alter the printed paper accordingly. Moreover, on reading the printed paper, I should wish one word transposed: not that the transposition is necessary, but that it is more agreeable to my ear; and you will take care to have this transposition employed upon the monument. The inscription now runs, Et cum post varios Belli Casus. But the passage, as I now finally and decidedly fix it, must run thus:—

Et post varios belli casus
Cùm ad Corunnam ægre accessisset.

I depend upon your fidelity and accuracy, both for the transposition of the word cùm, and the substitution of the word Corunnam for Coranium. Now we have done with alterations, I

find that the inscription is generally approved; and I have heard too, that some friends of Sir John Moore wished me to expatiate more upon his virtues in private life.

This, dear Sir, I should have done gladly, and should have done it properly, if I had been writing an epitaph for a monument to be placed in a church, where a marked preference is due to the moral and religious qualities of human beings. But the circumstances under which I wrote, carried my mind, as they will also carry the mind of every reader, to other objects, which in these circumstances become more appropriate and more interesting. The monument is put up by the public governors of the country at the public expense: it is intended to honour a public man, dying when he was meritoriously performing a public service; it was meant solely to record his public virtues, and among those virtues, I have not failed to record in the best possible terms that prominent and rare excellence, which in the Latin language is with peculiar felicity called innocentia.

In a paper which Lord Bathurst conveyed to me through Lord Holland, some busy and fastidious critic discovered that I had mistaken by a month the day of your brother's death. But the objector's acuteness was greater than his erudition. For your brother died upon the 16th of January; and by the terms employed in the Roman calendar, the 16th of January is the 17th of the calends of February; and so it is, that the 17th of the calends of February is the date assigned for your brother's death in the inscription. I have now to state and lament a new and unexpected difficulty. Lord Bathurst, in a letter to Lord Holland says, that no one side of the monument will hold more than half the inscription. I have, therefore, again and again considered in what manner the long inscription could be most conveniently divided; and the shorter inscription so placed, as not to interrupt the eye or the mind in its progress from the first division of the longer inscription to the second division. The first division must end with accessisset; the second division must begin with milites suos. By this mode of dividing the last division is reserved for a distinct and important subject, the battle of Corunna. You, upon the first glance, will see the propriety of thus dividing the matter, and you will agree with me, that not one of the topics can be omitted. I cannot draw sketches, nor

have I in my neighbourhood any one to help me; but I will make myself intelligible if I can by words. If the monument extends from E. to W. the longer side will be S. and N. The inscription must begin on the left hand, upon the S. side, and be carried on, as I told you, to the word accessisset. The second division must begin on the N. side, with milites suos, and be carried on the end. The shorter side of the monument on the E. must be left blank, and then the eye of the reader will proceed without interruption from accessisset, at the bottom of the S. side, to milites suos at the top of the N. side. The whole of the shorter inscription must be engraven on the W. side. By these expedients we can surmount all difficulties about space; and I entreat you again and again to observe, as the result of my own experience, that the instructions given to the engravers must be very minute, perspicuous, and peremptory. It is for me to point out correctly what ought to be done; and it is for you and others to see that it be done exactly and faithfully.

You, dear Sir, are well aware of the solicitude which I felt to be rightly informed upon various particulars, which, after consideration might appear to me of greater or less importance. You well know the trouble and vexation which I have had to encounter, from tardy, or imperfect, or obscure, or erroneous statements. I do not, upon this one occasion, repine at such trouble, or such vexation, in consequence of my reverence for the memory of your brother, my personal esteem and regard for yourself, and that dutiful respect which I owe to the wishes of such a man and such a friend as Lord Holland; but I tell you unreservedly, that it is my fixed determination never to write an inscription again for a public man.

Pray, dear Sir, be very attentive to the contents of this letter; and recollect that, while the execution of some mechanical matters depends upon other men, the whole responsibility lies with me. I must again thank Lord St. Helen's for his judicious suggestion; and with best regard and best wishes to Mrs. Moore, and all your children, I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your most respectful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Pray show this letter to Lord Holland. I think you should draw out the two alterations and the directions for the lapidary, upon a sheet of paper. I should hope that, with a pen, you

might get cum transposed, and Corunnam put for Coranium upon the printed copy. But judge for yourself.

DEAR MR. MOORE, *Hatton, Feb.* 14, 1814.

Critics and theologians, like poets, are a genus irritabile. They swell the imaginary importance of every favourite subject beyond the dimensions of its real value. They contradict each other till they cease to understand themselves; and, where right decision is not to be obtained at all, or not worth obtaining, they precipitately and vehemently decide. So however it is, that by very good sense, or very good luck, nearly all my correspondents about the inscription for Sir John Moore, possess the talent of enticing my attention without kindling my wrath; and if by any mischance they communicate to me what is awry, my suspicions or my reproaches are pointed to their invisible prompters, rather than themselves. If they had ventured to start any objections upon questions of Latinity, they would have seen me sallying in a complete suit of armour offensive and defensive; and upon my helmet they would have found inscribed a motto, which even Scottish LAUTENEESTS might have been able to construe, and therefore would have been eager to repeat nemo me impune lacessit. But their enquiries, or their objections have properly and fortunately been directed to topics and to facts, and here they know by experience that I listen calmly and reply courteously. Topics require judgment and taste, and therefore I was glad to discuss the merit of them with such men as Lord Holland and Lord Grenville.

As to facts, I was necessarily dependent upon the evidence of persons better informed than myself; and well, dear Sir, do you know, the solicitude which I felt, for getting clear and correct intelligence, and the trouble and vexations which I have endured from delay, or obscurity, or mistatement. All, however, was to be endured patiently, and we are now approaching to the end of our labours. To my learned friend I once dictated the very objection contained in your letter about the public money.

I have asked again and again who ordered the monument to be erected, and who was to pay for it? After many answers and many distinctions, the first point was settled. It was the

cabinet council, said one of my noble correspondents. Not the ministry, as said Lord Bathurst; and for saying it called down upon himself some historico-critico-political disquisitions, with which, I verily believe, he was not quite pleased; for of some he was not aware, and he never noticed the others, and standing aloof from me as a doughty controversialist, he has thrown all the burden and all the peril of explanation upon poor Lord Holland. Well, I thought as you think, and I maintained as you maintain, that the cabinet council cannot directly dispose of the public money without violating the principles of the Constitution; and I put forward as a sort of conjecture, that the expences were to be defrayed from one or other of those unseen funds, which are left to the discretion of our governors. My friend, common sense will tell every body, and many ancient inscriptions tell me, that the circumstance of payment from the public treasures would be honourable to the memory of a public man; and therefore would deserve a direct and distinct notice on public monument. Well, the grandees of the cabinet disclaim the right. Be it so, we rarely hear such language from their lips; and we must encourage them when they have the grace to hold it. I am sorry to strip your brother's fame of such a decoration. But let us not be behind hand with ministers in speaking truth; and therefore you have my warrant for omitting the words publica pecunia. I rejoice that every thing was right before, about the position of the word cùm. For it hung very heavily upon my ears, as I read it misplaced in the newspapers. You saw how much I was pleased and interested by Lord St. Helen's letter; and there was a kind of secret divination in my mind, that he would concur with me in preferring Corunnam to Brigantium or Flavium Brigantium.

I have not the good fortune to be acquainted with his Lordship personally; but I have often heard of him, and I am accustomed to think and to speak of him as extremely good-natured, perfectly well-bred, and largely gifted with classical erudition, correct judgment, and elegant taste.

Mr. Moore, there are many points in your favour, when I am writing to you or acting for you. Has not your venerable father instructed and entertained me by his writings? Did not your valiant brother defend my countrymen and myself by his sword?

Have I not, in your own letters and your own conversation, found vivacity, discernment, and, what I value still more, a straight-forward and very ingenuous mind? Does not your book on the use of hellebore contain just as much as, and no more than, I should expect from a professional man of long experience, accurate research, clear in statement, vigorous in reasoning, fonder of truth than paradox, and, at the same time, not churlishly or perversely hostile to discovery, if real, and to experiment, if wary? My friend, when you quote the well-known words, laudari a laudato viro, are you aware of their original source? I know that many people find them in Cicero, and are contented. But they are older than Cicero, and by Cicero are acknowledged to be so. Lord Holland and Lord St. Helen's will not oppose me when I carry you up to the fountain-head. The words are among the fragments of Nævius, in one of his dramatic pieces called Hector:

Lætu sum
Laudari me abs te laudato viro, Pater.

I have given you the line, with the metre corrected by myself, and in a collection which I have of fragments from the old Latin dramatists many similar corrections have I scribbled, with very faint expectation that they who possess the book after me will be able to read them. How might you flourish away before a Scotch professor with these Latin words not disfigured by any violation of the iambic measure! I won a little wager from a lively, but petulant lad, who had been bred in one of our public schools, and pronounced a Latin line as Partridge, the schoolmaster in Tom Jones, has quoted it, and as you hear it quoted ten times a year by grave sentimentalists, when they show off their learning:

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

No, no, exclaimed I, with a thundering voice, I should have scourged you, if you had been my boy, for not knowing, or not preserving the metre. I will bet you a penny that the line is, and a pound that it only can be, thus written:

Nemo mortalium horis omnibus sapit.

And take care, Mr. Moore, yourself so to repeat it. Well, my friend, let me know when you hear from Lord Bathurst. I see that by your shrewd management the pipe-lighter is made parti-

ceps criminis, as the accuser of my illegible scrawl, and, by a rule of law, wives are vassals, and scarcely responsible for what they do by the instigation of certain lords and masters, vulgarly called husbands. I won't dispute the point with you, but I shall turn about, and make my defence to your female accomplice, dear Mrs. Moore.

Is it quite consistent with the delicacy of your sex, or the tenderness of your nature, that you should bruise the broken reed, while booksellers, devils of the press, the author of the Pursuits of Literature, versifying garreteers, ministerial hirelings, and correspondents in the form of parsons, lawyers, critics, and poetasters, are harrassing me with their clamorous and savage invectives about the obscurity of my hand-writing; was it right for you, with the sweet and soft accents of your voice, to join their barbarous yell? Do you forget the endearments we exchanged when your virgin hands were employed in lighting my pipe? Will you not believe me when I tell you that in the lively days of my youth I wrote many an ardent love-letter to many an agreeable lass, and that not one topic, one compliment, one profession of regard, one sentence, one word, one syllable, seemed to be misread by the charming answers? Madam, they were not witches, to guess my meaning, but gay, sensible, lovely women, who read, and understood, and approved, and kindly replied to all that was written in my much-defamed characters. I am sure that you can decypher my letters, unless the contents turn upon uncouth matters of Greek and Latin; such, I mean, as have lately been bandied to and fro between Lord St. Helen's, Lord Holland, and Mr. Moore, and myself.

Retract, then, I beseech you, the calumnious charge; confess, or rather maintain, that you are able to read what puzzles the dim-eyed and thick-skulled males; and when the difficulty really is insuperable, substitute words of your own, call them mine, and depend upon it that they will have such properties of good sense or elegance, that I shall not be ashamed to acknowledge them as mine.

And now, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, as my scribe is weary with writing, and you with reading, I shall hasten to subscribe myself your faithful well-wisher and very respectful humble servant,

S. Parr.

but I decidedly preferred consummavit as a term peculiarly applicable to military men. Gesner gives an inscription, Bene vixit, bene consummavit. But Gesner does not unfold the idea which I meant to express. Morcellus has unfolded it with his usual taste and sagacity. I believe the word is not in the index. But the subject is fully discussed in the last book. Military men, after the completion of military service, are said consummare, with an objective case. Dying in battle they are said consummare vitam, aut tale quid. The Christian writers took up the word, and applied it to Christian martyrs, who died in the defence of their religion.

As to the topics employed in the inscription, they are to be found in the Memoirs of Sir John Moore, written by his brother. I did not choose to disturb these topics by incorporating with them any history of the circumstances relating to the erection of the monument. They contain the mere statement of a fact, and not only admit, but require, the very plainest diction. I wrote, and I received more than 20 letters before I could precisely ascertain the fact. I was told tale after tale about the English Government, which is nothing, and the English ministry, which is nothing. I should have found an important something in the English Parliament. But the Parliament did not decree the monument. At last I heard something about the Prince Regent and the Cabinet. But what was to be done with Regent? Vicem gerens is vague and insufficient, and may be applied to a 'Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,' or any 'Viceroy,' in a country distinct from the mother country. Du Fresne opened the way for me to escape.

"Regens, Regni gubernator, *Regent* apud Francos. Continuator Nangii an. 1316, ait post mortem Ludovici Huttini Regis, Philippum Magnum electum a Regni Principibus, ut, quoad Regina Clementia gravida partum edidisset, servaret et regeret regnum Franciæ atque etiam Navarræ, atque in magno ejus sigillo hæc verba fuisse conscripta. 'Philippus Regis Francorum filius, Franciæ et Navarræ regens regna.' Et an. 1327, post excessum Caroli Pulchri, 'Traditum est regimen regni Philippo Comiti Valesii, at vocatus est extunc regnum regens, seu regni.' Vide Tillium."

As to the very unclassical, but unavoidable and appropriate

word unitum, Noltenius has collected the instances, in which it was used by the later and impure writers of Latin. I soon despatched the Latin for Cabinet, for I remembered and I followed the words, which the learned Bishop Hare, in the dedication of his Terence, applied to Lord Townshend. I should have been glad to write a short and unadorned inscription in exact conformity to the best ancient models. But the subject was popular, and therefore I was compelled to look to popular effect, and to produce it if I could, by having recourse to what is called the lapidary style, which I know to be of very modern origin. One of my noble employers, who is a very good scholar, as well as a very great Statesman, suggested with much earnestness that I should please military men, by describing Sir John as a Lieutenant-General. But I refused to make even the attempt. For in the first place the merits of Sir John as a military commander are sufficiently detailed; secondly, his employment as such is definitely expressed; thirdly, there was among the Romans no permanent name to express General for a person not actually serving; and fourthly, there of course is no term for a lieutenant. We read of a civil and military legatus, and we read of a military officer called optio. These names, however, are given, not as fixed and lasting titles of dignity, but as names of office to persons acting in their official capacity, and during that capacity only. A consul is called so only during the year of his consulate. When he went the next year to administer the affairs of a province, he was called proconsul. Upon the expiration of his second year, he dropped the second title. It is for Monkish, or Scotch, or Polish Latinists to coin a term for a Lieutenant-General, or Major-General, or Brigadier-General."

Epitaph on Mr. Howell.—See vol. iv. *p.* 622.

Miss Howell, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Carmarthen, March* 12, 1813.

I have this instant heard from Chitton of your goodness in sending the Latin inscription for my ever to be lamented Father's monument, for which I beg you will receive my most unfeigned thanks, and I shall never cease to remember with gratitude your disinterested kindness to us all. I left Somersetshire, with

DEAR MR. MOORE, *Thursday Night, Feb.* 17, 1814.

Accompanied by a good Whig, I this morning carried to the post a long answer to your former letter, and received your last, wherein you tell me that you have seen Lord Bathurst, that he received you politely, that he has authorized you to have your own way with the lapidary, that you mean to follow my instructions, which you find perspicuous, that Lord B. assents to the omission of publica pecunia, and that, as a good Whig, you anticipate my opinion. But before this reaches you, you will have seen that I am myself disposed strongly to expunge the words publica pecunia. Pray, dear Sir, be very clear, and very full, and very peremptory, with the lapidary. Lord Holland, I suppose, is feeble with the gout, or tired with our subject, or preparing to trounce the silly and insidious Bourbonites, and therefore has not told me whether he approves of my plan for dividing the long inscription. But you understand it, and you will follow it, and you will take care to put one half of the inscription upon the long side of the monument, and the other half upon the long side, and to leave the intermediate eastern extremity vacant, and to put the shorter inscription upon the other extremity. I hope that I am intelligible.

While I dictate and smoke, a very clever fellow is reading your Memoirs. I have administered lately some drastics to him, and purged him a little from the feculent and accumulated matter which Anti-Gallican zeal had put into his constitution. Nobody loves Napoleon. I distrust and I dread him. But he is not the worst man nor the worst sovereign now living. Let me see France with all its old boundaries, and England with the best principles of the old constitution, and the Netherlands reunited in their old number of seventeen, and Paris preserved from Cossacks, and the confederate kings returning to their own countries with a serious and affectionate sense of duty to their own subjects. The last Russian manifesto is celestial. I am, dear Sir, with very great respect and regard, S. PARR.

P. S.—I met Lord Glastonbury last year, and I think him a very accomplished and enlightened nobleman.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 27.

I have enclosed the sketch of the monument, having last night, on reaching Hatton, received your letter.

In order to show you and Lord St. Helen's that Ainsworth's Dictionary had some guide, I enclose you the translation of a passage, which a very sagacious friend communicated to me in the Spanish language, from a Spanish Dictionary—the Morell of Spain: "It is called Caroniumand Adropicum, in the Latin authors; and some suppose it to be the Flavium Brigantium of the antients."

I wish you well through your irksome labours with Secretaries of State and artists. My best compliments to Mrs. Moore. Believe me truly and respectfully yours, S. PARR.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Gabell.

I doubted whether to say De Balneo, or Balnei. I found De Balneo for "Bath," or the "King at Arms for the order." But I preferred the genitive, and I adopted it after meeting with ordo cardui for 'the knights of thistle.'

Innocens, which to a mere English reader may seem strange, is the appropriate classical term in the best writers. Upon the virtue itself, as implying complete exemption from avarice and rapacity, Cicero expatiates in the speech pro Lege Manilia, and in Curtius's edition of Sallust there is a judicious and copious note on the following words. Simul de innocentia ejus certior Romæ factus. Jug. Bell. c. 46. Jugurtha had this information about the innocence of Metellus.

Enectos is the very word used by Livy in the animated description which Scipio gives of the hostile army in the 21st book; and the whole passage contains particulars strikingly applicable to the defeated and distressed army of Napoleon in Russia. I use proelii dimicationem, because dimicatio is more frequently applied to "the danger of a conflict" than to "the conflict itself," and this point is fully explained by Gesner, in his Dictionary.

I might have said perspicuously and properly, vitam explevit;

my brother, about the 17th of February, and it would be a vain endeavour to attempt to paint the anguish I felt in leaving a place endeared to me by the ties of duty, gratitude, and affection, and to think that I should never more hear the voice of paternal kindness; but God's will be done!

In the hope that you are in full possession of that great blessing, health, believe me to remain, your affectionate and obliged,

MARY A. HOWELL.

Epitaph on John Lyon.—See vol. iv. p. 631.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Friday.*

I thank you for your latinity, your theology, and your good humour. You have furnished me with irresistible authority for 'via,' and the shade of John, if it knows Latin (which his substance did not), will be proud of one of his scholars producing such an epitaph. My gout is inclined to move; but this treacherous distemper furnishes room for apprehension, lest it should take up its quarters suddenly in some other and more important part. I feed it with a pint of Madeira every day, to keep it in good humour, so that to me it seldom does more than show its fangs, and does not bite severely. I am much pleased with the compliment your scribe and his lady pay me. Yours very truly,

W. C.

MY DEAR PARR, *Montagu-square, May 15, 1815.*

I am very much pleased with the simple turn of the inscription on old John, which is suited to the character of the yeoman; well pleased with the fair allusion to Virgil; and think your periphrasis for our word yeoman remarkably happy. Agricola could not have done. I see nothing to object, nor is it likely I should, though the phrase sine viâ is new to me, but I have no doubt of its authority; only the gout, which is raging in my left foot, prevents me from looking for any. Fundi looks rather bare, but there is no putting Prestoniensis after Prestonia and Harroviensi. I shall certainly be *συμψηφος* with you.

To whatever my gout may be owing, it is not to any violent accession of orthodoxy. I see less reason to be violent about any thing the older I grow, and least of all on points of theology. Yours very faithfully, WM. CLOYNE.

Inscription on Merton Vase.—See vol. iv. *pp.* 632, 633.

Lord Grenville, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Dropmore, July* 9, 1816.

I think I cannot in any other manner so satisfactorily execute what is requested of me in the inclosed letter from the Russian Ambassador, as by taking the liberty of transmitting it to you, and of soliciting your advice and assistance on this occasion. There is some little delicacy in being called upon to frame what must be, more or less, a compliment to ourselves, and this consideration has determined me not to make this application the subject of an official communication to the University, but to consider it as a private request to myself individually to undertake a task, to which I know myself to be wholly incompetent; but which, if I succeed in the object of this letter, I shall have the satisfaction of placing in the hands of the person in England, (and therefore, I may be allowed to say, in Europe), the best qualified for it.

I imagine you will think with me that a few words, expressive of satisfaction in the manner in which he was received, and of the institutions which he saw, would better meet the character of Imperial brevity, than any more detailed expression of the sentiments which a visit to Oxford is so well calculated to excite. I have the honour to be, with the most sincere esteem and regard, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant, GRENVILLE.

P.S. I conjecture that the intended present is a piece of plate, but I do not know this with any certainty.

Count Lieven, to Dr. Parr.

MY LORD, *Londres, le* 8 *Juillet* 1816.

L'Empereur mon Maitre m'a fait connaître sa volonté d'offrir au Collège et au Recteur de Merton, chez lesquels Sa Majesté im-

périale a logé, pendant son séjour à Oxford, des témoignages de sa bienveillance. Pour répondre pleinement à l'intention qui guide l'Empereur dans cette occasion, il me serait bien intéressant de connaître vos idées, my Lord, sur l'inscription que vous croiriez la plus propre au motif et à l'objet du cadeau destiné à être déposé au College; et je vous aurais beaucoup de reconnaissance si vous vouliez bien me donner votre avis à ce sujet. J'ai osé vous le demander, my Lord, desirant extrêmement, qui l'exécution des désirs de mon Maitre rencontre le but qu'il se propose, celui d'offrir un gage de son souvenir qui puisse être agréable au Collège.

Je serai dans peu de jours, j'espère, en possession du portrait de l'Empereur, fait par Gerade, que Sa Majesté imperiale destine à l'Université. J'en donnerai avis à votre Seigneurie, et j'attendrai ses directions pour l'envoyer à Oxford.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, avec l'estime et la considération les plus distinguées, my Lord, de votre Seigneurie le très humble et très obéissant serviteur, LIEVEN.

Lord Grenville, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Stowe, July* 21, 1816.

Your two letters, with the papers which they inclosed, have followed me from Dropmore here, and I take the first opportunity of thanking you for the trouble which you have been so good as to take at my request. The inscription appears to me in every respect such as it should be; simple, gracious, and dignified. Had the smallest doubt suggested itself to me I should not have hesitated to submit it to your judgment, confident of the indulgence with which it would have been received. As it is, I should be sorry to see the inscription altered, even in a particle, and I shall therefore lose no time in transmitting it to the Russian Ambassador, and should it (as I have no doubt it will) equally meet his ideas, I will then avail myself of your obliging offer of having a proper copy made of it under your inspection, and I will particularly impress upon Count Lieven the necessity of enjoining the engraver to be attentive to your directions, as contained in the paper which you have had the goodness to send to me on the subject.

I have the honour to be, with high and sincere respect, Sir, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

GRENVILLE.

SIR, *Dropmore, August* 1, 1816.

I did myself the pleasure of writing to you a few days ago to mention that Count Lieven had entirely approved the proposed inscription, except the words argenteum vas, as he had reason to believe that the vase would be executed, "en pierre de Siberie."

As he has not objected to Russiæ Imp. it is best perhaps not to propose any change, though Russiarum would agree better with the French title of Emperor de toutes les Russies.

When he receives from me the final copy he will send it to Russia, where the whole is to be executed. I will forward with it the written directions, which he will doubtless take care to have translated into Russian. I am, with sincere respect and regard, Sir, your most faithful humble servant, GRENVILLE.

SIR, *Dropmore, July* 30, 1815.

The Russian Ambassador has expressed to me his entire satisfaction in the proposed inscription, and I have now the pleasure to return it to you, for the purpose of being properly copied out, if you will have the goodness to give directions for its being done under your inspection.

Count Lieven mentions that the vase will not be of silver, but of Siberian stone (pierre de Siberie). Which, of the many curious mineral productions with which Siberia is said to abound, these words are intended to describe, I do not profess to know; but I have no doubt of its being a gift worthy of the magnificence of the donor. I am, Sir, with the truest respect and regard, your most faithful and obedient humble servant, GRENVILLE.

SIR, *Dropmore, Aug.* 21, 1816.

I have this morning received your letter, with the copy of the inscription, which I have transmitted to Count Lieven, and I have at the same time requested that particular attention might be paid to the exact imitation of the form of the letters, and the arrangement of the points.

I am satisfied that the Emperor's title stands better in its present form than as before. I think also that the description of the material of the vase gives to that line a local and appropriate interest, which did not attach to "vas argenteum."

If you will have the goodness to let me know where I can replace the trifling charge of transcribing the inscription, it shall immediately be done.

I am, Sir, with great truth and respect, your most faithful humble servant, GRENVILLE.

Inscription at Richard's Well, Bosworth Field.

See vol. iv. *p.* 634.

Extract from Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ix. p. 106.

"The apprehensions of Mr. Hutton, that the famous well where Richard quenched his thirst, will sink into oblivion, I am happy to observe, are totally done away, by the recent exertions of my profoundly learned friend, the Rev. Dr. Parr; by whose indefatigability, intelligence, and erudition, the site of this memorable spot will be handed down to the latest posterity. In a letter dated 'Hatton, Sept. 13, 1813,' which I use by his express permission, Dr. Parr says, 'I hear you are going to republish the History of Hinckley, and also some work upon Bosworth Field. Pray, my friend, put down my name as a subscriber. I suppose that you knew Dr. Morres, Vicar of Hinckley, as I did; and I hope that you have spoken of him as a man of taste and great classical learning. As to Bosworth Field, six or seven years ago I explored it, and I found Dick's Well, out of which the tradition is that Richard drank during the battle. It was in dirty, mossy ground, and seemed to me in danger of being destroyed by the cattle. I therefore bestirred

myself to have it preserved, and to ascertain the owner. The Bishop of Down spoke to the Archbishop of Armagh, who said that the ground was not his. I then found it not to be Mrs. Pochin's. Last year I traced it to a person to whom it had been bequeathed by Dr. Taylor, formerly rector of Bosworth. I went to the spot, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Lynes, of Kirkby Mallory. The ground had been drained. We dug in two or three places, without effect. I then applied to a neighbouring farmer, a good, intelligent fellow. He told me his family had drawn water from it for six or seven years, and that he would conduct me to the very place. I desired him to describe the signs. He said there were some large stones, and some square wood, which went round the well at the top. We dug, and found things as he had described them; and having ascertained the very spot, we rolled in the stones, and covered them with earth. Now Lord Wentworth and some other gentlemen mean to fence the place with some strong stones, and put a large stone over it, with an inscription,—and you may tell the story if you please, and I will desire Mr. Lynes to send you the inscription. Believe me, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful friend and obedient servant, S. PARR.'"

Rev. J. Power, to Rev. J. Lynes.

MY DEAR SIR, *Lichfield, 17th Jan.* 1822.

I received yours of the 14th instant yesterday, and hasten to reply to it. I am glad to find there is a probability of some record of the battle of Bosworth likely to be erected, and lament that so much time has been suffered to elapse since this intention was first agitated, that many of our subscribers have paid the debt of nature. Both Lord Wentworth and Mr. Dixie were kind enough to authorize me to mention their wish to subscribe; Mr. S. Knowles likewise did the same, and Mr. Twisleton:—these are all dead, but it is most probable their representatives will not object to do the same. Lord Stamford, and his brother Mr. Wm. Grey, Mr. Chartres, Mr. Holworthy (now dead), and several others, likewise professed their wishes to contribute to the expense. I will endeavour to recollect

them, and will use my endeavours to obtain subscriptions. When this business was formerly in contemplation, I think it was concluded that no subscriptions of more than 10*s.* 6*d.* should be received, in order to afford an opportunity to all who wished to do so, to contribute their mite. Times, however, are since altered, and the probability is that the number of subscribers will be considerably diminished, and therefore larger subscriptions may be necessary. I sometimes go to Bosworth; but your father, or perhaps Dr. Parr's friend, Mr. Watson, will take the trouble of promoting the subscriptions there. I will see to write to Js. Holworthy, Lord Stamford, and such of the subscribers as I can recollect; and perhaps may be able to raise something amongst my neighbours here, but I think not much. If in any other way I can promote the object we have in view, I should be very glad if you would inform me. I will thank you to present my respectful regards to Dr. Parr when you see him, and say how much I was disappointed in not finding him at home eighteen months ago, when I did myself the pleasure of calling at his house, merely to say "How do you do?" when passing through that neighbourhood.

Mrs. P. and family beg to unite in kind remembrances to yourself, with yours most truly, J. Power.

P.S.—I almost regret the idea of erecting a monument to the memory of Simpson (whose remains are deposited without memorial in Sutton churchyard) seems nearly laid aside. I think if Dr. Parr would take the trouble of writing an inscription to his memory, there is a probability something might be done. My friend Dr. Webb, Master of Clare Hall, spent a few days with me lately. I really think he would take some trouble about it, or rather have pleasure in doing it. If you see the Cambridge tripos, I flatter myself you would be pleased to see the name of one of my sons respectably placed in the list of Wranglers last year; he still continues at Clare Hall, and has been much engaged in pupillizing (as they call it at C.) He has not yet obtained a fellowship, as that College has been distinguishing itself much the last three or four years, and there is still a Wrangler of longer standing than himself unprovided for, so that he probably must wait a year or two.

Inscription on Dr. Thackeray's Cup.—See vol. iv. *p.* 638.

Dr. Butler, to Rev. J. Lynes.

MY DEAR SIR, *Shrewsbury, June* 12, 1826.

I certainly never meant to have received the cup which Dr. Parr offered me, and obliged me to write a note to him about, and to receive a note from him respecting it. I feel highly obliged to you for kindly offering it, but shall be still more obliged by your retaining it in your own possession.

I value very much the memorials you have already been so kind as to send me, and I have already two little silver pots and a large silver bowl which Dr. Parr gave me, and which I produce on state occasions.

Faithfully yours, S. BUTLER.

Epitaph on Dr. Burney.—See vol. iv. *p.* 640.

Edward Foss, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *February* 3, 1818.

At a meeting of the Committee appointed to conduct the arrangements for the erection of the bust and tablet to the memory of the late Dr. Burney, holden yesterday at my house, a letter from the Rev. Dr. Kaye, communicating your kind and ready consent to write the inscription, was read, and I, acting as their secretary, have now the most sincere gratification in carrying into effect a resolution which was passed upon the occasion.

It becomes then my duty, reverend Sir, to convey to you the grateful thanks of the Committee for your obliging acquiescence in their request, by consenting to compose an inscription, to be engraven on a tablet, which, from veneration of the character and affection for the person of their lamented preceptor, they have resolved to erect to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

They feel the more highly gratified from the conviction that the sentiments with which they and the rest of his pupils (the erectors of this memorial) are impressed, will be delineated in their true colours, and will be expressed with all that characteristic force and classic purity, which in your compositions are so eminently conspicuous.

That I have pleasure in writing this letter I am sure that I need not repeat,—for no one can have been more desirous that the tablet should have the stamp of your learning and genius upon it,—no one can be more sensible that you, on every account, were the person to whom it was most proper to apply —and no one can feel more grateful for your kindness on this and on other occasions, than, reverend and dear Sir, your much obliged and most obedient servant,

Edw. Foss, Secretary.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Burney.

DEAR CHARLES, *February 26*, 1818.

I this morning made a very rough sketch of the epitaph. You will get me distinct answers to the following questions. What is the day, and year, and month, of your father's birth? Ditto of his death? How many years was he master of Greenwich school? Was he not a fellow both of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies? When was he made fellow of them respectively? What is the established customary Latin designation of any person, who is fellow of either? We say, in English, F. A. S. and F. R. S.; but we cannot say, in Latin, Socius Societatis. There must be, in modern books, some appropriate and admitted term in Latin. Was not your father a King's chaplain? What is the name of his preferment as to place? Was he vicar and rector? i. e. vicar in one, or rector in the other, or rector in both? What is the county of his livings? In all probability I shall not mention either, because it will load the inscription, and so again it is *infra dignitatem* to talk of his lectureship at the Royal Academy. We might even better call him President of the Schoolmasters' Club. All these are trifles, and fit for a magazine obituary, but not for a monument in Westminster Abbey. I think that I have nearly put together all the topics, Charles; the phraseology may be here and there altered. The only persons whom I think worthy of being permitted to look at what I write are, the President of Magdalen, Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury, and Dr. Kaye. I shall not send it even to you, and I shall bind the three foregoing worthies most solemnly to secrecy. I told your daddy that he, or some of the Porsoners,

ought to write an epitaph for Richard Porson, and that I had written one; but I swore that I would not give it, nor would I ever shew it to him. It was sealed fast, and deposited with Johnny Bartlam, and has not been near the light for many years. The other day I made the saucy imp of Therston open it, and I longed to scourge him for his contemptuous laugh at my inability to read one word which he had misread. Charles, I did not find in this Porson thing one tittle but what I could transfer to your daddy. Mum, Charles, mum. Your daddy had taste, your daddy had good nature, your daddy had a sort of innate inartificial perennial gaiety of spirits. Mum, mum; and if you blab, I shall detest you.

Just as Johnny began this epistle, my wife sent me word that a letter, superscribed Greenwich, came to Hatton, which I left on Tuesday, the 3d. Charles, I return on Saturday, and let me hear from you. Be very exact and clear in your answers, for you know my keen discernment, and unappeasable irascibility and inflexible rigour. You ought to praise Johnny Bartlam, who, on my coming to the close, said, "Will you not mention the library? Is it not a fine feather in the cap of your old friend?" "Yes," replied I; and so, Master Charles, this library aforesaid shall be the concluding topic; and you see, boy, and the Archdeacon will see, that it is a sort of appropriate peculiar praise.

Boy, I have really endeavoured to do justice to your father, and you know that the very gates of hell are not so offensive to me as the arrogance, and intolerance, and envy, and malignity, of the philological crew. To be sure, I hate them rather less than I hate temporizing, bigoted, persecuting priests; and so good bye to you say John Bartlam and SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Burney, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Greenwich, March* 18, 1818.

Did you in the least know the whirl in which I live, the dispiritedness under which I occasionally sink, the pressure, almost to pain, upon my mind and brain, and the indisposition which still lurks about me, you would not be surprised at my long silence, in answer to your inquiries.

Deptford [St. Paul's, since there are two parishes] is a rectory. My poor father held it from 1811. He is buried in a vault under the church, purchased for himself and family.

Cliff, *at Hoo*e, as I believe that it is properly termed, is a rectory also, to which he was presented in 1815; at which time he resigned the vicarage of Herne Hill, likewise in the Archbishop's patronage.

The day of my father's birth is known to no one of the family whom I have had an opportunity of consulting. I have written to Lynn, where he was born, for a regular certificate. He was baptized January 2, 1758.

The term for a F. R. S. is *Regiæ Societatis Socius*; for one of the Society of Antiquaries is, I believe, *Societatis Antiquariorum Socius*. He was professor (not lecturer) in ancient literature to the Royal Academy; but, like his two predecessors (Johnson and Langton) never read lectures.

His death took place on the 27th of December, 1817.

The established term for King's chaplain is, I think, *Regiæ Majestatis a Sacris*; so Bishop Gibson, at least, stiles himself in a *Concio ad Synodum*.

In July 1785 the school at Hammersmith was opened. He began his career here in January 1794; and quitted his school, and the profession, in July 1812.

Both his livings were in Kent. He also was inducted into the prebend of Sutton (in Marisco), in the cathedral of Lincoln, in June, 1817.

I know not the dates of his election either into the Royal or Antiquarian Societies. Is it essential to know them?

All your questions are now answered, as far as lies in my power. I wish much that I had sooner known of your release from Rugby, as my plans might have been laid far more conveniently to all parties. To-morrow I start for Cambridge. I am to be Dr. Davy's guest. I return on Saturday or Monday, when I hurry to Bath, to carry the admirable Archdeacon with me to Hatton. He finds, however, most terrible difficulty in getting aid for his church at this particular season. He has been so much an absentee, that he almost dreads being prevented from accompanying me. I shall use all my influence with him; not, indeed, that any pressing is needed, for he is with you, heart

and soul, already. I do not think that I can reach Hatton before Friday; but, as soon as I have seen Mr. Thomas, I will not fail to write. Any letter addressed to me here will reach me.

Mr. Payne's valuation is concluded, but the purchase will not, I think, be made. The reasons for my apprehensions shall be stated, when we meet. We will then talk, too, of the inscription for the MS.; but first, let me know what the MS. was, for I really do not know. All above stairs goes on well. With kindest compliments to Mrs. Parr, ever, my dearest Sir, most sincerely and affectionately yours, CHARLES PARR BURNEY.

P.S. Cannot worthy, kind-hearted Bartlam, be at Hatton on Saturday? which day I shall certainly spend with you.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Burney.

DEAR CHARLES, *March* 20, 1818.

Fortunately I received, and can answer this at Warwick. Nearly all my questions are satisfactorily answered; but the birth must be ascertained, if possible, and you must take pains. As soon as I knew of my release from Rugby, I informed you. Find me the Latin for Cliff, in "Camden's Britannia." I had anticipated what you say about the fellow of a society. I have two examples for socius, and one for sodalis. There never was any puzzle about the chaplain: it is a well known Latin title. This will reach you before you quit Cambridge. Glad, very glad, most glad shall I be, to welcome the Archdeacon; but he must not put himself to the highest inconvenience. We must meet some other time; yet I long to see him. Intreat, and even charge him to consult his own convenience.

Strange to tell, but true, I forget what the manuscript was. It belonged to Dr. Askew. It was given to me by Dr. Askew's eldest son, who was my pupil. At the request of your father I gave it to him for value to be received in printed books, of that value. A very small portion was received. To the best of my remembrance it was bound in red, and the back is gilt. I have another of the same kind. At this moment I could not tell you of what author it is a manuscript; I will look when I go home. I knew less, and cared less about this loss, than your learned father. Charles, I am satisfied with myself in the testimony

which I have borne to his solid and eminent merit. I now have lent out a manuscript for Harry Stevens' Thesaurus, but I could not describe it. I have lost many books by lending, and I remember what books they are, but I forget to whom they are lent. Some of my most valuable critical books are in Herefordshire, and I must depend upon the honour of my friend. You must take the utmost possible pains to find the manuscript out. How came your father not to make a memorandum of the giver? I, Samuel Parr, am that giver. I repent not at the gift. No, no, Charles, but I am sturdy about remuneration; and if your father kept my letters, you will see that I reminded him of my claims now and then. I honour you for your firmness about the noble library. The Oliverians will squander millions for carnage and despotism. No camel sticks in their throat when mischief is to be done; but, on subjects of learning, the miscreants strain out a gnat.

Come and see me, Charles. After the death of such a scholar as your father, I take an increased and increasing interest in the welfare of one whom he was happy to acknowledge as a son, and I as a godson. We can settle dates when you are with me. I shall employ you in writing the epitaph out. I shall acquiesce in all that is settled at Cambridge. Benedict the Tory, and the two reverend Whig Doctors, are excellent men; they will feel, and they will judge perfectly right, when you tell your tale. I send my best compliments to Mr. Chapman and to Dr. Kaye; but Dr. ——— is on the wrong side of my books, and so I send no message to him. Most probable it is that I shall never see him again, and possible it is that I shall never write to him again; but, with very deep and very just displeasure, I do not lose sight of his talents, attainments, and virtues. There is a coach which comes directly from Bath to Warwick three times a week. Remember me to the Archdeacon. Farewell! Yours truly,

S. PARR.

Dr. Burney, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Greenwich, May* 9, 1818.

The MSS. and the prints are already moved, and on Monday I shall take the last farewell of the poor books, which I have

known and loved almost as long as I have known how to love any thing. They are gone, however, where their dear and honoured possessor would have wished them to have gone; and, though the Committee have treated me neither with liberality nor justice (as far, at least, as I can understand either their report or their conduct), I have a delight and satisfaction in having succeeded in the great object of my ambition, of which they cannot deprive me, and which I shall enjoy to the end of my life. All our search to discover the MS. which you had presented to your departed friend was entirely unavailing.

I am glad that Mr. Crew has been of any service to you, and I wish that you would have trusted me with a copy of the epitaph, now you have completely finished it, as I should delight in dwelling on it, and having it before my eyes, as well as in my thoughts. I am to be trusted, though you do not, I fear, think so.

You mistake me, my dear Sir, if you suppose that I wish the tone or topics of the epitaphs in the Abbey and Deptford Church to be the same. I feel the full difference of the two places, and of the objects of the two memorials. I only argue against the entire exclusion of the topic. Others, I am sure, will think with me, and the treatment of the point I leave, as in duty bound, entirely to you. My poor father himself, proud as he would feel, could he look down upon his boys contributing to his monument, and on his friend perpetuating his name, would think the record incomplete, were there nothing inserted on the point for which I venture to plead, most humbly, as far as judgment is concerned, but most fervently, as far as affection may speak. I know his sentiments respecting his own father. That tablet was to the memory of a man of letters, respecting whom no such declaration need be required; but this monument is to a clergyman, as well as to a scholar, and one highly preferred, and entering his profession under particular circumstances. I certainly may be wrong, and your disapprobation of my notions is no slight evidence to myself that I am not quite right; yet have I thought the matter over and over; and I shall, I confess, be unhappy if you do not advert to the topic, and shall think that all has not been done which is due to so dear and sacred a memory. Ever most affectionately yours, C. P. Burney.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Greenwich, Oct.* 19, 1818.

I saw, for the first time since its alteration, the epitaph on Saturday night last, and lose not a post in not only returning my heartfelt thanks for the addition, which, at my request, you made, but in expressing my admiration at the skill, beauty, and truth, with which you have made the insertion which I so eagerly wished. The close is perfect. There is a calmness and harmony, in both the feeling and expression, which are quite delightful; and the importance of the topic gives a weight and finish to the whole which it seemed to want before. I am honest enough to confess, that I have never pretended to think myself justly, nor perhaps kindly, treated by you in the discussion which took place between us on this subject. But you have now quite subdued me, entirely redeemed yourself, and I feel at once more obliged to you than I can express, and more pleased by the dextrous, elegant, and satisfactory way in which you have met my prayers, than, without the most fulsome flattery, I could possibly convey to you. My poor father, anxious as he was for fame, and keenly alive to all your powers of conferring it, would, I am convinced in my own mind, have rather forfeited this proud memorial in Westminster Abbey, than have gone down to posterity without the justice done to him in those four precious closing lines.

I thank you from my very heart, and I shall never cease to feel grateful. I have but one wish left, and that is indeed more the wish of the club than of myself, that you would permit the words at length to be substituted for the initials, which commemorate the erection of the monument by the contributions of his old scholars. They are proud of the act, they wish others to know their gratitude, and common readers, such as are to see the inscription, will hardly ever fully decypher the meaning. Do not, dearest Sir, let it be known that I have ventured upon this hint; but I am assured that, if the fact were told plainly, as it is stated in the epitaph for Dr. Raine, they would be highly gratified, and most extremely thankful.

This is my birth-day. I cannot spend an hour of it better than in writing to you, and offering you the most sincere expressions of thankfulness. I have one or two friends about me, and your health shall be drank after dinner with all our cordiality. This

same kind act of yours has given me more unmixed pleasure than any circumstance which has for very many months befallen me. My wife is somewhat better. She begs her kindest respects. Pray present my best compliments to Mrs. Parr, and ever believe me, my dearest Sir, with no less duty than respect, your affectionate Godson, CHARLES PARR BURNEY.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Greenwich, Oct.* 27, 1818.

The post has just brought me a most welcome and most kind letter from my friend at Alcester. He tells me that you speak, as well as think of me affectionately, and the news delights me. He says further, that you feel disposed to listen to my prayer respecting the abbreviations in the precious inscription. Again and again I thank you. They are H.M.L.L.M.D.S.P.P. I write from memory, for I hold to your order to religiously, as never to have even hinted my wish to Edward Foss to possess a copy, however ardent that desire has been. I have, on the strength of Bartlam's authority, desired our excellent secretary to stop the Sculptor. If the formula could be so expressed as to occupy one line, the inscription would, I know, have a far better effect. Since the distances have been most carefully placed upon the already ample marble. Garrard is the only book on the Siglarian subject which I possess. The same initials stand for so many different expressions, that, on this account also, there is additional difficulty in the solution.

I should very, very much like to see the disquisition on CASTE, as far as regards your usage of it, which I learn that you have sent to my friend, Kaye. I thank you much for your permission of applying to Mr. Nichols for a copy of your observation on the use of Opinionem. On this question I feel a little more at home; but all from your pen is gladly to be caught.

Ever believe me, my dearest Sir, with duty, affection, and gratitude, yours most faithfully, CHARLES PARR BURNEY.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Burney.

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 28, 1818.

First, as to the abbreviations, I knew myself to be writing for a real and thorough scholar. I supposed myself writing to

good scholars. I cared not about readers, who are merely Anglicized Latinists; I should imagine that they who with or without the aid of Morell's Ainsworth cannot make out the abbreviations are not very competent judges in other parts of the inscription. But I yield a second time reluctantly, and angrily, and you will in the course of this letter find the result of such very unpleasant, and very unbecoming and very unjust impetuosity. The words at full are, Discipuli ejus hoc monumentum libentissime merito de sua pecunia posuerunt.

As to the Manuscript, I certainly, dear Sir, should not have presumed to talk of giving your father one, if I had not distinctly remembered the fact. I now find the year to have been 1795, and at such a distance of time, I may be pardoned for not remembering what it was. You were yourself a witness that I had forgotten the particulars of two MSS. which I now possess, and which came to me from the same quarter. Your learned father cared about MSS. much more, and inspected them much oftener, and probably understood them something better, than I do. I meant to please him in his own way, and what scholar would not rejoice in such a way to be a donor to such a receiver? Thy scrap is all but legal evidence. It was written for your father, and to your father, and by your father it ought to have been inserted. The insertions you mention in other books are proofs that when my friendly and respectful feelings to your father led me to present him with a book, he thought a memorial not unnecessary. I again and again adverted to the MS. and he gave me for it, in part of payment, not only the little Photius, but a gigantic Phocius, and still the debt, as I laughingly told him, was not exhausted. He gave me, and I loved him for it, the Bentleians. He gave me also the metrical tentamen, and if living he could tell a tale which I will never tell. Dr. Charles Burney, if living, would without a murmur have made the repayment full, and with exultation I should have sent him a receipt in full. I mentioned Erasmus rather at random, and upon enquiry with Mr. Palse, I find the price to surpass my expectation, or as you phrase it, "this set of books is probably more valuable than the original gift." I shall act upon the probability as if it were a certainty. You profess not to have rejected my claim. I profess not to approve your way of admitting it, and therefore, under

the circumstances, I shall always retain, but never again urge, my pretensions, and once for all I decline the acceptance of Erasmus, and every other remuneration. This is intelligible, peremptory, and final. As to the intended passage, I must tell you plainly that, chagrined and alarmed about the inscription, I gradually abandoned my intention of going at full into the solid and splendid merits of your justly celebrated father. I saw that while I satisfied myself, I was in danger of dissatisfying others; you and all other men know that I am not thrifty of praise, and with such a subject before me, the judgment of my head would have been followed with the strongest emotions of my heart. But I cannot and will not expose myself to annoyance in this or that particular, while the whole force of my mind is employed in doing general, substantial, and what I think perfect justice. In developing and discriminating the numerous excellences of your father, I should have felt my own credit at stake. Yes, dear Sir, my credit as a friend, my credit as a writer, my credit as a scholar, appealing to scholars in the cause of an illustrious scholar. But you have thrown down the whole fabric. The only task I now have to perform is to clear up two words which occur in the epitaph, and of which the peculiar propriety may not be obvious to every reader. I have sent an explanation of one to my enlightened and worthy friend Mr. Nichols, who will supply you with it. I have sent an explanation of the other to Dr. Kaye, not merely because he is a scholar of a high class, but because, as Professor of Divinity, he might not be unwilling to be furnished with a clear and exact notion of the term which I employed when I was speaking seriously upon a topic so serious as the religious character of Dr. Charles Burney. When I have leisure I will send you a similar application, and you will see that I have not been a random scribbler.

I was much amused with a tale told me the other day by a Carthusian. He and his comrades were surprized and disgusted at my supposed bad Latin, in a part of my epitaph for Dr. Raine. But like good boys they went to book, and found the blunder lie at home. Bentley, in his preface to Horace, professes to lie in ambuscade, that he might spring upon incautious and presumptuous objectors. I have not done so in my epitaph on

your father, and yet I foresee that objectors will start up. But this is their concern, not mine. Again, Dr. John Taylor, who was a good humoured critic, once inserted in one of his inscriptions a Latin word for which there are many authorities in Latin inscriptions, and scarcely in any Latin authors. He made himself and his friends merry with the anticipation of criticisms, and when the criticisms came, he was merry still, for he knew himself to be right. I have in no instance employed terms which are warranted only by inscriptions. But if people will find fault let them please themselves. It is always easier to criticize than to compose, and I can point out instances in which very great critics have shewn themselves not very correct composers. But what then? such critics take care how they object, and there is a race of men who neither write well, nor criticize well, and if your daddy were living, he and I should laugh heartily at the aforesaid busy bodies. Pray remember me to your lady, and your brother, and Mr. Foss, who like Mr. Bartlam is a determined foe of abbreviations—well. I almost forgive some of the Petitioners, because they, with so much laudable zeal, manifested their respect for the memory of their instructor. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

Epitaph for Bishop Bennet.—See vol. iv. *p.* 644.

Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

June 13, 1805.

The melancholy subject which produced the thought, tempts me to recal to your mind my own epitaph, the beautiful, though too flattering conclusion of which you composed in my undergraduate rooms at Emanuel, about forty years ago, for I think it was 1765. I wish you would tell me if I may, as I then promised I would, direct my executors to have it inscribed on my tomb, which I mean to be in the cloisters of that college, something in this manner.

The conclusion is uncommonly good, no bad specimen of that

precision and classical elegance which makes you so unrivalled, as you now are, in these Λογοι επιταφιοι. Do you remember the circumstance, and sending me for my Cornelius Nepos, as authority for some of the phrases?

MY DEAR PARR, *Dublin, Jan.* 24, 1806.

I return the epitaph copied over for such other corrections as you may think right to give it, one word excepted, which I cannot accurately decypher. I like cumulate satisfecit extremely well; it is impossible to have a phrase more classical or better expressing the idea. The suaviter is also explained and chastised (you have no objection to the word) with much judgment, and the whole composition highly improved. My objections are few, certainly none to the Latinity, but founded in fact, on English ideas not on Latin ones, as the objections to tolerabilis in your epitaph on Johnson, by the London critics; for instance, I cannot reconcile myself to Partium laude, though it is classical, and though it is true. I wish it was a more comprehensive phrase: a bishop and a party have, or ought to have no correspondence together. I have my doubts on secretis conciliis, whether it is not a phrase applicable only to a Privy-councillor; now ab epistolis secretis, is, I think, on the tomb of Pallas, or some other of Nero's freemen. The last observation I have to make is on doctrinam ejus, on its position only: it stands in your copy Utrum amici magis doctrinam ejus, and there ends the line; though you have in fact altered it yourself more than once, it seems flat. Might it be Utrum amici magis doctrinam, and the ejus inserted after liberalem? Or thus,

Utrum amici magis doctrinam
multiplicem ejus et liberalem venerarentur.

Or better as I have now written it,

Utram amici magis,

and doctrinam begin the next clause. I remember the judicare, and your snatching down my Cornelius Nepos at the time you first composed it. Do you prefer judicare now or judicatu? On the whole the composition does even you credit; but after your epitaph on Burke, nothing can increase your reputation for writings of this sort. It is enough if you sustain it.

Now for the other parts of your letter: the hendecasyllables are most beautiful; why do you say they are not Augustan? for they strike me, on the point of taste, as equal to any thing of that age. I shall go and look at Sidonius Apollinaris on the college library, if he has more like these it will surprise me. The verses you send me convey a higher compliment than I deserve in the vitam ejus ut sapiens, but you may depend on my preserving them, and every testimony of your regard for me with great care.

Mrs. Bennet desires her kind regards to Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne; and pray give my thanks to the best of these for her letter to me, in the Summer. I know not whether you heard that I lost a great part of my plate, and received it in a week unhurt. We are quiet; but I have doubts how long we shall remain so. Lord Hardwicke is fortunate in leaving us soon, and his hospitable manners have made him popular in Dublin. We hear his successor is more stately and reserved, just the character a Lord Lieutenant should not have. Adieu.

Yours very affectionately, WM. CLOYNE.

Epitaph on Dr. Priestley.—See vol. iv. *p.* 659.

Mr. Hawkes, to Dr. Parr.

REV. SIR, *Birmingham, Jan.* 3, 1805.

In compliance with a resolution of the committee of the new meeting congregation, I have the honour of sending you the inclosed extract from their minute book, together with a copy of the fac-simile of Beza's MS. of the New Testament, of which they request your acceptance.

Permit me, Sir, at the same time, to assure you, that, while the committee are highly gratified at having been furnished with an epitaph on Dr. Priestley, by a person so admirably qualified both to appreciate and to record his great and various merits, yet it affords them a much higher gratification that this honourable testimony to his character has been borne by a member of that religious establishment, which cannot regard Dr. Priestley with any partiality of friendship. This indeed is a circumstance

which gives them the sincerest pleasure; from so excellent an example they may hope for the most beneficial effects; but they are not surprised that a generous and enlightened mind should disregard the little distinctions of sect or party, in paying these last solemn honours to the memory of a man of superior genius and distinguished virtue. With the greatest respect, I have the honour to be, Rev. Sir, your most obedient servant,

T. L. HAWKES, Chairman.

Extract from the minute book of the vestry committee.

At a meeting of the vestry-committee, of the new meeting society of Protestant Dissenters in Birmingham, held December 10th, 1804.

The committee, having been favoured, by the Reverend Dr. Parr, with an epitaph on their late venerable pastor, the Rev. Dr. Priestley, and the same having been read, approved, and adopted,

It was unanimously resolved.

1. That the most respectful acknowledgments of this committee be presented to the Rev. Dr. Parr, for the invaluable service which he has rendered them on this interesting occasion.

2. That the Rev. Dr. Parr be requested to accept a copy of the fac-simile of Beza's MS. of the New Testament, as a testimony of their gratitude, and deep sense of obligation.

3. That the above resolutions be communicated to the Rev. Dr. Parr, by the chairman, T. L. HAWKES, Chairman.

Rev. Dr. Parr, to Mr. Hawkes.

SIR, *Hatton, Jan. 8, 1805.*

On Saturday last I received a most magnificent copy of the fac-simile of Beza's manuscript of the New Testament, together with an extract from the minute book of the society of Protestant Dissenters in Birmingham, containing some resolutions of their vestry committee, and accompanied by a very polite letter from yourself, as their chairman.

You will have the goodness, Sir, to communicate my best respects to the gentlemen who form that committee—my best thanks for the splendid Present with which they have honoured me—my sincere satisfaction upon finding that they are pleased with the epitaph, in which I endeavoured to do justice to the talents and the virtues of their late venerable pastor, the Rev. Dr. Priestley, and my entire approbation of the wise and truly Christian principle which induced them to wish, that it should be written by a member of the established church. I have the honour to be, Sir, your respectful and obedient servant

SAMUEL PARR.

Epitaph on Mr. Lloyd.—See vol. iv. *p.* 660.

Mr. Phillips, to Dr. Parr.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, *Yew-tree Cottage, 27 July* 1807.

It was with very great pleasure I received your letter of the 16th instant, and agreeable to your wish I annex the materials you were so desirous to have, all that is in my power to furnish you with.

The late Mr. Lloyd's son is a captain in the 2nd battallion Lancashire Militia, now quartered in Liverpool; but, if you have occasion to correspond with the family, I would recommend you to address the widow, Mrs Lloyd, Peas-holme Green, York, to whom I have hinted that it is probable she may have the honor to hear from you. I am sure she will be highly pleased, and you will find her a regular copious correspondent.

I am but a poor man, or I should have felt most happy to send double the pittance I now inclese, with pleasure, towards the new peal of bells. We have no guinea notes in all Manchester, all Abraham Newland's. The one I here inclose is No. 2475, and if you will have the goodness to add one shilling for me, I shall consider myself so much in your debt, and feel most thankful. I have sent to Mrs. Lloyd your address. You may be sure that all her letters to you will come free, and I am convinced she will be most happy to pay for yours; my father therefore desires me to say that he thinks you may not wish Mr.

let us even suppose Worcester, so called, to extend beyond it, the Sharpe to be applied to for franks, he having only ten per day and a mercantile man. The whole of this family desire their best remembrance, and hope you will favour us with a copy of the inscription when finished. I can assure you that many, many feel most anxious about it, my father for one. Rev. and dear Sir, with great sincerity and truth, ever yours,

WALLER PHILLIPS.

Epitaph on Dr. Ingram.—See vol. iv. *p.* 664.

Mr. Dunster, to J. P. Ingram, Esq.

I thank you much for the communication of Dr. Parr's inscription: it has all the curiosa felicitas of a master, and much of that point which distinguishes its author. In respect of composition you cannot disapprove it. I am particularly pleased with "independent in spirit," &c. "he preferred the calm and pure pleasures," &c. &c. What follows "he was a profound scholar," &c. is eminent praise (laudari à laudato), from high authority and energetically expressed. But there is, I must say, somewhat wanting. I see little of the accomplished, polite scholar, versed in modern literature, skilled in modern languages; the universal, tasteful reader; for, while equal to the most profound researches of literary science, he was, at the same time, finely susceptible of the merits of the most trifling jeu-d'esprit. More should also have been said, as you observe, of his peculiar benevolence and friendship; this, however, I conceive, is better described native than active, which is sufficiently implied in the former, from which it gracefully and kindly springs. You see how freely I am speaking to you. At the same time, the whole, as a whole, is so good, you ought to be, as you well may, fully satisfied; besides, quod scripsit, scripsit. After all, this, I hope, only extends to character, &c. and does not apply to every preceding description of the person recorded, in respect to the quis, the unde, and the ubi. I wish much "a native of St. Paul's, Covent Garden," to be changed for "descended from an ancient family in this county;" I also wish "an inhabitant of Worcester" not to remain. I doubt the fact: Is not the White Ladies out of the liberties of the city? Be this as it may, and

let us even suppose Worcester, so called, to extend beyond it, the stranger attending service at the hospital chapel, where I collect the monument is to be placed, would, at least might well, imagine the residence of the person commemorated to have been at the Cross, or the Broad-street, at the middle of the Rose gate. The antiquity of your house, the White Ladies also, well claims an introduction. After "student of Lincoln's Inn," I could wish the forty years' habitation or residence, or principal residence, to be specified to have been in his family mansion, the "White Ladies;" and by giving to the burying ground the epithet "contiguous," (I believe it adjoins your premises,) you would ascertain the near neighbourhood of your mansion, and why buried there and there recorded. I apprehend your family is really of the greatest antiquity in the county, and your house curiously so. I collected both, most incidentally, many years ago from my friend himself; it is true, nobody was so truly disposed to say, stemmata quid faciunt? And as to any record of his peculiar and most eminent merits, he never thought about it. Still I am tempted to make two alterations on the principle of "libentius audiet."

J. P. Ingram, Esq. to L. Johnstone, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, *Worcester, June 26, 1812.*

I have, in the above extract from Mr. Dunster's letter, sent you the whole of his observations on Dr. Parr's inscription, that you may see the full force of his reasons for wishing to make those little alterations he has pointed out. I may add, that the specifying the White Ladies to have been my father's principal residence would be particularly gratifying to my mother. I wish, however, to leave it entirely to your own discretion to propose even these trifling alterations; for how greatly soever they might be desired by some of my father's friends, or by his family, still, after our promise to Dr. Parr, it would be highly unbecoming and impertinent in us to request them. My mother begs her best compliments to Dr. Parr, and joins with me in again thanking him for his kindness and friendship. I am, dear Sir, most sincerely yours, J. R. INGRAM.

In the Supplement to Dr. Nash's History of Worcestershire, you may see an account of the antiquity of the Ingram family, and its long connection with this county.

Epitaph on Mrs. Dealtry.—See vol. iv. *p.* 665.

P. Dealtry, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, Oct.* 19, 1812.

My mother gave particular directions concerning where and how she would be buried. She did not chuse to have any monument put up for her. I am puzzled about the inscription. There is a black marble ledger put over where she lies; I do not know exactly what this ledger is, but the statuary calls it a ledger, and charges twenty guineas for it, exclusive of the letters, which are three shillings per dozen. Now I think this is already put down and finished in the same manner as one was put down some years ago for her sister; this is what she wished to be done; or she thought something might be inscribed on my father's monument. I really do not know what has been done; I left it to the direction of Mrs. F. Langley, my mother's sister, who resides at York, and who very well knows my mother's intentions on the subject. The three sisters all desired to be placed very near each other, so, with my sisters and self, in due time we shall be a large family party. I will write to Mrs. F. Langley by this day's post; she will tell me what is done. I will write again as soon as I hear from her. If all is finished under Mrs. F. Langley's direction, I need not trouble you again on the subject. It has been and is so distressing to me to let my mind dwell on our loss, that I left to others all particular directions. My good aunt has taken all sorts of trouble off my hands, and would take off expence if I wished it; under any circumstances, however, I need not say it is any consideration of expense which prevents our putting up a monument. Mr. Hollis came in when I had written thus far. I showed him what you say of him, and he is much delighted. I condoled with him on his not having made a convert; he said, "Indeed I did not expect it." He said this very gravely. I don't think he makes any converts, but I think he may himself become one. All here desire to be most kindly remembered to you. I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

P. Dealtry

MY DEAR SIR, *Bradenham, Oct.* 28, 1812.

By what I hear by this day's post from York, I find a short inscription on a black marble is already placed over where my mother lies: this is, I believe, all she wished to be done. but I shall be glad to have your inscription, which, if no other use is made of it, I will keep for your sake. My mother's father's name was Richard Langley, of Wykeham Abbey in the county of York. Her mother's name, Elizabeth Boynton of Rowcliffe in the same county; but a monument being out of the question, I need not trouble you with these particulars.

I have not received the parcel you mentioned you had sent to me. When and how shall I send the Machiavel to you? I think the great Machiavellian Boney seems in a scrape; should he fall into the hands of General Kutasow, or any of the other Russian Generals with hard names, there would be an event! They would make a complete example of him. I am not quite so sanguine as to expect this; but still it is not impossible; and if the Russians hold out, and have a true national spirit, the French Eagles must fly back again. Even the very moderate share of national spirit existing in Spain, has done and is doing, what the greater armies have been unable to do without that said national spirit. So I hope Napoleon may fail altogether at last! I got a frank from Sir John Dashwood yesterday, which I know you like; don't get one for me in return, as I do not like franks—that is, letters sent round to an M. P. to be forwarded.

Miss Roberts, who is going to Wycombe, takes this, and thinks I have written quite enough. All here unite in every good wish towards you. I am, dear Sir, truly yours, P. DEALTRY.

Epitaph on Rev. Robert Parr.—See vol. iv. *p.* 668.

Rev. Peter Hansell, to Dr. Parr.

REV. SIR, *Norwich, February* 19, 1813.

I am requested by Mrs. Parr to remind you of your promise of an epitaph for Mr. Parr's stone. Mrs. Elizabeth Parr died July 2, 1797, aged fifty-four; and Mr. Parr, June 3, 1812, aged seventy-one. In the situation he placed me, I have heard nothing but encomiums on his goodness of heart, and lamenta-

tions for his loss, from those who had been any ways connected with him, or touched him in any relation the most distant. With all due respect, I remain, Sir, your most obedient,

PETER HANSELL.

DEAR SIR, *Norwich, March 7*, 1813.

I don't recollect, though I would not boast of unerring correctness, that I said a syllable which could encourage an inference, that your truly beloved cousin was not to have a mural monument. The truth is this, that nothing had been determined, nor could be till we saw what your prolific pen would do; but you may be assured, Mrs. Parr will be in no way deficient in that sort of memorial which is to transmit his unrivalled virtues, pictured by your equally unrivalled abilities, to after times. I am sure of one thing, if there was a man on earth I loved, it was Mr. Robert Parr; and therefore, had Mrs. Parr been in heaven by this time, the best attention would have been paid to this last office. Mr. Parr, I find, was instituted to St. Lawrence, 7th Nov. 1775, to Heigham June 9th, 1781. The former he resigned on Oct. 10, 1802. Mrs. Parr and Mr. Taylor beg their kind remembrances. My wife is flattered by your notices, and I remain, dear Sir, your, most truly,

J. HANSELL.

Did I say, Sir, that I delivered three sermons to Mr. Unthank. There seems here and there a page in a few sermons. These you must be content to leave us they are, and suffer the consequence, if I should utter a sentence or two borrowed from you. Mr. Parr had formerly a living in Devon or Dorcasshire, and afterwards Hasborough in Norfolk, but Mrs. Parr thinks these need not be mentioned, nor do we know the particulars.

DEAR SIR, *Norwich, March 16*, 1813.

Had I not been out the whole of yesterday I should have informed you that I received the epitaph, in company with the other letter. Mrs. Parr begs me to return her best thanks [illegible]

monument or memorial recordant of the virtues, or emblazoning the vanities of man; and I think I am borne out by general usage, in epitaphical inscriptions.

On the Monument of the Son of Lord Derby.

These little rites, a *stone*, a verse receive,
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give.

On General Watters.

Now let us say (these English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this *stone*.

On the Son of Lord Chancellor Harcourt.

Oh, let thy once lov'd friend inscribe thy *stone*,
And with a father's sorrows mix his own.

Having expressed my opinion (not worth having, you will say) of your most wonderful talents, you will be surprised that I should have the effrontery to attempt an argument with you. But, Sir, you know that independence is the noblest attribute of the mind: I have always worshipped it. Excuse, therefore, my attempt to defend that which I think justly conceived. My notion of your abilities amount to a veneration, and yet, I think, it ought not to deprive me of my judgment. The moment that is restrained, whether by overweening prejudices or incorrect taste in others, I pronounce the man who suffers it a slave. Whatever be the monument determined on, you may be sure it shall show that it is proud of the inscription. In goodness of heart I never knew but two men who came near your cousin; and I loved them all so much, that I will never endeavour to mark their precedence in virtue. I remain, Reverend Sir, with suitable respect, yours most truly. P. HANSELL.

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